HORIZON

AUTUMN 1965

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HORIZON

AUTUMN, 1965 · VOLUME VII, NUMBER 4

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A Prospect for Autumn

With Sybille Bedford's article on the House of Lords beginning on page 4, Horizon helps to celebrate the 700th anniversary of the first meeting of Parliament. The House of Lords is the oldest surviving relic of the Great Council of the King, called into being just fifty years after Magna Carta was wrested from King John, brother of Richard the Lion-Hearted and his successor to the throne. The character of this venerable chamber has changed over the years. Its special powers and privileges have been eroded with time. Its structure and procedures abound with anachronisms. From time to time reports forecast "the rapidly gathering twilight of the British lords." New threats against its remaining prerogatives have been raised in recent months. But as we go to press, the ancient body continues to function as the appointive branch of Her Majesty's Government—an institution that has been referred to as "intolerable in theory" but "admirable in practice."

Americans are sometimes puzzled by the role of the peerage in British life, not without reason. In the course of her helpful clarification of this subject Mrs. Bedford notes, for example, that, paradoxically, the only way for a British Communist to enter the legislature appears to be by way of a hereditary title, by which he may claim a seat in the upper house, the House of Lords. This is effective containment on a high level.

With no lords of its own, America has indulged in occasional passionate flirtations with the British peerage, and with titled families of the Continent as well. During the Gilded Age a conspicuous number of American heiresses of large fortunes were married off with extravagant ceremony to eager suitors of various degrees of nobility. The wedding of Consuelo Vanderbilt to the Duke of Marlborough in 1895, recalled by Mary Cable later in this issue, was probably the most memorable of these international matches.

In her article Mrs. Cable continues her exploration of prodigal architectural creations throughout time and around the world. The "marble cottages" built late in the last century by the Vanderbilts at Newport, which she here describes, still stand as monumental relics of a recent past—already as obsolete as most of the exotic piles of more remote times that she has written about in earlier issues of Horizon. In our Winter issue Mrs. Cable will describe Nonsuch, the extraordinary palace raised for Henry VIII, of which no stone remains standing above the foundations.

The magnificent new museums that have recently been opened in Chapultepec Park in Mexico City, illustrated on pages 32–35, are no architectural fantasies. Particularly in the Mu-

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HORIZON
A Magazine of the Arts

AUTUMN, 1965 · VOLUME VII, NUMBER 4

seum of Anthropology, devoted to pre-Cortes Mexican culture, architect Pedro Ramírez Vásquez has created what is at once the most practical and attractive educational museum that has yet been realized. Several of the outstanding treasures now installed in this remarkable structure were reported in the Summer, 1964, issue of this magazine.

Few museums in the world, even those built in recent decades, had anticipated what would be expected of them in the second half of the twentieth century. A phenomenal appetite for culture—the word will have to do—continues to outgrow the dreams of planners. Less than two months after the spacious and handsome Los Angeles County Museum of Art opened last spring—the largest built in this country since the National Gallery in Washington was completed twenty-five years ago—its galleries were overcrowded with visitors to a point where both security and traffic became problems.

Bob Hope referred to the Los Angeles museum as "the most magnificent tax deduction" he had ever seen. There is much more than a joke here. The peculiar, vital, and changing effect of our Federal tax laws on bulging public treasuries of art will be the subject of a detailed discussion in a forthcoming issue of HORIZON.

THE EDITORS

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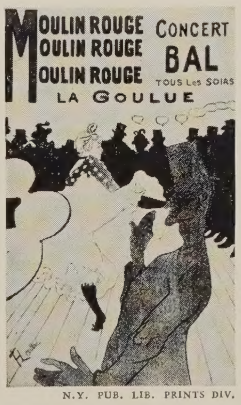

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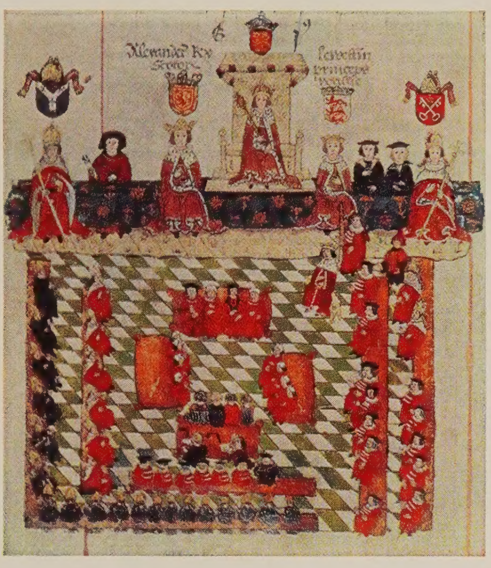
COVER: In the current enthusiasm for beautifying the face of America, billboards, posters, and similar types of advertising have come in for some harsh words. With our cover illustration (and on pages 97–104) we recall that *belle époque* when, among other colorful developments, the poster flowered into a fresh art form that brightened city life everywhere in the Western world, particularly Paris. There, it was said, the lithographs of Toulouse-Lautrec "took possession of the street." Our cover detail is from the first and best known of these lithographs (left), printed in 1891, advertising the performances of La Goulue, the celebrated entertainer, at the Moulin Rouge.

By every consideration of logic it is an anachronism in a modern democratic state. Why hasn't it been abolished? Perhaps because it works—more or less

By SYBILLE BEDFORD



THE HOUSE OF LORDS

"*A great and open council of considerable men cannot be placed in the middle of a society without altering that society. It ought to alter it for the better.*"
WALTER BAGEHOT (1867)

"*The unlikelihood of anyone doing anything that would upset everybody is one of the most important of our constitutional guarantees.*"
LORD DEVLIN (1964)

The Chamber of the House of Lords on the day of a State Opening of Parliament. The time is 11 A.M.

From the Strangers' Gallery, under the chandeliers, the splendor of the scene is dazzling. Below, all is a blaze of gold and crimson; the ground is thick with the dukes, the earls, the barons, of England and of Scotland, the Magnificoes of the Realm: tall men, old old men, youths, marked with ermine, studded with the jeweled collars of their Orders, trailing nonchalant robes. Here comes the Master of the Rolls, here the Lord Archbishop of York, there the Lord Privy Seal; here, in flowing wigs, huddled before the Woolsack, are the Lords of Appeal in Ordinary. The foreign ambassadors are in their box, their braided tail coats and tricorne hats tawdry beside the older, simpler sumptuousness.

Still the Throne stands empty.

And then the lights go down, animation freezes, and there enter pages and heralds stiff in tabards, enter in procession Rouge Dragon Pursuivant and Portcullis Pursuivant, Lancaster Herald and Richmond Herald and Arundel Herald Extraordinary, Black Rod, Norroy and Ulster and Clarenceux Kings of Arms, the Cap of Maintenance and the Sword of State. And now the lights blaze up and there comes into the packed and brilliant chamber the single small figure, all white but for the blue ribbon of the Garter and the radiance of the crown, Gloriana herself—the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.

And now the Queen is on her Throne, attended by the Great Officers of State. On the steps stands the Lord Great Chamberlain, ageless, one of the handsomest men in England still; to the right the Earl Marshal, the Lord President of the Council, and the Lord Chancellor, black-robed, towering, his face composed like that of an inquisitor's at

Each autumn Queen Elizabeth dons the Imperial State Crown, ascends the throne in the House of Lords (opposite), and declares Parliament open. It is the year's only joint session. The miniature above depicts a meeting of King Edward I's Great Council around 1280. This convocation of bishops, earls, and barons was the ancestor of the present House of Lords.

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mass. There is deep silence. The Commons are being summoned to the bar of the House of Lords. Then, reading the Gracious Speech, the dutiful Voice . . .

Place: the same. A week later. The time is between 3 and 4 P.M.

The rich-red leather benches are three-quarters empty. On the Opposition side a score of men in subfusc suits recline. There are some hearing contraptions. The air-circulating system gently hums. An old gentleman hobbles across the floor and is assisted to his seat; a couple of others leave. The beautifully kept and polished Victorian Gothic brass and woodwork gleam discreetly. One might, not inconceivably, believe oneself translated into the first-class waiting room of a really grand nineteenth-century railway station.

The Government benches are even more thinly spread: a handful of ministers out in front, a scattering of backbenchers. One solitary bishop and a life peeress in a woolly coat and skirt go over the notes for the speeches they are going to make. Two or three people look as if they were asleep. From a cross-bench someone, politely uninterrupted, is making a speech. Sometime it must end. Then it will be somebody else's turn.

Stiffly on the Woolsack, tall as ever, Lord Gardiner, the Lord Chancellor, alone sits robed and wigged. He keeps his fine hands and spiritual intellectual's face utterly still, controlled to the last twitch: patience on a monument.

> *"If all the . . . members were to attend on all occasions the institution would instantly collapse. In fact, I think that this is the only institution in the world which is kept going by the persistent absenteeism of the great majority of its members."*
> LORD SAMUEL, THE HOUSE OF LORDS (1947)

The composition of the House of Lords

The House of Lords, as we know, is the second chamber, the upper house, the senate as it were, of the British parliamentary system. Who, then, has the right to sit in that house, and who does sit? Who are these men we think of loosely as lords? What are their powers? What can they do, and how do they do it?

The contemporary House of Lords is composed of the lords spiritual and the lords temporal. Of these, the lords spiritual are numerically a tiny permanent minority. There are never more nor less than twenty-six of them. They are the two archbishops and the twenty-four senior bishops of the Church of England, and their membership, unlike that of the rest of the Lords, is not for life but for the duration of their ecclesiastical office. The lords temporal consist of peers of the blood royal; hereditary peers and peeresses; life peers, including law lords; and life peeresses.

Peers of the blood royal are the Prince of Wales and the royal dukes, at present the Dukes of Gloucester, Windsor, and Kent.

Hereditary peers comprise twenty-five dukes, thirty marquesses, one hundred and sixty-five earls and countesses, one hundred and ten viscounts, and some five hundred and fifty barons and baronesses. (Women who hold hereditary peerages in their own right became eligible for membership in the Lords only two years ago, with the passing of the Peerage Act of 1963.)

Life peers comprise the law lords—the Lord High Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, and seven judges of appeal, as well as all ex-Lords Chancellor and retired law lords—and some hundred men and women who, on various grounds and for various merits, have been created barons or baronesses in their own lifetime and for that lifetime alone.

A word here about creation, the making of new peers: Who becomes an earl or a marquess, and how is it done? The British aristocracy as a whole is not an ancient one. Many battles took a toll; the early decimation of the War of the Roses alone was such that today there are only thirty-six titles in the peerage whose origin goes beyond the year 1500. But then Britain, unlike Continental Europe (except for the Napoleonic period), has always gone in for an *ad hoc* aristocracy, filling up the reservoir, or enlarging it, according to the need and the customs of the time. Soldiers, great landowners, Elizabethan administrators in the past; coal-mine owners and biscuit manufacturers yesterday; press lords, trade-union officials, and generals today—all have come in through a flexible process that allows society to refresh itself by a current assimilation of strong new elements.

It is the Crown that has the right to create new peers, and the royal prerogative, theoretically, is subject to no restrictions. In practice all new peerages are granted by the sovereign on the advice of the prime minister of the day (the sovereign might put his foot down; King George V, for example, resisted the proposal to give Sargent the Order of Merit because he admired him neither as a painter nor as a man). Creations can be made at any time, however there are certain regular occasions when they come thick and fast, such as the New Year's and the Birthday Honors; there are also the Dissolution Honors at the end of a Parliament, when the list is made up by the *outgoing* prime minister. (A newly created peer usually chooses his own "style," that is, the name under which he will be known. It may be associated with a place or reflect some aspect of his career: Lord Butler of Saffron Walden, Lord Thomson of Fleet. Lord Butler lives at and was a Member of Parliament for Saffron Walden; Lord Thomson, the owner of the *Sunday Times*, won his spurs in Fleet Street; and so on.) Between 1800 and 1900, only one hundred and ninety-eight new peerages were created; over five hundred—that is, more than half of the entire roll—have been created during the past sixty-five years.

Men are ennobled for a variety of reasons, and uses. To take first of all the politicians: successful ministers are often rewarded (by their own party) with a peerage, and there is a convention that all outgoing prime ministers are given the running offer of an earldom. Not all of them in our time have accepted, and not one, except Baldwin, has accepted at once. Asquith, Attlee, and Anthony Eden deferred for some years. Mr. Macmillan has not accepted yet; and one, who was offered a dukedom, was too illustrious in his own right to change his name and rank. Translation to the Lords—for a Commons man—is by no means always the summit of success; it can be the seal of failure, the mark of age and failing powers, a sad necessity. It may befall a tried and worthy representative of a safe constituency when that safe seat is wanted for a homeless cabinet minister; it may befall a junior minister who, though useful in his party, has not done well enough in his own job, or a brilliant backbencher if his Government has work for him to do upstairs. So members, from both sides of the House of Commons, may be sent up to enrich the Lords or to make room in the Commons for a better man or a man more needed at the hour. Labor members, indoctrinated to see the peerage as a superannuated bugbear, are said to cry when first told about their impending elevation.

Then there are men who are made peers because they must be honored: generals and admirals and air marshals, for their services to their country in war—Earl Jellicoe, Earls Alexander of Tunis and Mountbatten of Burma, Viscounts Alanbrooke and Montgomery of Alamein; men of great new wealth—Lord Morris, Lord Rootes, Lord Marks, the late well-loved founder of the Marks & Spencer stores—for their initiative and enterprise in the service of industry and prosperity (it is no longer possible, as it still was in the thirties, to buy a peerage by a contribution to party funds); and men of outstanding distinction in many fields—lawyers, ex-ambassadors, and high commissioners, explorers, surgeons, and physicists, with the very English omission of artists and writers. Lord Tennyson is the exception; C. P. Snow's life barony, last October, was not due to his eminence as a novelist (besides being a prominent supporter of the Labor Party, Lord Snow did important work in the Civil Service during the last war).

Men, then, are ennobled for a good many reasons, and marked mediocrity is not often among them. Most of them do not reach the top because they are peers; they are made peers because they were already at the top. Their children are a different kettle. Reared often in an ambiance of money and commercial or political success, they present the hazards inherent in all second generations. (The sons of Labor peers have—so far—shown a tendency to turn Conservative.)

The problem of the descendants' quality does not arise when it comes to life peerages. These are a recent conception. A beginning was made in the last century with what is known as the Wensleydale peerage case. It was then still held that lords ought to be men of great substance, and that to inherit a peerage without the fortune to sustain it would be unsuitable and embarrassing. The House of Lords had always needed a number of judges to perform the judicial side of its work, but few judges were well off enough to found a dynasty. A way out would be to make some judges peers for life only. There were a few not-too-distant precedents: life peerages had been conferred on mistresses by the later Stuarts and the early Georges, although decidedly not for the purpose of these ladies entering Parliament. So in 1856 Sir James Parke, a distinguished judge of seventy-four with no surviving sons, was made Lord Wensleydale with the express provision that the barony was to be limited to his life. The House of Lords got up some opposition and presently ruled that he was not eligible to take a seat. An opportunity was missed. Lord Wensleydale was made a hereditary peer a few months later on, and in due course a Government passed the Appelate Jurisdiction Acts of 1876 and 1887 whereby life peerages might be given to a number of judges (ultimately nine), who were to take their seats in the Lords as barons with the special title of Lords of Appeal in Ordinary.

After that first step the idea spread. Nowadays, when many an earl is earning his living in Fleet Street or in the City, relative poverty is no longer a real bar to shouldering a hereditary peerage; all the same, there is something attractive about a scheme of enriching the House of Lords with a diversity of eminent men and women without engaging the future or their families. After some rebuffs, the relevant legislation was passed by the Conservative Government in 1958, and since then about a hundred and fifty life peers and peeresses have been created.

The roll, then—the heterogeneous roll of the lords spiritual and temporal—comes to just over one thousand this year. From that thousand we must deduct, as far as effective parliamentary membership is concerned, the peers of the blood royal because they are not allowed to speak or vote; all peers who are at present minors, bankrupts, or lunatics; and the eight peers who have disclaimed their peerages (as it has become possible to do, irrevocably and within twelve months of succeeding, since 1963). The eight disclaimers are the Earl of Home (Sir Alec Douglas-Home), who disclaimed when he succeeded Mr. Macmillan as prime minister

SLIM AARONS—REPRINTED FROM *Holiday*, COPYRIGHT 1958, THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

The hereditary—and unsalaried—office of Lord Great Chamberlain is currently held by the fifth Marquess of Cholmondeley, among whose duties is the running of Westminster Palace.

—no peer, of course, can sit in the House of Commons so long as he is a peer, and no modern prime minister can lead from another place; Viscounts Hailsham (Mr. Quintin Hogg) and Stansgate (Anthony Wedgwood Benn, now Postmaster General in the Labor Government); the Earl of Sandwich and Lord Altrincham because they wished to make or continue their careers in the Commons; Lord Monkswell because he does not believe in the hereditary principle; the second Lord Beaverbrook (Maxwell Aitken) because he wished to keep his father's name unique; and Lord Southampton because he found that a title only puts up prices in the shops.

This leaves us with some nine hundred and eighty who have the right to sit. That right is not automatic; in order to take his seat a peer must be in possession of what is called a Writ of Summons. It is a simple enough matter. When you inherit your title, or later if you wish, you present your credentials, birth certificate, and so on and ask for a writ to be sent to you summoning you to Parliament. With this writ—a piece of parchment—you walk into the upper house on any afternoon on which it might be in session, give your writ to the clerk, sign your name on the roll, take the oath of allegiance, and sit down in a back row. Now there are a number of people—ninety, in fact—some of whom have been peers for dozens of years, who for one reason or another have never applied for their writ. They might do so, if they chose, any day; the point is that so far they have not, and therefore they will have to be taken off our roll.

We are left, then, with a potentially active membership of nine hundred (I am going to use round figures rather than figures exact for some ephemeral date), but the weeding-out process goes on. About two hundred lords have been granted leave of absence, which means that they will not be seen or heard during the current session.

Of the remaining seven hundred, it has been worked out that about a hundred put in an appearance once a year and another hundred twice a year. These rare birds, the "backwoodsmen" mainly (but *not* solely), turn up on ceremonial occasions and can be discounted for most political purposes, or for hard work.

We are left with five hundred. Of these, three hundred attend about six times a year, and another fifty once or twice a month. Some of these casuals are most valuable; they are experts in a great variety of fields, and come to Westminster to take part in debates on issues involving their special knowledge or experience.

Down to one hundred and fifty. About half of these come once or twice a fortnight, and the last seventy-five or so come practically every day. These regulars and very regulars speak and vote and serve on committees and dig up the figures and the facts; they are the hard core, the men of influence, who run the house and do its daily work. (They are rarely young; few young men can afford unpaid full-time work.) Two thirds of them are and always have been Conservatives.

Lords are held "to sit in their own personal capacity." They do not act as representatives or spokesmen of any outside interest or body, constituency or region; they need no endorsement by a political party. Which does not prevent them from belonging to one. There are large numbers of peers with no declared affiliation among both the active and the dormant members of the Lords, but their affinities —and their voice—must be largely counted on the Conservative side. Less than a third of the very active lords are Labor peers (and of these, eighteen are officeholders in Mr. Wilson's Government), and about half a dozen are Liberals. In the House of Lords as a whole the Conservative majority is even vaster: about three hundred and eighty-two Conservative lords against some eighty-one Labor, forty-one Liberals, and one Communist. (He is Lord Milford, an old Etonian. The only way for a Communist in Britain to get into the legislature appears to be by way of the hereditary peerage. On taking his seat last year, Lord Milford was pleased to make some reference to his party. "What party?

What Party?" came the cry from the older, sleepier lords; "What's the fellow talking about?" They were hushed by their brother lords, as it is the convention of both houses of Parliament not to interrupt a maiden speech.)

"The House of Lords is useless and dangerous and ought to be abolished."
THE COMMONS (1649)

"The order of nobility is of great use, too . . . in what it prevents. It prevents the rule of wealth—the religion of gold."
BAGEHOT (1867)

"The main function of both Commons and Lords in present conditions is to discuss and criticize the Government's actions and intentions, rather than to be a really effective legislature in itself."
P. A. BROMHEAD *

Uses and non-uses of the powers of the House of Lords

It is the permanent, built-in Conservative majority in the House of Lords which is and has been the main problem of the institution for the past eighty years.

The broad principle of bicameral legislation is that the two houses act as checks upon one another. Roughly speaking, no act or bill can become law until it has been passed by both (with the very important exception of so-called money bills, which are the prerogative of the Commons). The system acts as a brake; it can also lead to deadlock. (A predominantly Republican Senate, for instance, killing the bills of a predominantly Democratic House.) When such a deadlock is inflicted on a popularly elected assembly like the House of Commons by a hereditary and indirectly replenished one like the House of Lords, the ensuing conflict goes deep. It can only be resolved, in the long run, by change, reform, or a constitutional clipping of the powers of the upper house. Such a situation might have arisen in Britain after 1832, when the franchise had been extended by the Reform Acts and an elected Whig majority in the Commons was confronted by a hostile, unmovable Tory majority in the Lords. In theory the two houses then still had approximately equal legislative powers. What happened was that the lords themselves wisely decided not to make obstinate use of their own obstructive powers; they acted, generally, with moderation and self-restraint. This voluntary reorientation of the Lords' functions is admirably described by Bagehot in *The English Constitution:*

"Since the Reform Act the House of Lords has become a revising and suspending House. It can alter bills; it can reject bills on which the House of Commons is not thoroughly in earnest—upon which the nation is not yet determined. *Their veto is a sort of hypothetical veto.* [My italics.] They say, We reject your Bill for this once or these twice, or even these thrice: but if you keep on sending it up, at last we won't reject it. The House has ceased to be one of latent directors, and has become one of temporary rejectors and palpable alterers."

The change owed much to the English talent for political good sense, and for some time there was hope that the absolute veto of the House of Lords would lapse through disuse, as the Royal Veto had done since Queen Anne. Instead, after the middle of the century the honeymoon was over. The lords were getting refractory. The franchise had again been broadened: more people with less property were able to vote in the elections, and this inevitably pointed up the distinction between the two houses. The Commons were becoming more and more and the Lords less and less representative of the nation as a whole, which was voting Liberal. Liberal policies went against the grain and interests of the Tory peers. In 1893 the Lords threw out Gladstone's Irish Home Rule Bill (and mangled, as well, an overdue Employers' Liability bill against which no extreme right-wing faction in the world would dare to utter a squeak today). From then until 1911 they were set on a course of mass destruction of progressive legislation. It was also inevitably a course of self-destruction. They threw out the Scottish Local Government Bill, they threw out the Education Bill of 1906, they threw out Lloyd George's Finance Bill of 1909 and thereby challenged the financial privileges of the Commons. The situation had become untenable. (All was not entirely black and white; the Home Rule bills, for one, were not backed then by the country as a whole. I am not trying here to give an account of an extremely complex phase of British parliamentary history, but simply to give an idea of the predicament into which the lords forced the Government and finally themselves.)

The Government finally introduced a bill, the Parliament Act, to reduce the veto powers of the House of Lords. It was duly voted down by the lords themselves. One—extreme—remedy remained, and Asquith, who had succeeded Campbell-Bannerman as prime minister, began to think of using it: it was to cut down the Conservative majority in the House of Lords by packing it with newly created Liberal peers. The number required to be effective was five hundred and seventy new peers. (Mark you, *hereditary* peers, as the law stood then, not life peers.)

Packing the House of Lords was not unprecedented. In 1712 a Tory Government in difficulty over the passing of a piece of legislation acquired the necessary majority in the Lords by the modest creation of twelve new Tory peers. Afterward it was quickly realized that such a thing, if repeated at will, would soon make nonsense of the upper

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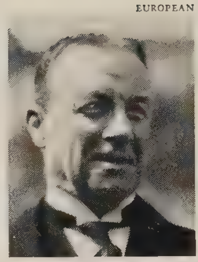
*All Bromhead quotations are from *The House of Lords and Contemporary Politics 1911–1957;* Routledge & Kegan Paul, London, and Humanities Press, New York; © copyright 1958 by P. A. Bromhead.

A PRIDE OF PEERS

Assembled by Horizon

Lords temporal

Cromwell, a commoner, briefly abolished the House of Lords, which he called "useless and dangerous," but most of the other commoners who have experimented with reforming it have wound up as members. Sometimes they find it dull. After Disraeli became Lord Beaconsfield, he encountered a young woman he knew while leaving the House. "Oh, Mr. Disraeli," she cried, "I thought you were dead!" "I am, Madam," he replied, "but in the Elysian Fields." Today's retiring prime ministers are offered earldoms. Churchill was tendered a dukedom, but he refused it.


EUROPEAN

Stanley Baldwin, thrice prime minister, was made Earl Baldwin of Bewdley.

KEYSTONE

Laborite Clement Attlee became an earl, often present at the Lord's debates.

KEYSTONE

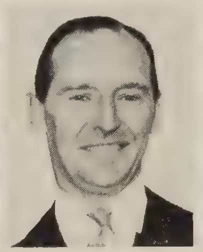
Like a lady losing her maiden name, Eden as Avon seemed to drop from sight.

Lords willing

G. K. Chesterton once noted that the Lords are really more representative of England than the Commons, for politicians are all more or less of a type while peers vary among themselves as widely as other men. As our author Mrs. Bedford observes, today's lords are mostly rather ordinary people. By the same token there are also among them some extraordinary men and families—like America's Adamses, for example—to whom their position in a hereditary house gives automatic membership. It is a leg up, so to speak, for aristocrats like these who are eager to serve.

UPI

Hereditary, able manager of state pageantry: the 16th Duke of Norfolk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Minister and ambassador, David Ormsby-Gore is the 5th Baron Harlech.

UPI

Labor Cabinet Member: the 7th Earl of Longford (also Baron Pakenham)

Lords unwilling

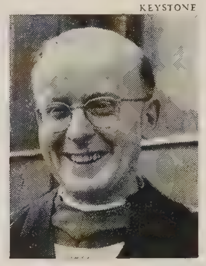
Until 1963 and the Peerage Act, many a promising career in the House of Commons was cut off when a death in the family suddenly "elevated" the member, willy-nilly, into the Lords. The successful struggle of Anthony Wedgwood Benn, a Labor M.P., to avoid his noble inheritance ironically served the Conservatives well when the 14th Earl of Home was able to become plain—well, fairly plain—Sir Alec Douglas-Home. Titles can be a trial, and even Labor governments force them on people (for example the noted Hugh Foot, now Lord Caradon).

Lords spiritual

"Lords Spiritual and Temporal" is the full phrase for the ancient body that has advised kings since Saxon and Norman times. Bishops sided with barons at Runnymede, and gaiters may still be seen at Westminster. The two archbishops shown here, and the bishops of London, Winchester, and Durham, sit by right; twenty-one others by seniority. They are called "Lord," and on the floor of the House itself, Canterbury, the most senior, is addressed with grave decorum as "most reverend Primate." They are quiet, well-Established, and very often brilliant men.

UPI

Kindly theologian: 100th Archbishop of Canterbury, Michael Ramsey


KEYSTONE

Next in dignity: the Lord Archbishop of York, Frederick D. Coggan

Lords spirituous

Hot-eyed radicals and earnest editorial writers regularly proclaim the imminent demise of the House of Lords, and the patient as regularly recovers. Unlike Continental aristocracies, Britain's keeps socially mobile. It recruits strength from new centers of power as they appear—land, law, banking, even industry and the once scorned ranks of "trade." A milestone in this process was the appearance some years ago of "beer barons" in the House of Lords; but the spirit vendor was no less Established in the villages than the spirit tender in the vicarage.

KEYSTONE

This titled Guinness is a barrister; his father was Colonial Secretary.

Men of action

Military heroes are ever admired by aristocracies (and, for that matter, republics); in the Lords they lend experience and a manly tone. Wellington, indeed, went on to be prime minister. The military-aristocratic class, moreover, keeps producing useful men. Sir Winston Churchill was the grandson of the 7th Duke of Marlborough; Lord Brabazon, a flier in World War I, has held many government posts; Viscount de l'Isle, holder of an ancient barony, not only won a Victoria Cross but has also served in the cabinet and as Governor-General of Australia.

KEYSTONE

Monty, the nemesis of Rommel, is Viscount Montgomery of Alamein.

UPI

Aviation hero, sportsman, Irish aristocrat: Lord Brabazon of Tara

UPI

Lord de l'Isle and Dudley, born a baron, won a Victoria Cross and a viscountcy.

Household words

It is hard to get through the day in England, or even the U.S.A., without murmuring some noble name in ordinary conversation—Sandwich, Derby, Chesterfield. The coat is named for the 10th Earl, a nineteenth-century dandy, and the cigarette (presumably) for his witty letter-writing ancestor, the famous 4th Earl (1694–1773). There is no Cardigan today to recall the great charge at Balaklava (or the jacket), but the Raglan peerage survives to recall a hero who lost an arm at Waterloo and devised a sleeve that a one-armed man could pull on easily.

The eccentric tradition

Peers are exempt from jury service, cannot be arrested in civil actions, keep their hats on before judges, and have the right, if condemned, to be hanged by a silken cord. Their other old privileges are gone, along with most family fortunes. The late Lord Mowbray planned to convert his family seat into flats, and most of the remaining private castles are kept going by tourists. But peers (and peers' daughters) are expected by the public to keep on furnishing entertainment with their traditional eccentricities, a duty which there is always someone to perform.

WIDE WORLD

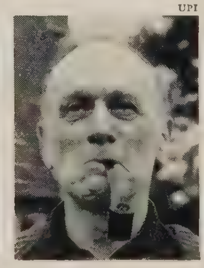
William Marmaduke Stourton, Lord Mowbray, held the oldest barony in England, created in 1283. A steady litigant, he claimed the rarely invoked peers' immunity when sued by his wife.

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS

Charles Guy Fulke Greville, 7th Earl of Warwick, was a movie actor as Michael Brook and lives in the family castle. He took an informed part in the Lords' debate on commercial television.

KEYSTONE

The 8th Earl of Arran, known to his friends as "Boofy," is a hugely successful new tabloid columnist who makes fun of the Hunt, odd names, London's tarts, and "dotty peers" like himself.


UPI

The only Communist currently in Parliament entered under a peer's coronet. He is the 2nd Baron Milford of Wanstephan, who abominates the whole idea of lords.

UPI

His gregarious Grace, the 13th Duke of Bedford (also a Marquess, an Earl, and thrice a Baron) gets the paying crowds to tour his ancestral pile, Woburn Abbey.

Lords temporary

Until 1958 peerages were almost all hereditary except for a few distinguished "law lords," but since then new laws have brought into the House about a hundred new members of both sexes, as barons or baronesses, who serve for life only. A few party hacks and mediocrities are chosen (one is reminded of the newly ennobled labor leader who took his "style" from the name of his seaside boarding house), but most are people of brilliance who broaden the wit, expertise, and *ton* which are the main contribution of the House of Lords to English public life.

The late Lord Stopford of Fallowfield: anatomist, and neurologist

UPI

Baron Florey, a Nobel prize winner, was Provost of Queen's College, Oxford.

CENTRAL PRESS

C. P. Snow was given a life peerage for work in science, not letters.

UPI

Lord Hinton, an engineer, is an expert on planning in transport.

KEYSTONE

Lord Hill of Luton is a physician, a politician, and an authority on T.V.

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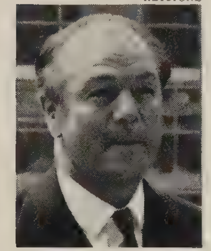

Max Aitken felt there should be only one Lord Beaverbrook: his publisher father.

KEYSTONE

Lord Southampton happily disclaimed. He said that shops overcharge peers.

KEYSTONE

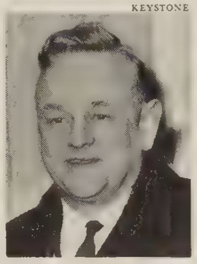
Benn, "the Reluctant Peer," refused to be a viscount, and had his egalitarian way.

KEYSTONE

Lord Altrincham, or Mr. John Grigg, rudely attacked the Queen in print.

UPI

Sir Alec Douglas-Home gave up six ancient titles, one dating to 1473.

KEYSTONE

Viscount Hailsham, an aspiring Tory minister, became Mr. Quintin Hogg.

KEYSTONE

Reverse case: Laborite Hugh Foot, for prestige at U.N., had to be a peer.

KEYSTONE

Henry Evelyn Alexander Dewar, Baron Forteviot, makes the whisky.

…and spirited ladies

The Life Peerages Act of 1958 was what is known as "Progressive Legislation": that is, it admitted women to the Lords. About many of the ladies who were then chosen, there lingered, as one might expect, a faint air of suffragettism. Yet they tended to be widows, daughters, and even mothers-in-law of famous men. For example, Baroness Asquith, formerly Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, is all at once daughter of Liberal prime minister H. H. Asquith, widow of a distinguished man, mother of an M.P., and mother-in-law of the leader of the Liberals.

Baroness Burton, a spinster, was a Labor M.P. and a champion sprinter.

KEYSTONE

Baroness Asquith is a steady public servant and a member of the Liberal Party.

KEYSTONE

Baroness Elliot is a Tory, Cabinet member's widow, ex-U.N. delegate.

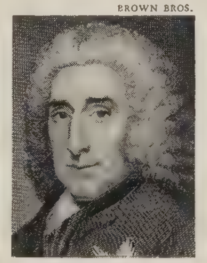
CENTRAL PRESS

As a life peeress, Lady Churchill at eighty continues to serve Great Britain.

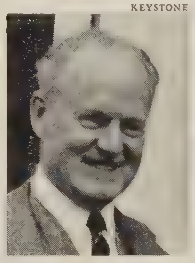
CULVER

Cardigan jacket: named for 7th Earl, who led Charge of Light Brigade

Raglan sleeve: invented by the Lord's forebear, a British commander

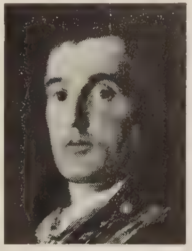
BROWN BROS.

Chesterfield: the 4th Earl (above) wrote the noted advice, the 10th wore the coat.

The race: after the Earls of Derby, who would always call the hat a bowler

KEYSTONE

Sandwich: the 10th Earl's ancestor, the 4th, made the picnic possible.

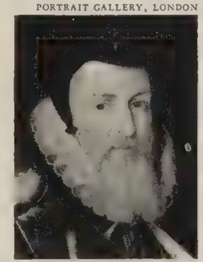
WIDE WORLD

Socks: Duke of Argyll endorses the hosiery, even appears in the advertising.

NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

Wellingtons: the stiff boots, full or half, are named for the Iron Duke.

Distinguished family

The great family of Cecil, now going into its fifth century, is one of the most brilliant and durable in English public life, one that has depended since its founding by the great Lord Burghley on skill, acumen, and well-placed relatives. The mother of the Salisbury branch was Mildred Cooke, the most learned woman of her era. There are Cecils all over the Lords and Commons, among them good writers like the present Lord David Cecil. When the 3rd Marquess resigned as prime minister he had a nephew ready—naturally—to take over, in the form of Mr. Balfour.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON

William Cecil, first Baron Burghley (1520–1598) was chief minister to Queen Elizabeth. By his first wife he produced the first Earl of Exeter and by his second the Salisburys.

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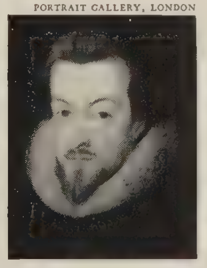
Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury (1563–1612), a dwarf in stature, was as brilliant as his father, Burghley. He secured the accession of James I, and built Hatfield House.

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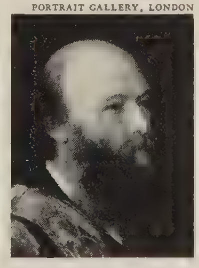
3rd Marquess of Salisbury (1830–1903) as a peer was thrice prime minister, fought Gladstone, Irish home rule, conducted the Boer War, annexed Burma, had three sons in the Commons.

KEYSTONE

The present 5th Marquess, Robert Gascoyne-Cecil, served in the Commons, became leader of the Lords, might have aspired to the top but fought over Suez and retired to Hatfield.

EUROPEAN

Head of other Cecils is Marquess of Exeter, ex-M.P., colonial governor, company director. He is Hereditary Grand Almoner, an official of the Olympics, and Master of the Burghley Hunt.

SUSAN MC CARTNEY—PHOTO RESEARCHERS

house. A bill was introduced in 1719 which provided that "the number of English Peers shall not be enlarged beyond six above the present number." The bill, however, was roundly defeated in the Commons. Had it become law, the resulting small and rigid House of Lords might well not have survived into the modern political era. As it was, the precedent of 1712 cleared the way for future governments to manipulate the upper house.

But the preposterous number of five hundred and seventy new peers in 1911 was a daunting matter. There was certainly available an ample reservoir of Liberal talent or merit; even so, those who made the threat had no great liking for having to carry it out. Not so Winston Churchill. "We ought as early as possible to make it clear," he wrote in a letter to Asquith, "that we are not a bit afraid of creating 500 Peers if necessary. . . . Such a creation would be in fact for the interest of the Liberal Party and a disaster for the Conservatives. . . . We should at a stroke gain a great addition of influence in the country. The wealth and importance of British society could easily maintain a thousand notables —much more easily than 300 a century ago."

Churchill went on to say that the Liberals (to whom, it must be remembered, he at the time belonged) ought to create also "a proportion of Tory peers and Baronets; something for the Tory Press. . . . We ought to pursue a national not a sectional policy; and to try to make our prolonged tenure of power as agreeable as possible to the other half of our fellow countrymen."

It did not come to this. The king insisted on another general election (the second in under a year) to test the matter once more before the country, and "agreed most reluctantly," as he wrote in his diary, "to give the Cabinet a secret understanding that in the event of the Government being returned with a majority . . . I should use my Prerogative to make Peers if asked for."

Again, the threat alone was effective. After Asquith's Government had been returned by the election with an increased majority, the Parliament Act was sent to the Lords once more; it was passed this time, and on August 18, 1911, became law.

It had two important provisions. One, a money bill* cannot be rejected by the Lords at all; it can be held up for one month but must be passed, unamended, by the end of that time. Two, any other bill cannot be rejected for longer

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*These are bills which, whatever their other matter, include the raising and spending of funds, such as the imposition of taxes or authorization of expenditure. Money bills must be certified as such by the Speaker of the House of Commons before being sent up to the upper house.

The House of Lords occupies the portion of Westminster Palace under the Victoria Tower, far left, while Commons sits at the other end under Big Ben. Parliament has met at Westminster since the days of Henry VIII.

than three parliamentary sessions (approximately two years); if within those sessions a bill has passed the Commons three successive times, it will become law regardless of the Lords. (This delay was further shortened by the Parliament Bill of 1947–49 to two sessions and two passings in the Commons, that is, to about one year.)

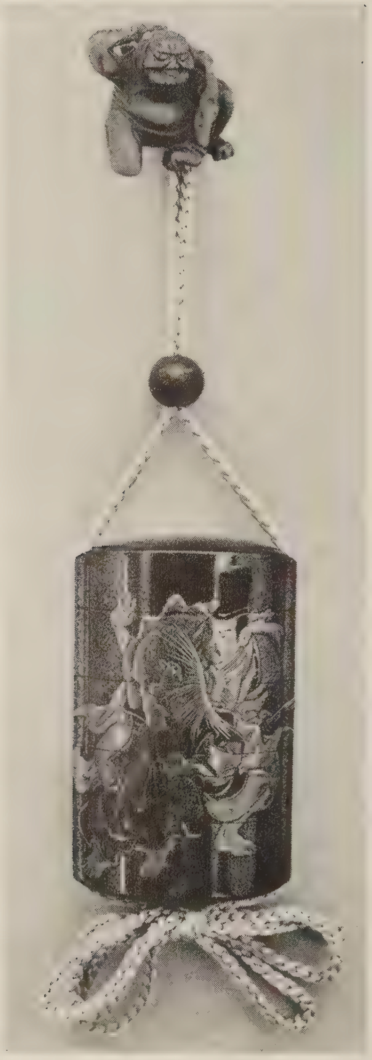
So Bagehot's conception of "the hypothetical veto" had been given statutory force. The Lords had been transformed *de jure* into his "suspending House." How did they take it? Not at all well at first. The crisis of 1911 had caused too much bitterness, and the great pending issue, Home Rule for Ireland, was still violently resisted by Conservatives in the country as well as in Parliament. When a new Home Rule Bill was introduced in 1912, the rare birds and casual peers, the backwoodsmen, turned up in battalions to vote it down. So it could not be passed till 1914 at the earliest, and by that time Europe was at war. The bill could not be implemented until 1922. Thus the Lords had delayed Irish Home Rule for ten years, with the tragic consequences that we know.

Thirty years later, in 1945, after a world of change, the House of Lords emerged led by different men, animated by a different spirit. There had been a long lull. During the First World War, hostilities between the houses were suspended, and afterward a Conservative, or Conservative-dominated coalition, was almost permanently in power and there was no real conflict—if plenty of useful criticism—between the Lords and the elected Government. Now, the Second World War was over, the Labor Party was in office, and for the first time since Asquith, the House of Lords was faced with a strong anti-Conservative Government and Commons. The welfare state was in the air, great social reforms were being tabled. How would the Lords take to these? How would a left-wing administration grapple with the Lords?

The British Labor Party, as will be remembered, had already had two brief spells of office, 1924 and 1929–31. Without much experience and no overall majority in the Commons, they did not then initiate any very antagonizing legislation, nor were they able to stay in power long enough to work up to any real test of strength in the House of Lords, although Ramsay MacDonald had declared that "a second chamber is useless." In 1935 the party line was still rigid. The Labor election manifesto contained these words:

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

Netsuke



METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, ROGERS FUND 1913

The curious ornamental device shown on these pages might never have developed if the original Japanese kimono had been designed with pockets. This sartorial oversight was borne with equanimity until the sixteenth century, when Portuguese traders introduced tobacco and snuff. Within a few years, a decorated tobacco pouch was hanging at the waist of every fashionable merchant, samurai, and doctor, and the *netsuke*—which kept it in place (see left)—had inspired a new art form in Japan.

Elaborate as *netsuke* carving became, this knobby appendage never lost its homely function: attached to the end of a silk cord, it was pulled up beneath the sash and allowed to hang over the top edge, thus anchoring the pouch which dangled free below. Although the pouch itself was eventually used to carry coins, pills, and other oddments, as well as tobacco, the little toggle's role remained unchanged till the end of the nineteenth century. Then the double-breasted suit made the kimono obsolete, and the *netsuke* became an *objet* of more interest to dealers and collectors than to the nattily dressed Japanese.

For practical reasons the *netsuke* had to be of small size (from one to three inches, and about equal in weight to the purse) and of compact shape (free of sharp edges that might snag fine silk). Within these limits—so ideally suited to the Japanese genius for miniature composition—the artist was able to exercise all the skill and imagination he possessed. In addition, he could draw on subjects from every facet of life; indeed, the microcosmic view of Japanese history, mythology, religion, folklore, and popular humor encompassed by *netsuke* was their principal appeal for early visitors to Japan.

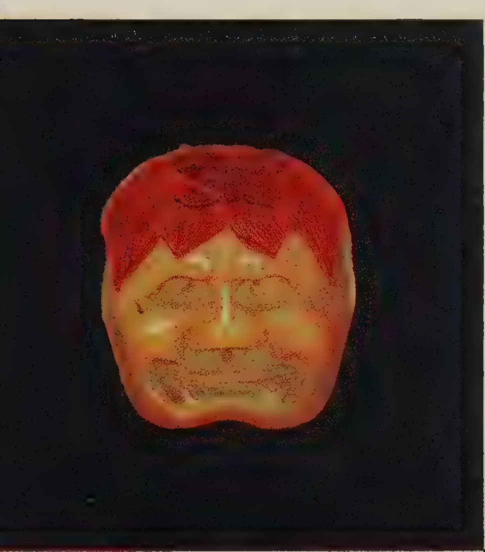
The carver's choice of materials was equally broad: most commonly wood and ivory were used, but also horn, bone, rock crystal, iron, jade, onyx, shell, and precious metals. The spontaneous way in which the greatest of the *netsuke* carvers responded to the natural "accidents" of the medium provides the most impressive evidence of the refined taste that the art commanded. But to the connoisseur, even the most talented carver cannot alone make a fine work; time must add that rare quality which the Japanese call *aji*—the record of ownership and gentle use written in the patina of a well-handled, much-loved *netsuke*. W.B.

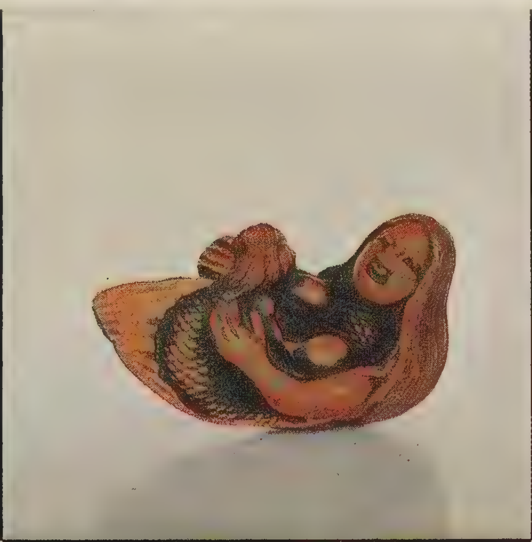
Netsukes assembled from private collections by Raymond Bushell and photographed by Bradley Smith

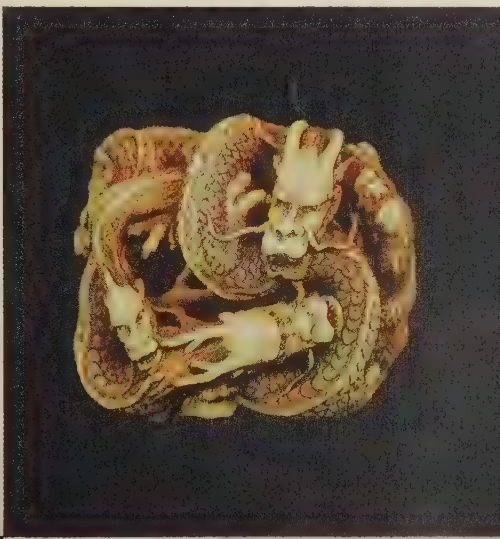
A favorite source of images for the netsuke *artist are the masks—representing nearly one hundred human and godly emotions—which play such an essential part in Japan's venerable Noh drama. This cross-eyed Noh demon is carved of hornbill with its natural markings made to serve in the design.*

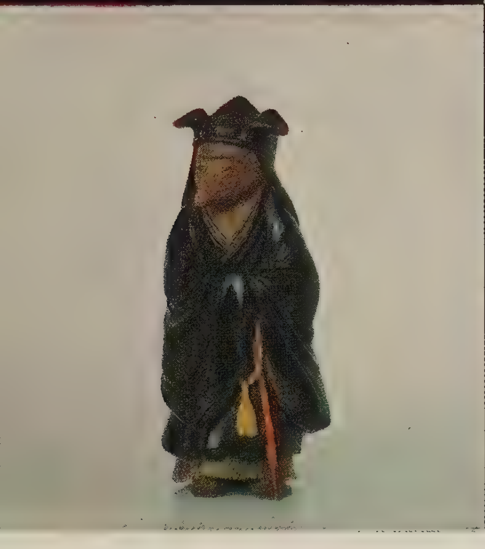
The mermaid enjoys mixed notices in Oriental folklore. Some say that eating her flesh will bring perpetual youth. The more saturnine dismiss her as a creature of poor compromise: not fish enough to eat nor woman enough to love. Years of use have worn away all but traces of this mermaid's painted surface and have polished the wood beneath.

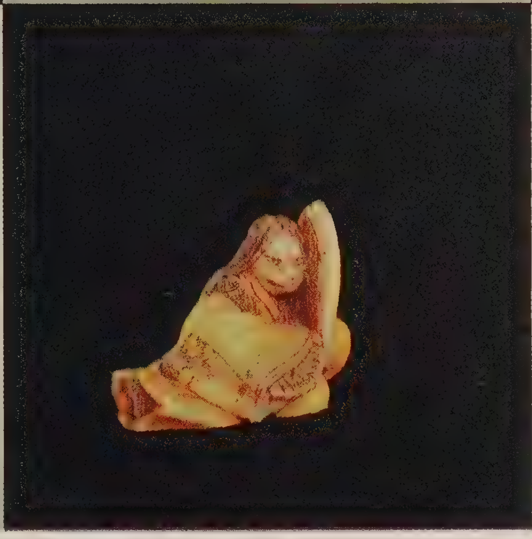
As borrowed from Chinese tradition, the dragon is a benevolent symbol representing variously the god of rain, imperial power, and the third year in the twelve-year calendar. To draw this powerful yet intricate arabesque of five dragons within the limits of a 1.8-inch piece of ivory required the talents of a superb craftsman and many months of work.

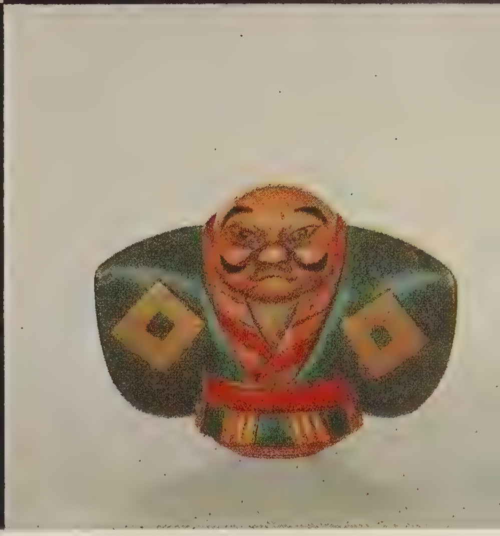










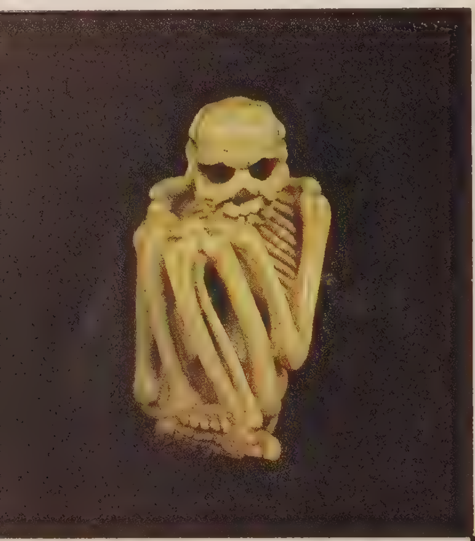


In Japanese folklore no demon is more malicious than the wily fox. Possessing the ability to change into all manner of sheep's clothing—the most disarming being that of a priest telling his beads—the fox preys on the innocent. This version is lacquered wood with inlays.

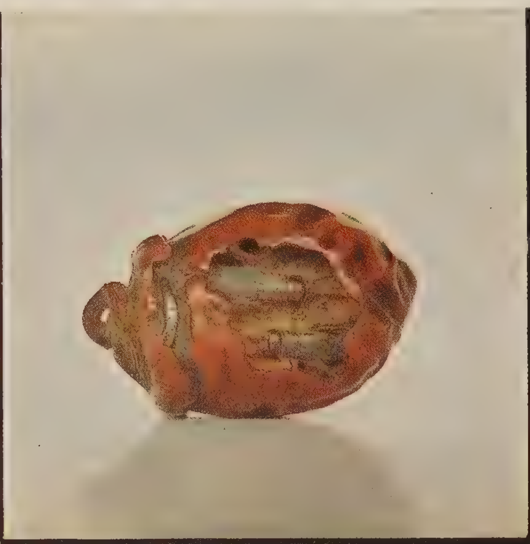
Robed in the elegant dress of a royal courtesan, this bewitching lady in ivory is the fox-fatale in another incarnation. Japanese legend credits her with having led many a smitten emperor to debauchery, ruin, and even death.

The prototype of the broad-shouldered warrior above can be found in the kite maker's repertoire, where this curious stance serves the cause of aerodynamics. Translated from bamboo and rice paper to polychrome wood, its cheerful symmetry is well suited to netsuke.

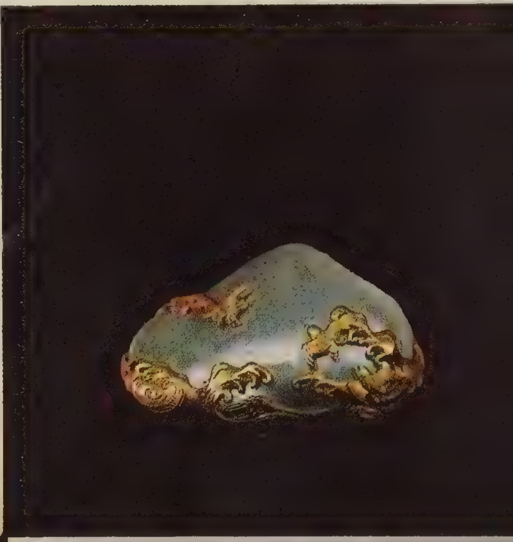
The skeleton, by definition a bony, knobby, gangling form when extended, is compressed to suitable netsuke *shape and proportion by an anonymous carver in ivory. This imaginative solution is doctrinally correct, too, for in ancient Buddhist practice the dead are buried in fetal position as a preparation for rebirth.*

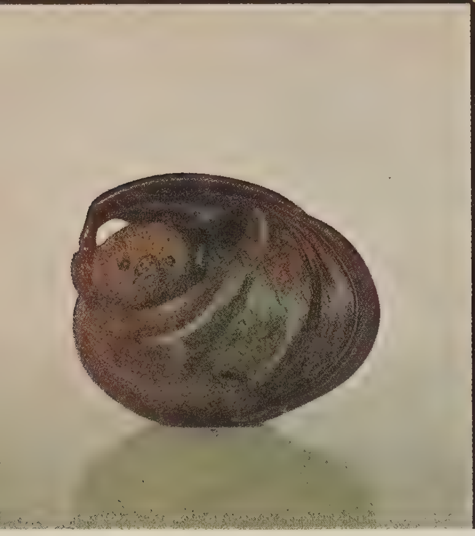


An overripe persimmon, a succulent Oriental cousin to the puckery American fruit, provides a sweet-and-sour feast for several insects in this realistically painted wood carving of the nineteenth century.

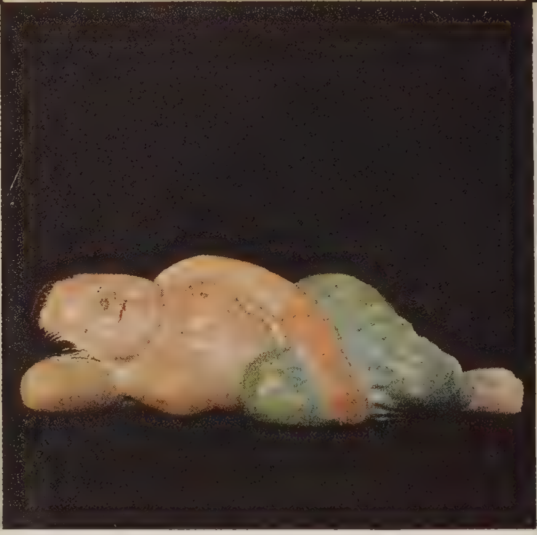


A large baroque pearl, lapped by golden waves and embellished with a flock of golden plover, becomes Mt. Fujiyama, sacred in Japanese mythology and a favorite subject of landscape painters.

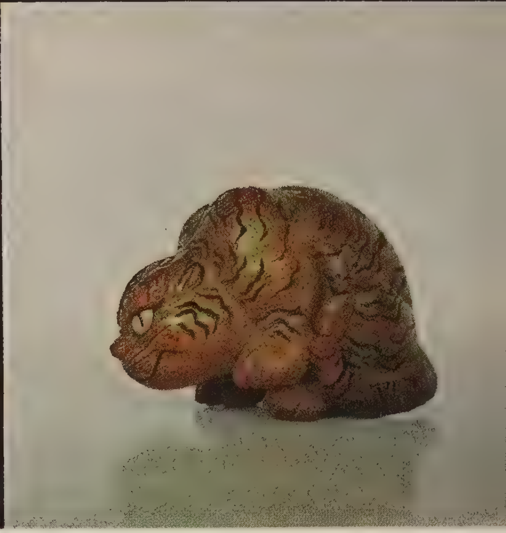




Contrary to Western belief, the Oriental bat brings good fortune and long life. A newborn bat, swaddled in its own wings, makes an admirably compact and plastic subject for this rosewood netsuke.

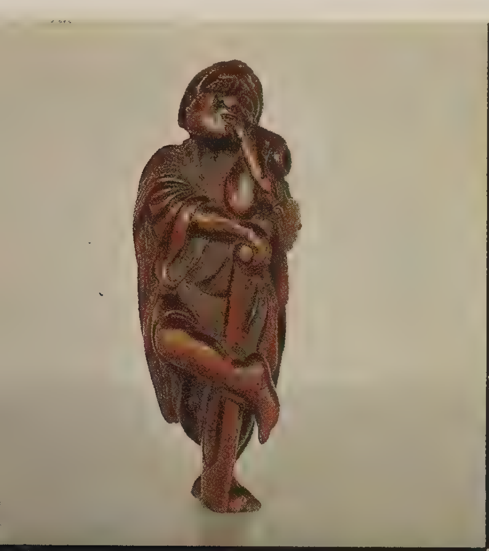


Otafuku, Japan's all-purpose goddess, appears in many guises to match her many moods. Temptress, comedian, hypocritical female of unproved virtue, lazy housewife (see opposite, top center), and bawd, she is pictured here asleep, perhaps after performing in still another role—goddess of the dance.

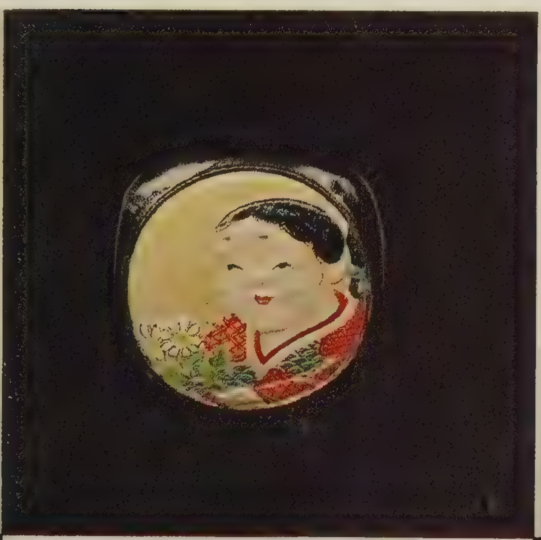


In this crouching bamboo beast is summarized one of Japan's favorite cautionary tales: of the tiger, symbol of earthly power, and of the bamboo grove, whose slender reeds are yet his last refuge against the stronger forces of nature.

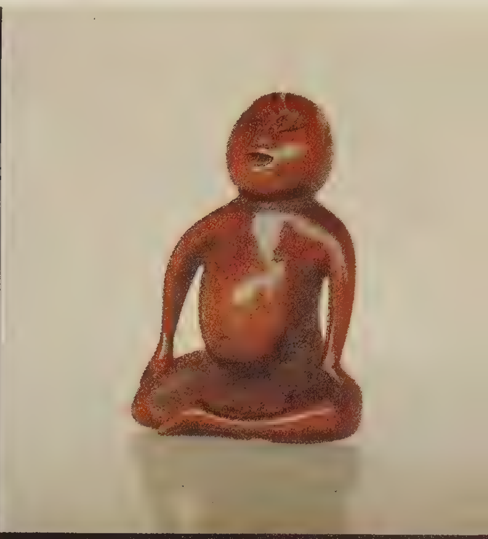
Resting on his spade, a farmer enjoys a moment of blissful relaxation with his pipe. The expressiveness and vigor of the wood sculpture belie its two-and-one-half-inch size.

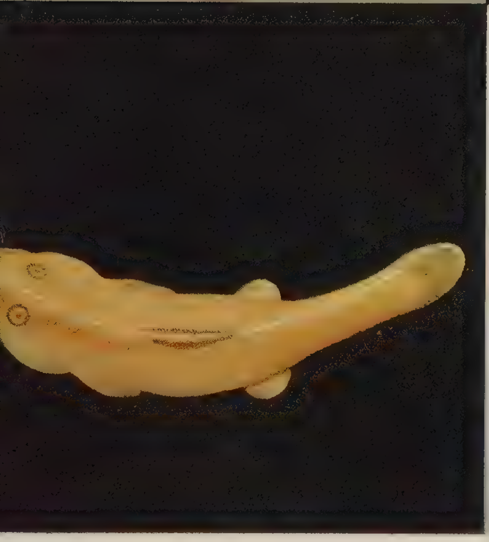


Balloonlike cheeks, heart-shaped mouth, Otafuku (see opposite, bottom center) could look respectable if not downright dowdy in her role as Okame. This pendant is a one-inch-wide disc and is fashioned in porcelain, probably by a potter supplementing his regular trade.

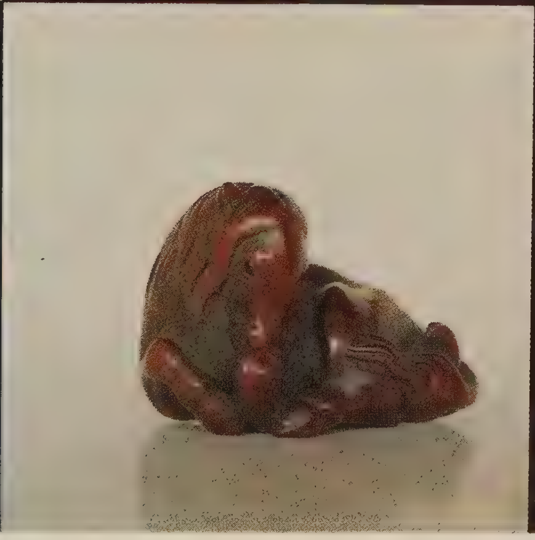


The spontaneity and self-importance of the child is captured in this wood carving of a small boy enjoying a private joke. Two centuries of fondling have revealed rich tones under its painted surface.

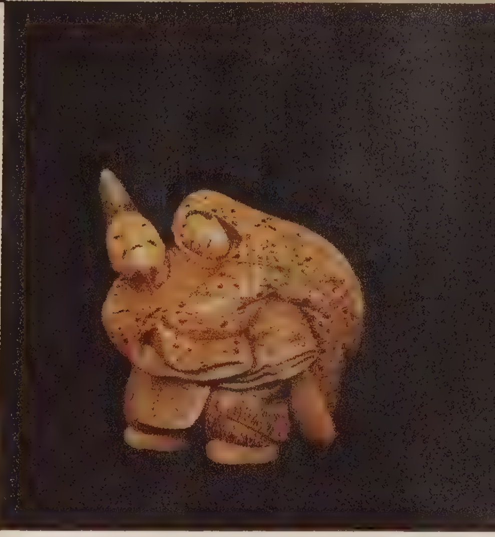




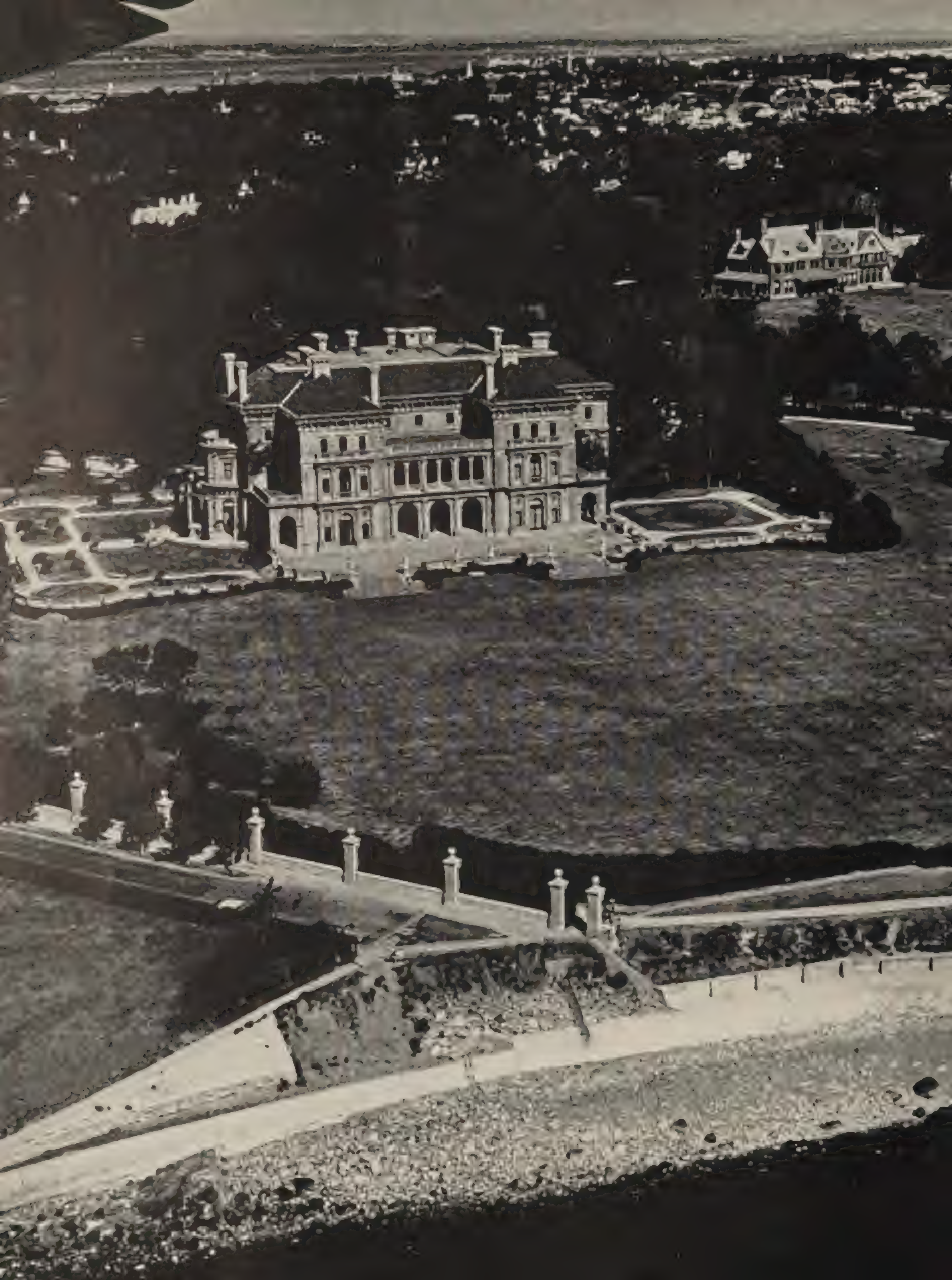
Namazu, sharklike denizen of the waters beneath Japan's chain of volcanic islands, sends tremors through the land with each switch of his giant tail. Carved in the late eighteenth century, this ivory has mellowed to a fine golden patina.



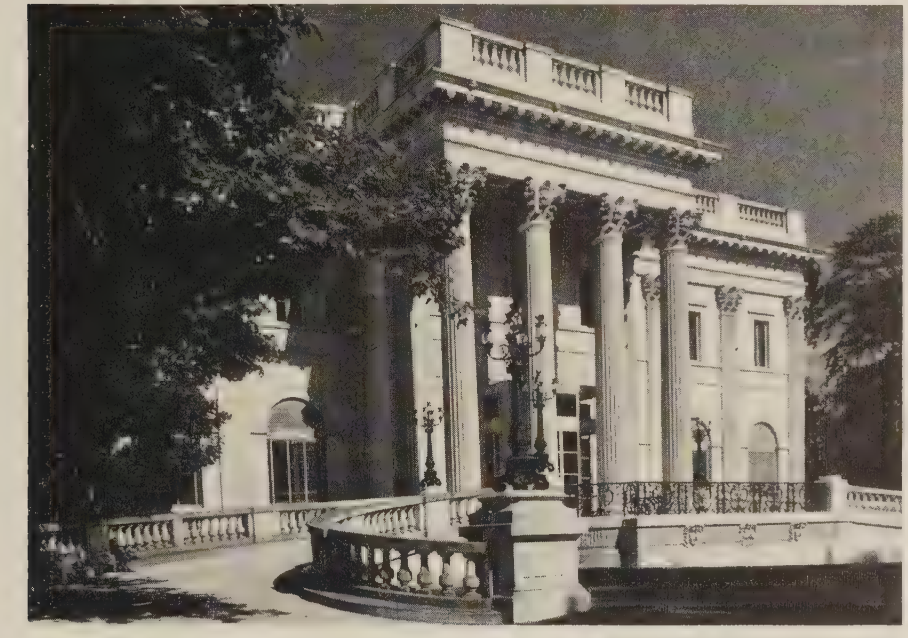
A dozen animals who kept the vigil at Buddha's death are remembered as symbols of the twelve years of the zodiacal cycle and as favorite netsuke *subjects. Combined in this boxwood carving are the rat, humble but quick-witted, and the horse, valiant and long-suffering—years one and seven.*



The tenth-century tale of Narihira, great poet and fabled lover, provides the theme for an abduction in ivory. In this, his last and most daring act of bravado, he carried off the Emperor's wife, the beautiful Takako, for which he was subsequently banished.



One of them was built without wood and the other lacked doorknobs, but they flaunted all the amenities that Old World skills, Vanderbilt money, and the unbridled taste of Richard M. Hunt could provide



THE MARBLE COTTAGES

Perhaps only a Vanderbilt—in this case Cornelius II—could refer to the grandiose Renaissance palace opposite as a "cottage," but that is what he called The Breakers when it was built for him in 1895. Since 1948, when it was opened to the public, it has become the greatest single tourist attraction in Rhode Island. In 1964 another great Vanderbilt pile, Marble House (above), was also put on the tourist circuit. This one belonged to the William K. Vanderbilts and has been described, with good reason, as "one of the most sumptuous buildings ever . . . raised on American soil."

Henry James, looking back on the Newport he knew in the 1860's, compared it to "a little bare, white, open hand, with slightly-parted fingers." In those days Newport was both a superannuated fishing port and a summer resort for quiet, intellectual families from Boston—the Longfellows, the Jameses, and the Howes, to name a few—as well as for yachting enthusiasts from New York and Southern aristocrats in search of Northern summer breezes. Although some of these people possessed very substantial fortunes, ostentation was anathema to them and what they liked about Newport was its simplicity.

"It is the back of the hand, rising to the swell of the wrist, that is exposed," James went on, "which is the way, I think, the true lover takes and admires it. He makes out in it . . . innumerable shy and subtle beauties . . . and he winces at the sight of certain other obtruded ways of dealing with it." But, beginning in the eighties, the hand began to be roughly treated by parvenu obtruders who apparently had no sense of the delicate thing they were dealing with. "The pink palm being empty, in other words, to their vision, they had begun, from far back, to put things into it, things of their own, and of all sorts, and of many ugly, and of more and more expensive, sorts; to fill it substantially, that is, with gold, the gold that they have ended by heaping up there to an amount so oddly out of proportion to the scale of nature and of space." James, a gentleman before he was a journalist, did not name any of these persons who did not care for empty hands; had he done so, his list would certainly have been topped by the name of Vanderbilt, although he might have had trouble deciding *which* Vanderbilt—whether Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius II, whose "cottage," The Breakers, had four stories and seventy

By MARY CABLE

rooms, or Mr. and Mrs. William K., who, although their "Marble House" was only about the size of the Petit Trianon, had spent nine million dollars on its furnishings and had given a coming-out ball there for their daughter Consuelo that, in the view of *The New York Times* of August 31, 1895, "outdid any private social function ever given in this country."

Heydays are often brief, but the heyday of Marble House and The Breakers lasted, in comparison to those of other palaces, about as long as a sneeze. Marble House was built first, being completed in 1892; the following spring the Cornelius Vanderbilts began The Breakers, and it was finished in 1895. For one glorious Newport season both houses were open and their owners hard at work entertaining. (Said Alva, wife of William K.: "I know of no profession, art, or trade that women are working in today as taxing on mental resource as being a leader of Society.") But, by the following summer, Cornelius Vanderbilt II was ill and did very little entertaining, while Alva and William K. were divorced and Alva was engaged to be married to another millionaire, Oliver H. P. Belmont, who lived just down the street in a Louis XIII hunting lodge called Belcourt. William K. went abroad in his yacht. On becoming Mrs. Belmont, Alva closed Marble House—though she continued to have her washing and ironing done there, Belcourt being rather short on housekeeping facilities. Cornelius Vanderbilt II died in 1899; and after that the two Vanderbilt palaces were closed much more frequently than they were open.

By this time there was a considerable herd of these white elephants in Newport. To quote James once more: "They look queer and conscious and lumpish—some of them with an air of the brandished proboscis, really grotesque—while their averted owners, roused from a witless dream, wonder what in the world is to be done with them. The answer to which, I think, can only be that there is absolutely nothing to be done; nothing but to let them stand there always, vast and blank, for reminder of the prohibited degrees of witlessness."

James would be startled if he could see them now—vast still, but far from blank. All summer long they swarm with guided tours, and on an occasional evening are lighted again for a musicale or a ball to which anyone can come who wants to buy a rather expensive ticket in a worthy cause. As sober reminders of "the prohibited degrees of witlessness" they are probably not very useful, for witlessness today takes other forms and Marble House and The Breakers are too far removed from our world to be anything but curiosities.

Newport's metamorphosis was due chiefly to the fact that the prime status symbol for a nineteenth-century millionaire was a yacht, and the spanking breezes of Narragansett Bay showed a yacht off uncommonly well. Beginning in the seventies, the fishing boats and obsolete whaling vessels of Newport Harbor were joined by steam yachts so stately that they could cross the Atlantic. Aboard one of them the French writer Paul Bourget encountered old-rose damask draperies, a piano, an aviary of exotic birds, a dining table groaning under crystal, silver, and orchids, and "Negroes stationed banjo in hand." The skippers of such vessels naturally needed an appropriate place to lay their heads while on land, and thus the simple dwellings of the Rhode Island shore began to give way to mansions. The new houses were called "cottages," and indeed resembled cottages except in size, being made of shingles or rough-hewn granite. But very soon these seemed inadequate for the grand people who lived in them.

"Up to this time," wrote Ward McAllister, the social arbiter of New York and Newport, in 1890, "for one to be worth a million of dollars was to be rated as a man of fortune, but now, bygones must be bygones." Fifty or a hundred million was more like it, and "fashion demanded that you be received in the hall of the house in which you were to dine by from five to six servants, who, with the butler, were to serve the repast."

There was only a handful of families rich enough to meet Ward McAllister's requirements, and even fewer who wanted to; one of these was the Vanderbilts. Old Commodore Vanderbilt, born in a shack on Staten Island in the last years of the eighteenth century, had amassed one hundred and five million dollars, but he had not cared for Society—nor it for him. At his death in 1877, he left the bulk of his fortune to his second son, William Henry, who promptly escalated it to two hundred million. When *he* died in 1885, he was the richest man in the world (a contemporary observer noted that his fortune, converted into gold, would have weighed five hundred tons). He left the equivalent of two hundred and fifty tons apiece to his two sons, Cornelius and William Kissam. Social prestige depended on the wife: William Henry had improved his social status by marrying the daughter of a Brooklyn minister of good family. His sons went all the way and chose wives who were belles of High Society: Alice Gwynne became the bride of Cornelius, and Alva Smith, of Mobile, the bride of William. Each wife took her position with enormous gravity, but their characters were quite different and they disliked one another. Alice was a Queen Mary, sure of her rank, tolerating no breaches of etiquette or tradition. Alva burned with ambition: "I always do everything first," said she. "I blaze the trail for the rest to walk in. I was the first girl of my set to marry a Vanderbilt."

She was also the first of her set to marry her daughter to a duke, as well as the first to sue her husband for divorce, marry again, and still retain her social position. Later in life, as Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, she became an agitator for Women's Rights, and gave a follower the famous advice "call on God and She will help you." When, in 1926, her daughter, Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, asked the Sacred Rota for an annulment on the grounds that her mother had forced her into the marriage, Alva became probably the first mother publicly and in writing to admit such a thing. "I forced my daughter to marry the Duke," she testified. "I have always had absolute power over my daughter, my children having been entrusted to me entirely after my divorce. When I issued an order, nobody discussed it. I therefore did not beg, but ordered her to marry the Duke." Whom Alva had joined together, the Rota put asunder.

In 1932 Alva sold Marble House to Frederick Prince, died (aged eighty), and retired to a tomb of her own design in Woodlawn. A suffragette banner flown at her funeral bore the legend "Failure Is Impossible." In addition to the tomb Alva had designed a number of houses—all palaces, of course, and all for herself—and she was the first woman (and one of a very few nonprofessionals) to be named a Fellow of the American Institute of Architects. The architect whose work she most liked to superintend was Richard Morris Hunt. One of his jobs for the Vanderbilts had been the family mausoleum on Staten Island, which, as requested by William H. Vanderbilt, was "roomy and solid and rich." For Alva and William K., the architect had designed a palatial town house at 660 Fifth Avenue, comprising elements of late French Gothic, early French Renaissance, and Loire Valley romantic classicism. It pleased its owners very much. Thus, in 1888, when William K. decided to give his wife a new summer place as a birthday present, Hunt suggested something along the lines of the Petit Trianon. They put him to work at once.

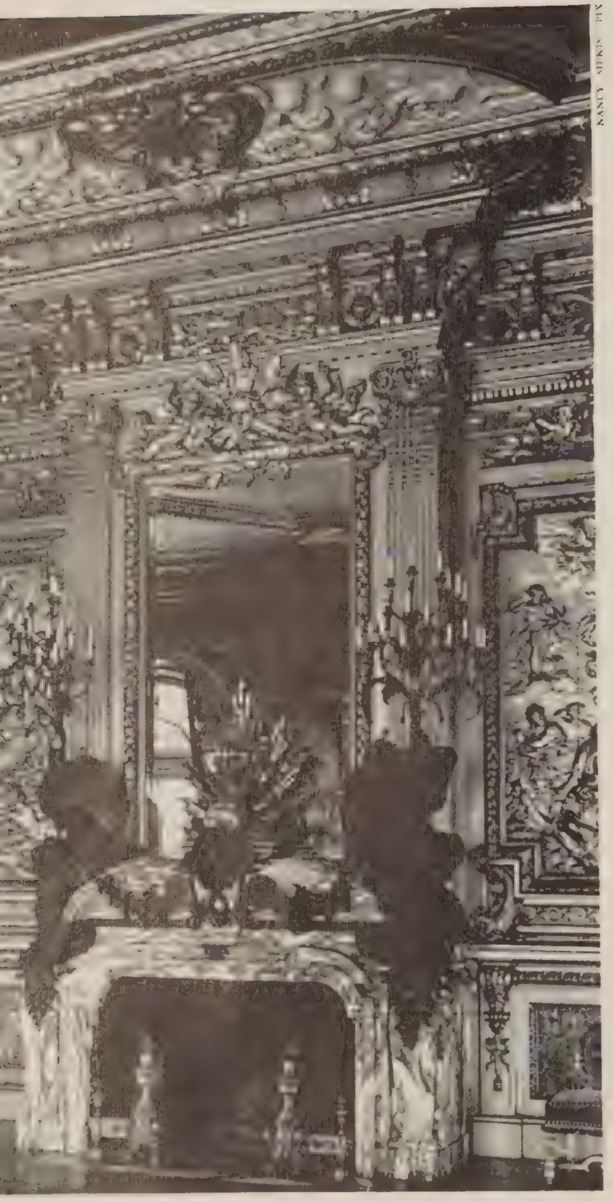
Hunt, the brother of the American romantic painter William Morris Hunt, came from a prosperous Vermont family and had spent more than a decade of his youth studying in France. A Francophile, he believed passionately that the only good architecture for America was that based on French models. Like Alva, he was a tireless worker, and, fortunately, he had no objection to subordinating his own ideas to those of his employers. "If they want you to build a house upside down, standing on its chimney, it's up to you to do it and still get the best possible result," he once said. This combination of industry, amenability, and a highly knowledgeable taste for the most extravagant flights of architecture known to man made him the ideal architect for Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt, while the fact that she enabled him to actually build French palaces, not just study them, made her the ideal patroness for Hunt.

Marble House took three years to build, from 1889 to 1892. So many carvings, rare marbles, and other objects of art were sent over from Europe that the Vanderbilts needed their own wharf, warehouse, and ten-ton derrick. Newport townspeople became used to hearing foreign

The two chic ladies above are Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt II and her daughter Gladys, who married a Hungarian nobleman to become Countess Széchényi. Until her death earlier this year at the age of seventy-eight, the Countess owned The Breakers and maintained an apartment there on the third floor.

After Alva Vanderbilt (above) divorced "Willie K." and became Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, she applied her formidable energies to the women's suffrage movement. Her beautiful daughter, Consuelo (left), whom she married off to the Duke of Marlborough, died last December in Southampton, Long Island, another bastion of the very rich.

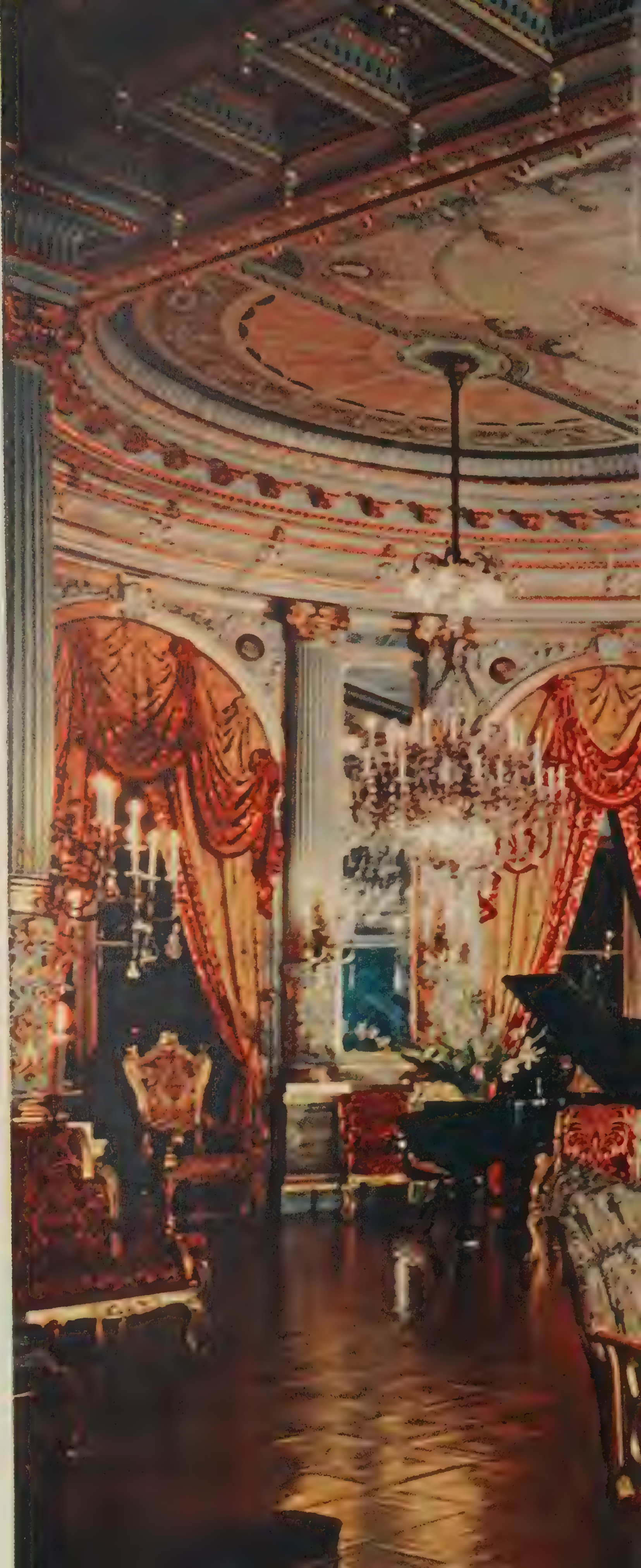
PHOTOGRAPHS BROWN BROS.



NANCY SIRKIS PIX

The ballroom of Marble House (above) was known, accurately enough, as the Gold Room. Prominent in the auriferous display is the sun-god emblem of Louis XIV over the mirror.

The Grand Salon at The Breakers (at right) was used for musicales and dances. The white and gold paneling and columns, as well as the coffered ceiling, were executed in France and shipped to Newport for installation.



ARNOLD NEWMAN, COURTESY *Life*

chatter in their streets: they knew it came from either a fortune-hunting count or a Vanderbilt marble cutter.

The style of the house is more Louis XIV than anything, with Louis's sunray emblem turning up frequently and a portrait of the Sun King himself hanging over the fireplace in the dining room, looking down, perhaps covetously, on the only set of solid bronze dining chairs in the world. The drawing room drops back in time a couple of hundred years and turns Gothic, complete with linen-fold paneling and a crenelated chimney piece. It was in this exceptionally gloomy room—the windows were then paned in stained glass—that the Duke of Marlborough is said to have proposed to Miss Consuelo. The grand stairwell, forty feet high, was decorated by Karl Bitter, an Austrian immigrant discovered by Hunt, who later designed the fountain at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Ninth Street in New York and the façade of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The William K. Vanderbilts had him make a bas-relief likeness of Hunt, together with one of Hardouin-Mansart, the architect who completed Versailles, and include them both among the embellishments of Marble House's stair landing.

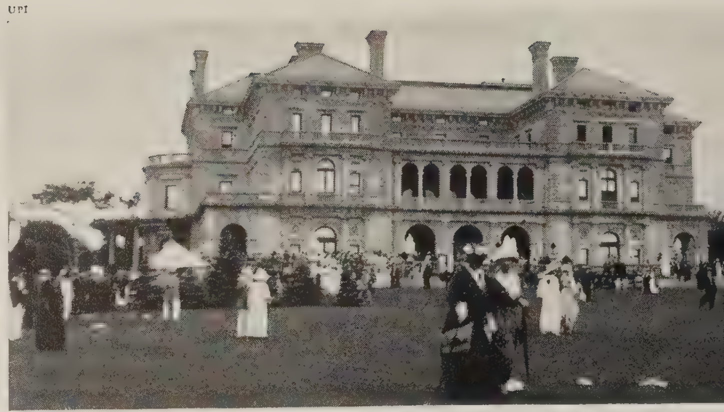
To the left of the landing is "Mr. Vanderbilt's sitting room" (Louis XV: red damask, tapestries, and bronzes) and to the right is "Mrs. Vanderbilt's sitting room" (rococo: marquetry and ormolu, cherubs and garlands). For her bedroom Mrs. Vanderbilt clung to the more untrammeled aspects of rococo—swags, tassels, pink and blue ceiling frescoes, and pastel portraits of imaginary eighteenth-century swells; while her husband, in his much smaller bedroom, chose (or had chosen for him) a more sobersided Louis XVI style, in a color scheme of dark green, purple, and bronze *doré*.

The Corinthian columns that support the front portico are the size of those of the Temple of Jupiter at Baalbek (and those were the largest known to antiquity); the ironwork gate is copied from that at Versailles; and the whole inadequate plot of ground is surrounded by a marble wall—one of the first walls to intrude upon Newport, which had always prized the old-fashioned American concept of unfenced lawns.

One rather curious feature of the house was that it had no doorknobs on the outside. To get in, one had either to have a key or to be admitted. The kitchen and servants' quarters were all belowstairs, and a heavy door, like the door to a safe-deposit vault, kept the servants from erupting into the house when not sent for. A flunky was always on duty at the door to count them in and out.

No sooner was Marble House put together than the large but unelaborate Newport residence of the Cornelius Vanderbilts burned down, and Hunt was engaged to replace *it*. Cornelius Vanderbilt was much more interested in business than in Society and had trouble staying awake at parties, but willy-nilly he became the owner of the most expensive and stately pleasure dome that the

UPI



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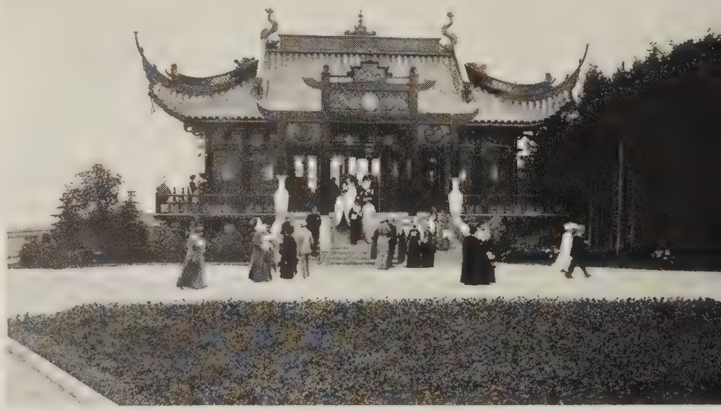


1914 brought an end to Newport's golden age. Among its last gasps were a mammoth Red Cross party at The Breakers (top) after the outbreak of war, and a Chinese ball at Marble House, where Mrs. Belmont had built a Chinese teahouse (above) with everything except facilities for making tea.

That same summer Mrs. Belmont, assisted by her daughter the Duchess, gave a benefit tea for women's suffrage at Marble House (below). The two ex-Vanderbilts spoke, and so did a woman known as Rosie the Garment Worker and a lady state senator from Colorado.

BROWN BROS.

North American continent had yet seen—called, like its predecessor, The Breakers. It was the Marble House story all over again, but intensified—more imported marble, more imported stonecutters and ironworkers and parquet fitters, more gilt, damask, and cut velvet, more tapestries, more allegorical frescoes. Hunt took his inspiration from a Genoese merchant prince's villa of the early Renaissance, and perhaps the most attractive feature of the house is a wide Italianate loggia overlooking the sea. Big enough to accommodate more merchant princes than Genoa ever saw, it must have been an exceedingly pleasant place for a quiet rest on a hot summer day.

Ships arrived from Europe with entire cargoes consigned to Mr. Vanderbilt. The Breakers' music room was designed and executed down to the last detail in France and shipped in packing cases, like a prefabricated house, along with the workmen to put it up. To make this palace supremely fireproof, no wood was used in its construction and the furnace room was placed underground some hundreds of feet away. Electric lighting not being entirely reliable in those days, the whole house had gas fixtures as well; the bathrooms offered a choice of fresh or salt hot and cold running water. Someone had thought up a coat of arms for the Vanderbilts—oak leaves and acorns—and this proved handy for filling in empty spaces. (Unkind observers have remarked that the Vanderbilts paneled and muraled the walls of their houses so lavishly because they were shy of ancestral portraits; but Alice Gwynne Vanderbilt had enough likenesses of earlier Gwynnes on hand to adorn the library. Also in the library was a mantelpiece that came out of a sixteenth-century château and bears an inscription in archaic French, "I laugh at riches and do very well without them, since what really matters is cleverness.")

The greatest difficulty with these brand-new palaces was to keep them from looking new. Sod could be brought over from England and quickly made to seem as if it had been there for centuries, but no amount of Vanderbilt money could get a big oak out of a little acorn any faster than God intended. Thirty-ton trees were, therefore, hauled in and planted at a cost of nine hundred dollars a tree, but they often failed to thrive in the continual sea wind. It was a difficulty shared by all Newport's "cottagers," and when property changed hands, a departing owner often took his trees with him, for they represented a separate and considerable investment. Perhaps to draw attention away from the tree shortage, the Newport elite vied with one another over the magnificence of their flower beds and floral arrangements: newspaper accounts of parties always included long, awed paragraphs about the flowers and how much they had cost. At Consuelo's debut, for example (in the summer of 1895), the hall of Marble House was banked with fifteen-foot hollyhocks aflutter with artificial butterflies and bees; and when in the following year the Cornelius Vanderbilts' daughter, Gertrude, was married to Harry Payne Whitney at The Breakers, the grand hall was a bower of eight-foot rose trees.

And what was day-to-day life like, once the mansions were built, the servants in their livery, the foliage in place, and the lights turned on? Whatever else it may have been, it was strenuous. In the mornings the ladies visited, watched or played tennis, and held parleys with their chefs, gardeners, and housekeepers; the gentlemen sailed, swam, or played polo, or repaired to the Newport Reading Room, possibly to read. Luncheons were at two, followed by bridge or more sports, active or spectator. On the servants' day off, it was possible to watch a cricket match, for there were so many English servants in Newport that they had organized a cricket club. From five to sunset there was driving on the avenues. "Fashionable women give pet names to their automobiles or electric carriages," reported Mrs. John King van Rensselaer in her book *The Social Ladder*. "Some are called 'Puff-puff.' Another is familiarly named Angelica, while a third is called Toby." Dinner parties were at eight, followed by music or cards. But unless there was a ball, evenings ended early, and the whole glittering, elegant resort closed up as guilelessly as a morning-glory. This astounded foreign visitors, for whom the best hours of the day were the late ones. One beautiful Newport debutante told the Frenchman Paul Bourget that sometimes when her carriage was late in fetching her from a dinner party, she went to sleep in the dressing room of the house where she had been dining "rather than return to the drawing room, knowing as I did that my poor hosts were tired, too." For this dreary state of affairs Bourget blamed too much fresh air and exercise.

The press, in that era, was generally respectful in speaking of the exalted doings of the rich; reports of debuts, balls, and weddings were lovingly detailed, and on the front page, too. One musicale given by a Vanderbilt was said to have cost ten thousand dollars; twenty chefs had worked several days on the refreshments, which included a centerpiece made of seven hundred sugared almonds worked into the shape of an owl. At Consuelo Vanderbilt's debut Alva wore pale green satin and Spanish lace, with multiple ropes of Oriental pearls running over one shoulder and under the other arm. The favors alone cost five thousand dollars and included working bagpipes covered in blue velvet and large oars with silver blades. The editor of *Town Topics* (a weekly magazine that, unlike the daily press, was not at all respectful) spiced his reportage with caustic comments: Marble House, he said, had formerly been called The Marble Heart, but after the debut ball it could change its name to The Glad Hand. "I am told that some of the women at Mrs. Vanderbilt's ball . . . stole favors from each other whenever they could and particularly the more expensive ones." Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney "made a handsome picture [at her wedding] although not, strictly speaking, a really handsome girl."

The public was eager to know how much life in Newport cost, and *Cosmopolitan*, in an early twentieth-century issue, went into the subject deeply. A yacht, it said, came to $20,000 a month, while for household staff the tab was generally about $23,800 a year: $5,000 a year for a French chef, and so on down through the secretary ($3,000), governess ($1,000), head gardener ($1,000), butler ($900), and five maids at $250 a year each. The Vanderbilts, however, paid *their* French chef $10,000, and maintained a far bigger staff than ordinary millionaires.

Yearly clothes bills for an average Newport society leader were broken down by *Cosmopolitan* as follows (and present-day readers should remember that the dollar was then worth a great deal more than it is now):

Furs	$5,000
Dinner gowns	5,000
Ball and opera gowns	8,000
Cloaks, wraps	2,500
Afternoon, visiting, and luncheon toilettes	3,000
Morning, shirtwaists, and informal	3,000
Automobiling furs and costumes	2,000
Negligees	800
Lingerie	1,500
Hats, veils	1,200
Riding habits	750
Shoes	800
Hosiery	500
Fans, laces, small jewels	2,500
Gloves	450
Cleaning	1,000
Handkerchiefs	600
	$38,600

For men, too, dressing was a demanding business. Here, for example, is what Mr. Henry C. Clews, Jr., wore to the international tennis tournament in Newport at about the turn of the century: a suit of purplish gray cheviot; a double-breasted waistcoat of brocaded purple satin; a long, flowing scarf of a bit brighter shade of purple; a white felt hat banded with heavy folds of purple corded silk; and, as a boutonnière, a lavender hydrangea.

As the twentieth century was born and grew to its teens, life in High Society became more and more complex. It was still important to be seen at Newport every season ("as imperative for a social aspirant's claims" declared a book called *The Ultra-Fashionable Peerage of America* in 1904, "as it was for a potentate of the era of Charlemagne to go to St. Peter's, Rome, for coronation"). But it was also important to be seen (and recognized and invited to parties) in Paris, London, Vienna, the leading German spas, and New York. The society leader Mrs. John R. Drexel remarked that this business of having to keep *en évidence* the year round was enough to make society women "drop down in harness."

And so the behemoth cottages along Bellevue Avenue became less and less lived in. After O. H. P. Belmont died in 1908, Alva moved back into Marble House, but she rarely entertained as she had in the nineties. She even threw it open to the common hordes for women's rights rallies. In the July of 1914, when her daughter, the Duchess, was visiting her, she gave one last old-fashioned, hang-the-expense ball. In honor of a Chinese teahouse newly constructed on the grounds, the motif of the ball was Chinese, with the hostess in a three-hundred-year-old ceremonial robe said to have belonged to an empress of China, and the Duchess in embroidered silk pajamas. But that was the last of the great Marble House parties. The coming of the First World War, scarcely a month later, put a damper on all-out merrymaking. But more devastating to Marble House and The Breakers than any war was the legal bomb that had been dropped in Congress the year before: the adoption of the Sixteenth Amendment, and the inauguration of the income tax.

After the war was over, Newport's old grandeur came back for a while, but never on the scale of the nineties. Marble House was boarded up during most of the twenties. In the thirties, when it was owned by Frederick Prince of Boston, its lights winked on from time to time, only to die again with the death of Mr. Prince. The Breakers eventually came into the hands of the youngest daughter of Cornelius II and Alice Gwynne Vanderbilt, who had been a little girl when it was built. This was Countess Gladys Széchényi (she, like many American heiresses of the time, had married a foreign nobleman).

The Countess died last January at the age of seventy-eight and left the house to her children, who have a year in which to decide whether they want it; if they decline, it is to go to the Newport Preservation Society, and if *they* decline, to the National Historic Trust. Until her death she visited Newport each summer, just as she had been brought up to do, but, unlike Mrs. Drexel, she was not *en évidence*. Quite the opposite—she was in seclusion on the top floor of The Breakers, her presence unsuspected by the tourists thronging the lower rooms.

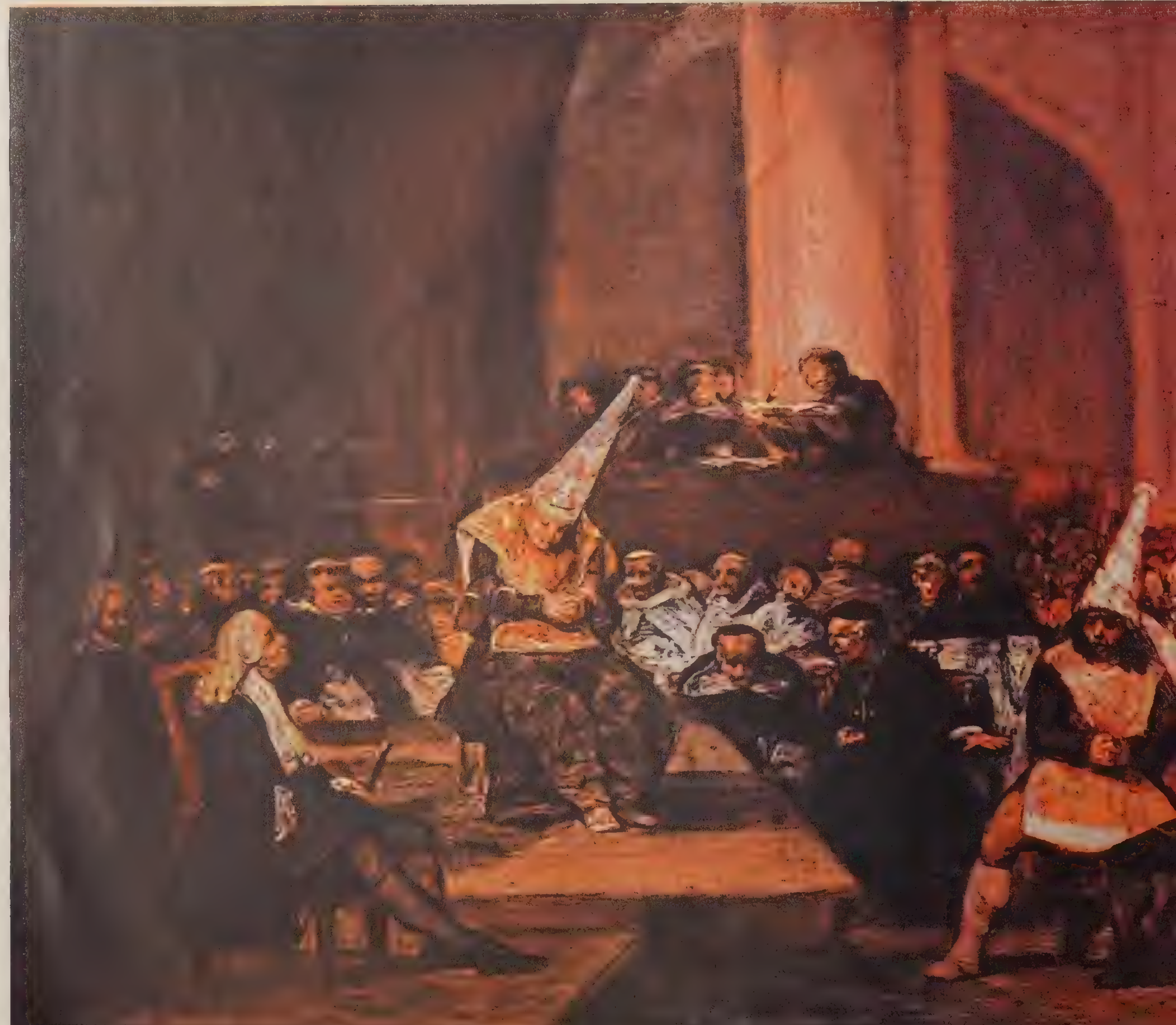
The architect, Hunt, had been criticized when he built The Breakers for giving it a third floor, on the grounds that this made the house out of proportion to the land around it. Little did he, or anyone, imagine how useful this third floor would someday be.

Mary Cable has described a number of famous palaces and pleasure domes for HORIZON*—most recently the Alhambra ("A Cluster of Soap Bubbles") in the Summer issue.*

In the dining room of the Breakers a buffet is spread for a charity event, and the great, dead room briefly comes to life

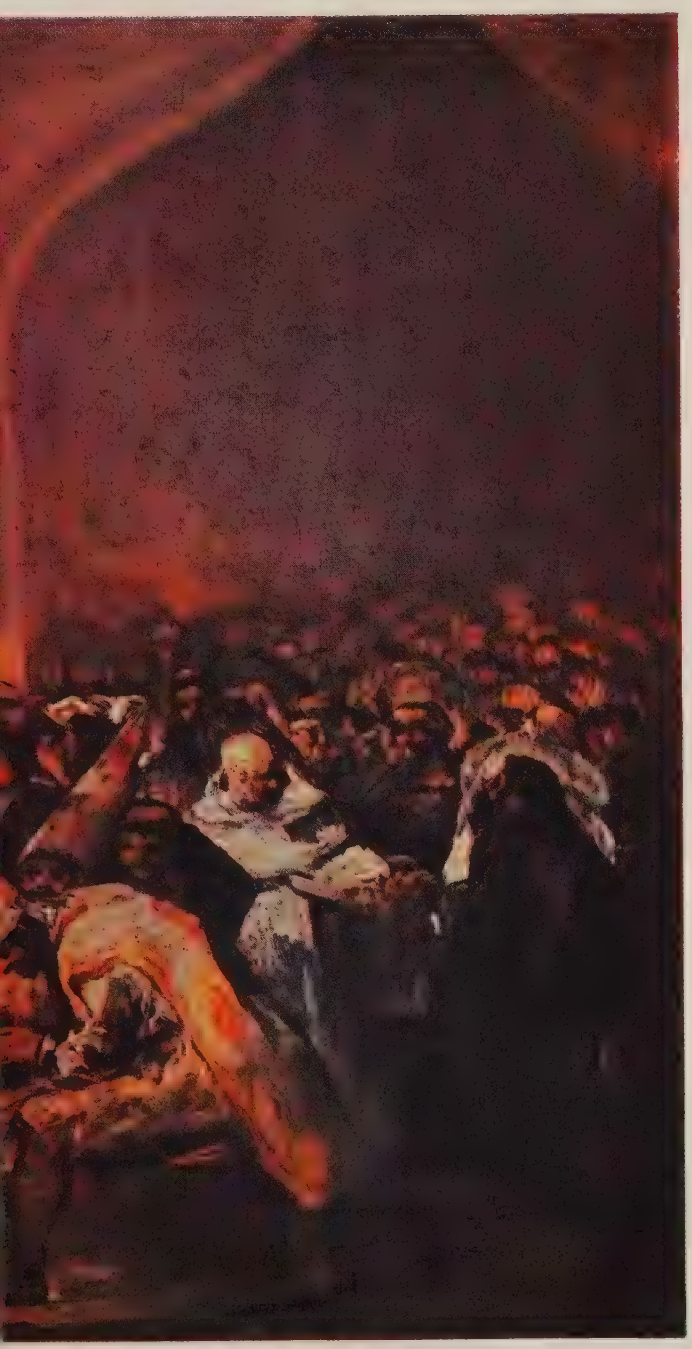
THE SPANISH

ORONOZ, ACADEMY OF SAN FERNANDO, MADRID



In 1805, just before the Inquisition was finally abolished, Goya painted a meeting of the tribunal, with a group of prisoners, wearing tall

INQUISITION



pointed caps, listening to a Dominican monk read their indictment

It began as a weapon of class repression, but ended up as a fanatical religious program that operated with the relentless efficiency of a modern police state

> "But I am not guilty," said K., "it's a misunderstanding. And if it comes to that, how can any man be called guilty? We are all simply men here, one as much as the other."
>
> "That is true," said the priest, "but that's how all guilty men talk."
>
> Franz Kafka, *The Trial*

In 1492 the Jews were expelled from Spain. Their expulsion was, of course, a religious act, for a policy of religious uniformity had begun to take shape in the newly united kingdom. That same year Granada, the last Moorish stronghold on the peninsula, had been conquered, and a few years later, in 1525, all unconverted Moors were exiled from the country as well. But the expulsion of the Jews was more than a religious move; in its widest interpretation it was also an attempt by the nobility to eliminate that section of the middle classes, the Jews, which was threatening its ascendancy in the state. It was a refusal by the old order to accept the increasing importance of those who were in control of the capital and the commerce of the towns.

A few years earlier, in 1478, the Spanish Inquisition had been established to deal with the *conversos*—Jews who had been converted to Christianity to avoid persecution or exile. The *converso* was not simply a convert. Christian society was all too conscious that converted Jews had, in reality, been forced unwillingly into their new faith. From the first, therefore, the *conversos* were regarded with suspicion as false Christians, and soon they came to be distrusted more than the Jews, for they were considered to be a fifth column within the body of the Church. Although no longer Jews in religion, they now began to be subjected to all the rigors of anti-Semitism.

By the last decade of the fifteenth century the Inquisi-

By HENRY KAMEN

tion had gained a formidable amount of power in Spain. The threat of Lutheranism, which arose a few years later, served to increase its power even more, as Spaniards struggled to maintain orthodoxy in the country. Under the influence of the Reformation, the Inquisition redoubled its efforts to stamp out heresy, and eventually came to dominate the intellectual life of the peninsula. There had been an earlier Inquisition, established by the papacy throughout Catholic Europe in the Middle Ages in order to stamp out heresy, but at no time did it ever become as powerful as the Spanish Inquisition was to be.

The language of the Inquisition was, of course, the language of religion, but in Spain its tone was that of the totalitarian state, so familiar to the twentieth century. The fear of being denounced as a Protestant, Moslem, or Jew, and the weight of suspicion and hostility, spread throughout the country. The whole community conditioned itself into a state where denunciation of one's neighbor, often for the most trifling fault, was followed psychologically by denunciation of oneself. The initial impetus to this devastating system of social espionage was given by official policy that instructed the population very clearly how to recognize the secret Jews in their midst.

> "If you know or have heard of anyone who keeps the Sabbath according to the law of Moses," the Inquisitors proclaimed, "putting on clean sheets and other new garments, and putting clean cloths on the table and clean sheets on the bed on feast-days in honor of the Sabbath, and using no lights from Friday evening onwards; or if they have purified the meat they are to eat by bleeding it in water; or have cut the throats of cattle or birds they are eating, uttering certain words and covering the blood with earth; or have eaten meat in Lent and on other days forbidden by Holy Mother Church; or have fasted the great fast, going barefooted that day . . . or if anyone on his deathbed turns to the wall to die, and when he is dead they wash him with hot water, shaving the hair off all parts of his body . . ."

In such cases and many others the observer would know he was among heretics and would have to denounce them. The atmosphere of denunciation and mutual recrimination created in this way would almost certainly have been "equal to death" for those unhappy people for whom popular suspicion led inevitably to condemnation. Petty denunciations were the rule rather than the exception. For a neighbor to change sheets at the end of the week was sufficient proof to warrant denunciation. In about 1530 Alconça de Vargas in the Canary Islands was reported to the Inquisition for having smiled when she heard mention of the Virgin Mary. In 1635 Pedro Ginesta, a man more than eighty years old, was brought before the tribunal of Barcelona by an erstwhile comrade for having forgetfully eaten a meal of bacon and onions on a day of abstinence.

Denunciations based on suspicion led to accusations based on conjecture. The self-denunciations were almost without exception occasioned by the fear that if one did not confess one would be denounced. For people in this frame of mind self-denunciation became a mass phenomenon; they were eager to unburden themselves of fear rather than of guilt. In 1581 two husbands accused themselves of having asserted in conversation with their wives that fornication was no sin. The wives were summoned and confirmed the confessions. The only possible motive for the action taken by the husbands was fear that their wives would denounce them. The case is not unusual. The records of the Inquisition are full of instances where neighbors denounced neighbors, friends denounced friends, and members of the same family denounced each other. The equanimity with which Spaniards accepted the violation of their personal thoughts and consciences brings one back with a start to the experience of the twentieth century.

The procedure of the Inquisition was calculated to achieve the greatest degree of efficiency with the least degree of publicity. This practice of secrecy inevitably darkened knowledge; as a result, misconceptions about the severity of the tribunal became common. Although in some respects we can modify the picture of a cruel and merciless Inquisition, what cannot be explained away is the atmosphere that prevailed prior to arrest and condemnation.

Judicially the courts of the Inquisition were no worse and no better than the secular courts of the day. Their distinguishing feature, their absolute secrecy, was what made them more open to abuses than any public tribunal. Even the various Instructions of the Inquisition, although put into print, were for restricted circulation only and not for the public eye. This necessarily kept the public ignorant of the methods and procedure of the Inquisition; in the earlier period this ignorance helped the tribunal by creating reverential fear in the minds of evildoers, but later it aroused fear and hatred based on a highly imaginative idea of how the tribunal worked.

The outside world may have been kept uninformed, but internally the flow of information was almost impeccable. The administrative and secretarial apparatus of the tribunal took care to set down on paper even the most trifling business. Thanks to this, the Spanish Inquisition is one of the few early modern institutions about whose organization and procedure so vast a volume of documentation is available that willful distortion of its history becomes impossible.

Before an arrest took place, the evidence in the case was presented to a number of theologians who acted as censors (*calificadores*) to determine whether the charges came within the jurisdiction of the Holy Office and involved heresy. If the *calificadores* decided that there was sufficient proof of heresy, the prosecutor drew up a demand for the arrest of the accused, who was then taken into custody. Such at least were the rules. But in numerous cases arrest preceded the examination by the *calificadores,* so that all the preliminary safeguards against wrongful arrest were dispensed with. As a result prisoners sat in inquisitorial gaols without any charge ever having been produced against them. The zeal of officials and Inquisitors alike often outran discretion, and we have cases in which suspects (including a girl of nine and a boy of fourteen) lay in prison for up to two years without any *calificación* having been made of the evidence against them. It should be noted, however, that when abuses like this came to the notice of higher officials, they invariably issued severe rebukes to the culprits.

Arrest was accompanied by immediate seizure of the prisoners' goods. If a case went unheard or undecided for years on end the sequestration of property involved real hardship for the prisoner's dependents, deprived at one blow of their means of income and even of their homes. For as long as the accused stayed in prison the costs of his upkeep were met out of his sequestered property, which as a rule was sold piece by piece at a public auction.

The arrested person was usually spirited away into the prisons of the Inquisition, there to await trial. Of the various grades of prison kept by the tribunal, the most rigorous was the "secret prison," meant particularly for the lengthy confinement during the trial of prisoners accused of heresy. From it they could be brought to the audience chamber at any time without being seen by anyone outside. The Inquisition was fortunate in its choice of residences. In some of the largest cities of Spain it was allowed the use of fortified castles with ancient and reliable prison cells. In these buildings the gaols were in a fairly good condition. This may explain why the secret prisons of the Inquisition were generally considered less harsh and more humane than either the royal prisons or ordinary ecclesiastical gaols. There is the case of a friar in Valladolid in 1629 who made some heretical statements simply in order to be transferred from the prison he was in to the milder one of the Inquisition.

But prison life was never pleasant, of course. Prisoners occasionally had to wear chains and they might be left interminably in unlit and unheated cells. In addition, the Inquisition had two instruments to punish awkward prisoners: one was the *mordaza,* or gag, used to prevent prisoners from talking or blaspheming; the other was the *pie de amigo,* an iron fork for keeping the head upright forcibly.

The secret prisons were meant for detention only and not for punishment, and the Inquisitors made it their special care to avoid cruelty, brutality, and harsh treatment. The use of torture, therefore, was not looked upon as an end in itself. The Instructions of 1561 laid down no rules for its use but urged that its application should be according to "the conscience and will of the appointed judges, following law, reason, and good conscience. Inquisitors should take great care that the sentence of torture is justified and follows precedent." At a time when the use of torture was not uncommon in European criminal courts, the Spanish Inquisition followed a policy of mildness and circumspection which makes it compare favorably with other institutions. Torture was used only as a last resort and applied in only a minority of cases. Often the accused was merely placed *in conspectu tormentorum,* when the sight of the instruments of torture would provoke a confession.

The Church liked to maintain that confessions gained under torture were never accepted as valid, because they had obviously been obtained by pressure. It was therefore essential for the accused to ratify his confession the day after the ordeal. If in practice he refused to do this, a legal pretext was invoked. As the rules forbade anyone to be tortured more than once, the end of every torture session was treated as a suspension only, and a refusal to ratify the confession would be met with a threat to "continue" the torture. Besides being compelled to confess their own heresies, victims were often tortured into confessing knowledge of the crimes of others. But the Inquisition relied less on extreme methods than some writers have made out.

No distinctive tortures were used by the Inquisition: those most often employed were in common use in other secular and ecclesiastical tribunals and any complaints of novel tortures would certainly refer to rare exceptions. The three main ones were the *garrucha,* the *toca,* and the *potro.* The *garrucha,* or pulley, involved being hung from a pulley on the ceiling by the wrists, which had first been tied behind the victim's back, while heavy weights had been attached to the feet. The victim was raised slowly and then suddenly allowed to fall with a jerk. The effect was to stretch and perhaps dislocate the arms and legs. The *toca,* or water torture, was more complicated. The victim was tied down on a rack, his mouth was kept forcibly open, and a *toca,* or linen cloth, was put down his throat to conduct water poured slowly from a jar. The severity of the torture varied with the number of jars of water used. The use of the *potro,* which was the most common torture employed after the sixteenth century, involved being bound tightly on a rack by cords which were passed round the body and the limbs and were controlled by the executioner who tightened them by turning the ends. With each turn the cords bit into the body and the pain traveled

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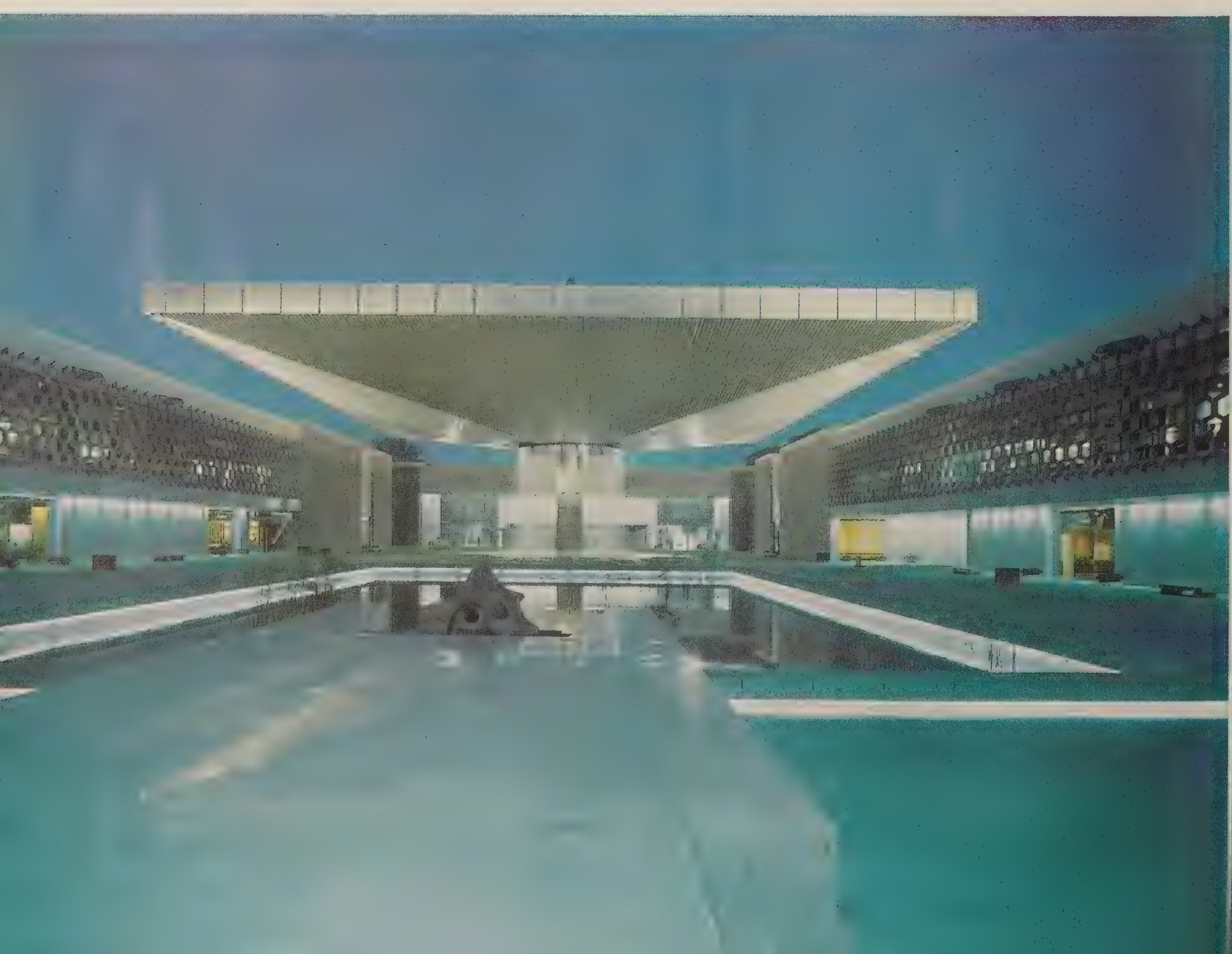
A MUSEUM WITH A MISSION

More than a daring architectural achievement, the huge square parasol which hovers over the central court of the Antropologia (below) might well be a symbol of Mexico itself, sheltering beneath its national umbrella the great diversity of peoples and cultures that the museum is designed to celebrate. Typical of the archaeological galleries is the one devoted to the Mexica (opposite), original settlers of modern Mexico City and creators of the great Aztec civilization which greeted the astonished Cortes in 1519. Among its treasured relics are the massive round calendar stone inscribed with heroic legends of the Mexica, and the fearsome matriarchal goddess Coatlicue, or "Snake Skirts," left foreground.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR HORIZON BY LEE BOLTIN
EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE NOTED



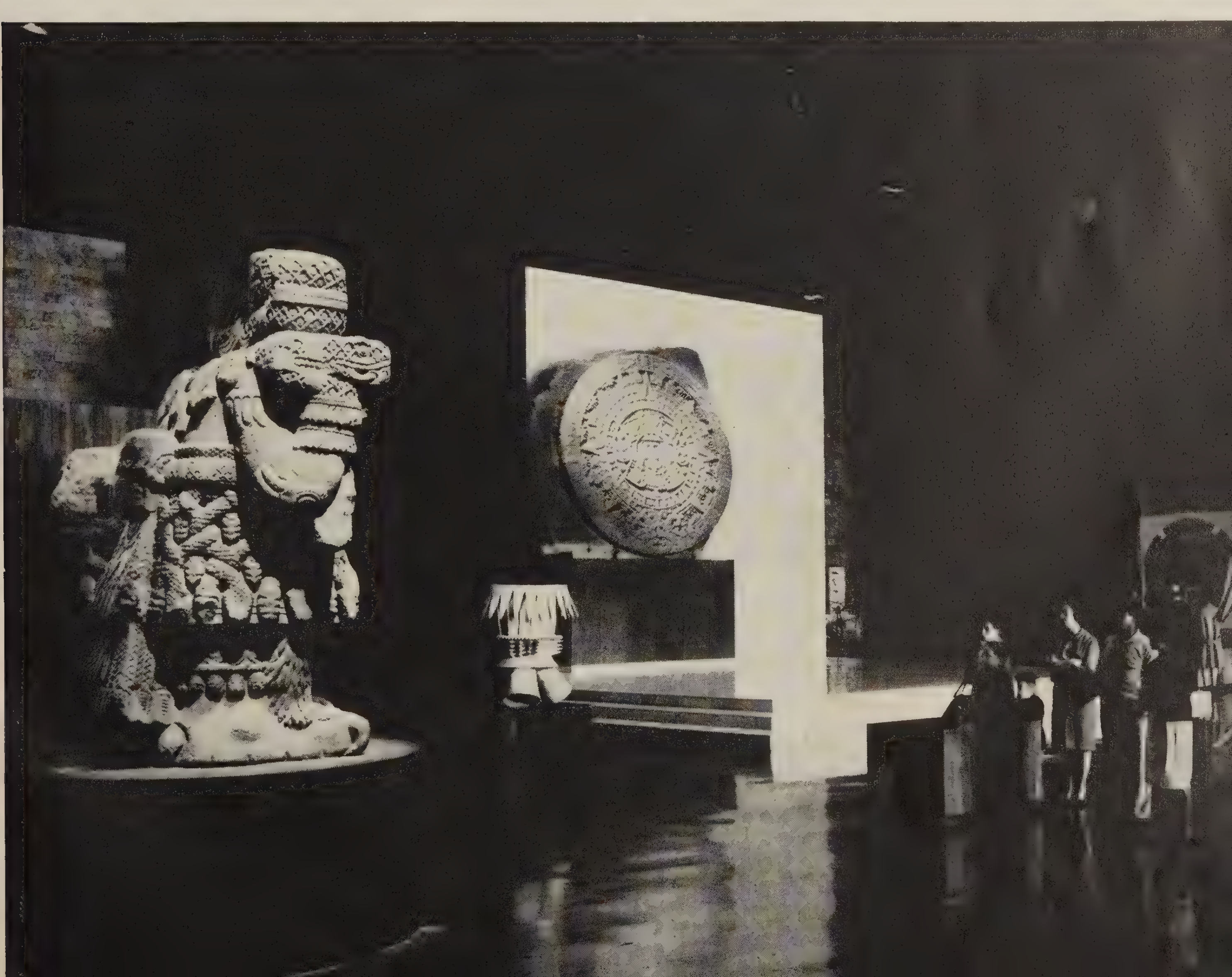
A pleasure preserve since the golden age of the Aztec emperors, Mexico City's Chapultepec Park today belongs to the people, and the superb new Museum of Anthropology which this year has risen within its wooded precincts is dedicated to reminding Mexicans of their unique heritage. Just one of four new federal museums in the park, the Anthropology is by all odds the most impressive both as architecture and as a repository of rare art. With more than one hundred thousand exhibits, including the finest collection of pre-Columbian art ever assembled, it joins the ranks of the world's great museums.

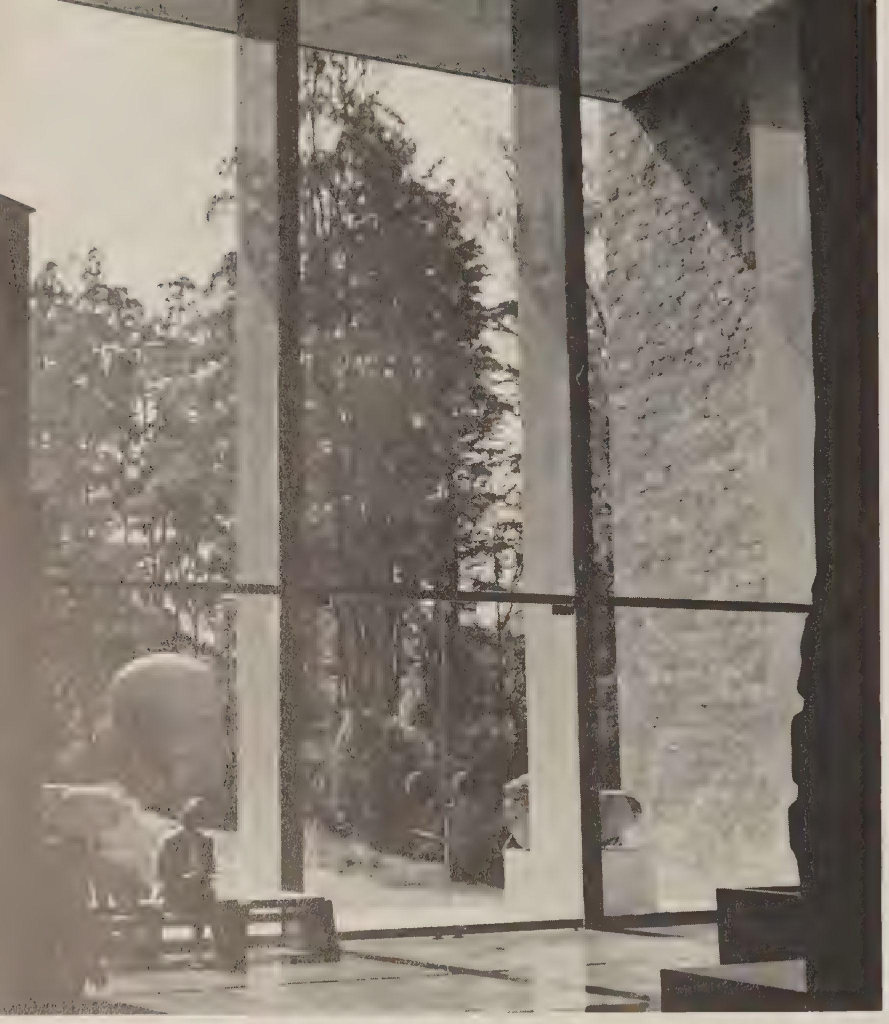
The architect Pedro Ramírez Vázquez, chief designer of schools, museums, and other projects for the López Mateos government, erected the Antropología in a record nineteen months. Following popular Spanish-American custom, he has placed the museum around a spacious fountain-splashed patio, providing the architectural equivalent of an intermission for the gallery-weary. Traditional, too, is its low, horizontal profile, while the massive handling of unpolished marble masonry recalls the timeless grandeur of a Mayan temple. Nevertheless, the Antropología is a distinctly modern building with generous expanses of glass, excellent lighting, and that marvel of engineering, the patio's "parasol roof."

The Antropología is actually two buildings—a rectangular main block housing offices, a graduate school, and a reception hall, and a U-shaped structure which surrounds the remaining three sides of the patio and contains twenty-three rooms. Vast as the total area is, the sensitive scaling of such elements as stairways and doors, the interplay of gardens and glass-walled galleries, serve to invite rather than intimidate visitors, many of whom will be entering a museum for the first time.

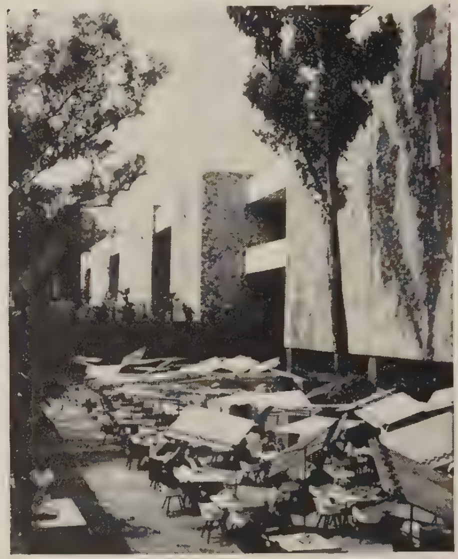
The planners have also been mindful of these newcomers in their enthusiastic use of diagrams, sound tracks, and other advanced teaching aids that accompany the exhibits. Such aggressively "didactic" techniques may seem foreign to anyone used to the taciturn style of most North American and European museums, but Mexicans are coming away from Chapultepec Park with a new understanding of their culture. It is, indeed, an accomplishment unsurpassed elsewhere in the museum world.

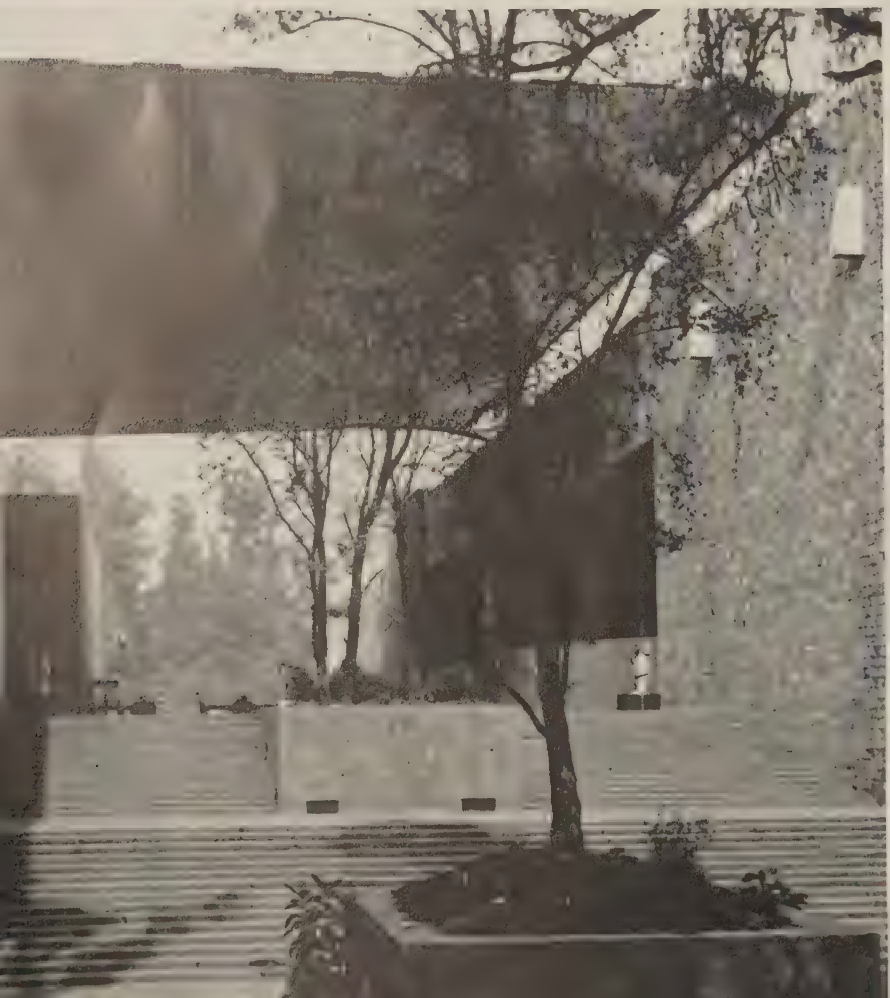
W.B.





In settings congenial to their monumental size, some sculptures are shown in adjoining gardens, visible through broad glass bays (left). Stone pillars buttress walls and demarcate exterior space (below), extending outdoors the same courtesies of uncluttered display found within. This alternation of massive stonework and deep recesses, the backdrop for a terrace café, produces a rhythmic façade of sol y sombra.





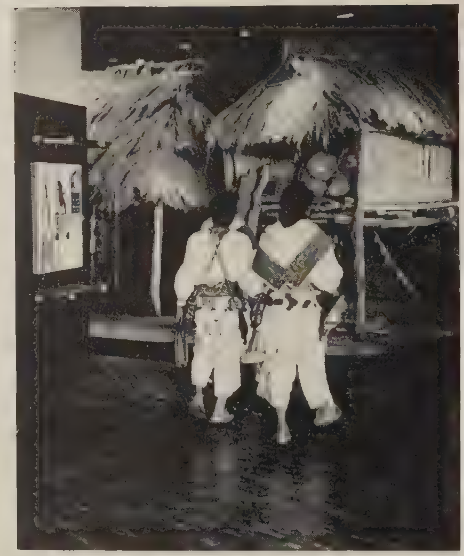


PHOTO BY WAYNE MILLER—MAGNUM; OPPOSITE: SAME

A breezeway between the two buildings (left) leads to the inner patio and gardens on either side. In one of the second-floor ethnology rooms (above), two campesinos, *who could double as exhibits themselves, view a full-scale re-creation of current Huicholes housing. In the patio (opposite) the fountain's sun dance proves irresistible to a group of children. Its supporting column is sheathed in a contemporary bronze relief relating the history of ancient Mexico.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROLLIE MC KENNA

T. S. Eliot at 63, photographed in the London publishing house of Faber & Faber, where he had been an editor since the twenties

Some Non-encounters with Mr. Eliot

Why did the great poet wait so long to return to his homeland? You can find one answer in his Boston poems—but there was also another reason

By FRANCIS RUSSELL

When the St. Louis-born T. S. Eliot returned to the land of his Unitarian ancestors in 1932 to give the Charles Eliot Norton lectures at Harvard, it was his first visit to the United States since 1914. To speed him on his voyage across the Atlantic, one of London's literary magazines published a cartoon captioned "Mr. T. S. Eliot leaves for America Accompanied by the Thames River Maidens," showing him aboard ship with cockney mermaids gamboling in the waves alongside. Now that the new branch he grafted onto our old tree of literature has become so firmly attached to the trunk, it is hard to realize how daring it then seemed to appoint this frosty and formidable modernist, the iconoclast of *The Waste Land*, to Harvard's Victorian-plush Norton Chair. Even more perplexing in that nadir-year of the Depression must have been the knowledge that this very model of a model modern poet came as a self-announced "Catholic in religion, a classicist in literature, and a royalist in politics."

It was on a damp autumn evening that I walked through the Harvard Yard and across the street to the New Lecture Hall to attend his first lecture. The hall's cavernlike interior with its tiers of black wooden seats, each with swinging writing-arm attached, was for me a place of sour memories. How many dull Monday mornings had I sat there as a freshman, through lectures in History I, while Frisky Merriman cavorted about the platform, bald and pink like a depraved cherub, waving an eight-foot pointer and talking leeringly about the Defenestration of Prague!

For Eliot's first lecture the hall was only about two-thirds full. After World War II a lesser figure like Thornton Wilder, occupying the same Chair, could fill the hall, the balcony, and even the window ledges—and not say very much, either. But in the chill and limited mood of Hoover's last year in the White House, the cultural explosion was still a long way off, and poets and Norton lecturers were incidental. I think most of us were there that evening not so much to hear what Eliot had to say as out of curiosity about his person. What was this wild goose like who had winged away in the flood tide of William Howard Taft and returned in the Hoover ebb? And though few of us would have admitted it, one of the things we were all wondering about was what sort of accent he would now have.

Just as the bell in the tower of Memorial Hall was sounding eight o'clock he strode onto the platform—tall, hawk-nosed, offhandedly graceful, a tailor's model in well-cut evening clothes. The former United States citizen, now a British subject, had certainly absorbed his later surroundings. There was nothing American about him. I suppose he was the last Norton lecturer who ever appeared in white tie and tails. His hair was sleekly black, parted just to one side and Brylcreemed to impassivity. Before he began to read his lecture he paused and put on a pair of oval, narrow-rimmed tortoise-shell spectacles. At Harvard tortoise-shells had gone out with the twenties, and everyone from freshmen to emeritus professors wore round steel-rimmed glasses. As for hair, Harvard had proudly originated the crew-cut as a supercilious contrast to the slicked-down midwestern collegiate. Over the sea it was obviously different.

The voice for which we had been waiting was remote and somewhat melancholy. It bore no trace of an American accent, neither did it bear any trace of BBC. I found a certain measured ecclesiastical quality to it, and somehow I thought of Oscar Wilde's remark: "The bishop received him with extreme unction."

That Depression audience consisted mostly of Harvard faculty and graduate students, with a scattering of undergraduates, plus Cambridge's own inimitable breed of lecture-hounds who are to be found taking notes at every university lecture on every conceivable subject. But the two front rows were occupied by a phalanx of white-haired dowagers of the kind one used to see at Friday-afternoon Symphonies, readers of the *Boston Evening Transcript* whom Eliot described in his poem of that name as swaying "in the wind like a field of ripe corn." Most of them were clutching copies of his *Poems, 1909–1925*, containing that very poem, which they intended to have the author autograph at the end of the lecture.

A third of a century later I cannot remember what the lecture was about, or even its title. What has stuck in my mind from that vanished evening is one phrase only. "I don't suppose there is anyone in this room," said Eliot glancing up from his script with his hawklike look, "who has not read Daniel's *Defence of Ryme* and Campion's *Observations in the Art of English Poesie*." Eliot was paying his audience a Cambridge compliment, but I expect he knew as well as I did that there would probably not be one in fifteen who had read those two essays.

At the end of his lecture the dowagers rose as one and formed up in line to pass by the lecturer, either to speak to him or to hold out a book for autographing. Graciously he bent over the platform, always ready to sign, occasionally shaking hands. Standing out of earshot, I imagined the old ladies with garrulous geniality telling him that they had known his cousins, his sisters, his aunts, his grandfather the Unitarian minister from St. Louis. Yet even when he shook hands, one had—I had, at least—the feeling that there was an invincible barrier between himself and this outside world, that no one could ever get within ten feet of him.

He remained in Cambridge throughout the academic year, having rooms at Eliot House.* During that winter I was in Brunswick, Maine, one hundred and thirty miles north of Boston, and the first Norton Lecture was the only one I managed to attend. But whenever I got to Boston for the weekend, I used to see Eliot on Sunday morning in church. That church, St. John the Evangelist, behind the State House on the wrong side of Beacon Hill, happened to be the church I belonged to. It also happened to be the highest of high Episcopal churches, run by an Anglican monastic order, the Society of St. John the Evangelist. The priests were known as the Cowley Fathers from their headquarters near Oxford, and on the street they wore cassocks, capes, and Continental-style shovel hats. St. John the Evangelist, for all its High-Church rigor, was not fashionable like the Church of the Advent at the foot of Beacon Hill, where Mrs. Jack Gardner once scrubbed the front steps for a Lenten penance. Most of our congregation was from the city's lodging-house belt, and notably deficient in both intellectuals and pious old ladies. The atmosphere was just too rare. We had a few communicants like Harvard's Professor Chandler Post, but the rest of us were obscure. I don't suppose there were three people at the eleven o'clock Mass who were even aware of T. S. Eliot. The Father Superior, the shrewd-eyed Spense Burton, of course knew who our distinguished convert was, but he never gave any sign of it as he stood by the door and shook hands with us in turn at the end of the service. As I look back now, I can't think of another church in all Boston where Eliot could conceivably have fitted in. If he had gone to Phillips Brooks's Trinity on Copley Square, the Low-Church rector would have welcomed him with hearty good fellowship while urging him to speak on "Christianity in Literature" to the young people's group. The old ladies of the Advent would have flung their rosaries at his feet. At Emmanuel, the Buchmanites would have gone all out to sign him up for propaganda purposes. But in the congealed atmosphere of St. John the Evangelist, no one bothered him at all. Each Sunday he occupied the same pew, about two-thirds of the way down the aisle, conspicuously inconspicuous behind a thin pillar. He had a look of pious elegance as he knelt in his beautifully tailored suit—usually of some tightly woven Glen Urquhart check. Beside him were his umbrella, doeskin gloves, and a derby—that he, of course, called a bowler—and his brown handmade shoes were not polished but boned.

Eliot was indeed the most precisely dressed poet since Byron. Not only had he achieved a poetic revolution in his verse: in his person he had achieved a sartorial revolution as well. Virginia Woolf might poke fun at his "four-piece suits," but he had given the death blow to Bunthornism. Yeats as a young man had worn a Windsor tie and an Inverness cape, and even in his hieratic old age still clung to a cut-down version of the tie. The youthful Joyce in his black Latin Quarter hat and thin pointed beard was obviously in the tradition of *Scènes de la vie de bohème*. Even Eugene O'Neill started out with a flowing cravat, as can be seen in old photographs. The aged Ezra Pound has always kept to the romantic tradition in his "poetic" garb. But Eliot changed all that. He made poets look like board chairmen.

The interior of St. John the Evangelist had been designed by Ralph Adams Cram. Like most High Churches it was in chill good taste, tinged with aestheticism. The priests wore Gothic chasubles rather than the square-cut Roman variety, and had even revived such medieval ceremonies as the ritual kiss of peace given by the celebrant to the deacon on the high altar. The music was plain song, then relatively rare, and under J. Everett Titcombe the best in the city. From time to time during the Sunday High Mass, I used to glance at the Eliot profile out of the corner of my eye. From a satirist who, a few years back, had written derisive verses about a hippopotamus being translated into heaven, he had become a scrupulous and exact conformist to the ritual, crossing himself, kneeling at the *Incarnatus*, striking his breast three times at the *Non sum dignus*, making the triple sign of the cross and genuflecting at the proper place in the Last Gospel.

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* Several of Harvard's most distinguished educators were forbears of T. S. Eliot, among them Charles William Eliot, president of the college for forty years in the last decades of the nineteenth century, after whom Eliot House was named; and Charles Eliot Norton, the noted poet, classicist, and art critic, after whom the Norton lectures are named.

I remember seeing him at the midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, his face highlighted in the semidarkness by the candles, the shadows giving his features an even more aloof and melancholy expression. It was a face that had never been young. I wondered, as I had at times before, whether he held to the Church as an institution or from personal conviction. Some months before, he had said bravely that he was a Christian not because it was aesthetically satisfying but "because it was true." Yet one of his mentors was Charles Maurras, the atheist champion of Catholicism who was like Santayana in thinking the Church a beautiful myth, but who went beyond that in holding it a myth necessary for most men to believe in in order to preserve the fabric of Western culture. The nonbeliever Matthew Arnold had felt that an established church was necessary for cultural continuity. Eliot, with his love of the traditional, who saw literature as a tree with its roots in the past, who must have felt the weight of generations echoing in the noble language of the Book of Common Prayer, who had even come to feel that democracy negated the deeper values of the spirit—was it for such reasons that I saw him decorously kneeling there? Or did he really believe, with what Unamuno called "the coal heaver's faith?"

The following summer, after I came back from Maine, I stayed for a week at the monastery in Cambridge, the North American headquarters of the Society of St. John the Evangelist. It so happened that Eliot, after his year at Harvard, was also staying there. I suppose I could have met him easily enough just by speaking to the Father Superior. But I never did. Somehow, I never could think of anything I wanted to say to him. I remember him most clearly at breakfast sitting at the long refectory table in the basement dining hall, that silent meal broken only by the sound of munched toast. Sometimes, but less often, I would see him at lunch or dinner. Except on feast days all the meals were taken in silence, but at lunch or dinner one of the novices would read aloud from some book—not necessarily religious—that Father Burton considered edifying. The novice always had an approximation of an English accent. It was as if an Anglican east wind were blowing through the monastery. Father Burton, of the Cleveland Burtons, sounded more like a London Burton. And within a few weeks any newly arrived novice, whether from the West or the South, would be modifying his accent to that pattern. Whenever Eliot appeared at lunch or dinner, he always attended the Nones or Complin services afterward in the little makeshift chapel that was also in the basement. That chapel seemed impregnated with incense. It had an uneven but highly waxed brick floor, foam-rubber kneeling pads (fortunately), and a plain altar with a baroque silver crucifix from Spain. Eliot never joined the fathers and their guests in the common room after dinner, though—at least not in the week I was there. All that week Father Burton was complaining rather humorously at the telegrams and cables he was receiving almost hourly from Eliot's wife in England—long, garbled, incoherent, and frantic.

Eliot had been married in 1915 to a ballet dancer, Vivienne Haigh-Wood. Except that it was an unhappy marriage, I know no more of it than that she was mentally afflicted and that after his stay at Harvard he never went back to her. Perhaps his nostalgic and tender poem "La Figlia che Piange"—"The Girl who Weeps"—is about Vivienne. It is said that much of the despair of *The Waste Land* is a reflection of personal disasters. About the time of his writing it, he had a complete breakdown. But always with Eliot there is the qualifying "perhaps," the "it is said." I don't suppose there is any other literary figure of his stature about whose private life so little is known. There has been no full-scale biography of Eliot, and perhaps there never will be. Only in the autumn ripeness of his *Four Quartets* did he at last allow the direct personal note to appear in his poetry. Yet, to my mind, it was always just below the surface.

Living near Boston in the thirties, I was often struck by how descriptive of that city some of his ostensibly London lines were. And though I could in no way prove it, I sensed that the imageries of his earlier poems—beyond the four that obviously refer to the city of Boston—were at core Boston rather than London. As a Harvard undergraduate Eliot certainly must have walked through the honky-tonk of Scollay Square on a Saturday night, traversed the flaring market district, stopped off at some sawdust-strewn oyster bar. The whole atmosphere of the now-demolished Scollay Square area comes back with

. . . faint stale smells of beer
From the sawdust-trampled street,

where anonymous hands

. . . are raising dingy shades
In a thousand furnished rooms.

After Eliot graduated from Harvard, he fled the Boston of his early verses, the city of Cousin Harriet waiting for her *Transcript*, of Cousin Nancy Ellicott who rode to hounds over the barren cow pastures, of Aunt Helen Slingsby in her parrot-and-dog house near Louisburg Square, of dowager Mrs. Phlaccus (Mrs. Jack Gardner) and Professor and Mrs. Channing-Cheetah. That North American Athens of Mrs. Gardner and Major Henry Lee Higginson and Bishop William Appleton Lawrence and Harvard's A. Lawrence Lowell, entrenched within the Beacon Hill–Back Bay redoubt while the Apeneck Sweeneys occupied City Hall, must have been to Eliot like an airtight room in winter with a stove exhausting the oxygen. I could not, and still cannot, imagine him settling down within the triangle of Beacon Hill, Harvard, and the North Shore, where the leading occupation was managing estates, the leading statesman Henry Cabot Lodge, the leading literary gent the novelist Judge Robert Grant, and where the household gods were "Matthew and Waldo, guardians of the faith." Eliot later described proper Boston with lacerating accuracy as "quite uncivilized—but refined beyond the point of civilization." He had to get out. London, the vast and imperial world city, was the only place for him. I think a reading of his four Boston poems shows clearly enough why he left America.

Yet there was another and unsuspected reason, one I learned only by chance some years after the monastery interlude. Just before the Second World War, I ended up in California after some months of wandering across the United States. I went to stay a few days in Pasadena with my college friend Dick, whom I had not seen since my own brief months at Harvard. Dick had never been much of a reader, and the books on twin shelves beside his fireplace looked like what Edith Wharton referred to as a "book dump." Just by chance I happened to notice and take down a small volume of Ezra Pound's *Selected Poems*. Opening it, I found that the selection had been made by Eliot and that the flyleaf was inscribed "T. S. Eliot—To my mother." "Where did you get that?" I asked Dick.

"Oh," he said, "I got it a long time ago, with some other things when Aunt Margaret died. My cousins and I divided up her books. She was T. S. Eliot's mother, you know."

"Then you must be his cousin."

"Yes, I am. His first cousin. Not that I've read much of his stuff, though, or that book either. I haven't. Aunt Margaret was a terrible bluestocking. I remember her, all right. She was forty-four when he was born. Not many people know it, but he really left this country to get away from her. He loved her, I guess. He always wrote her and used to send her all his books. But he never really felt safe unless he had the Atlantic between them. He would never come back to America, either, until after she died. She never crossed to England."

After Eliot's return to America in 1932, his visits became fairly frequent. He was at Harvard once more in 1935, lecturing and attending his twenty-fifth class reunion, but I never saw him again until after the war in London. I was living for a time then in Chelsea—where he too lived, although I never knew the address—in one of those renovated cul-de-sacs off King's Road. Chelsea was a London neighborhood with literary and theatrical overtones. Claire Bloom kept decorous house for her mother at one end of our street, Diana Dors camped not so decorously at the other end. Robert Newton, the actor, lived within shouting distance, and we could sometimes hear him. One evening we heard the crash of glass as he broke every window in the front of his house after his wife had locked him out. Sometimes I would see Dame Sybil Thorndike hurrying down King's Road, her string shopping bag full of vegetables. Occasionally I would run into what was left of Augustus John shambling from pub to pub. The biggest stir I remember was the day they took Jacob Epstein's son to a mental hospital and en route an attendant gave him some injection to quiet him, and he died. Ada, our char, swore they killed him on purpose. Such was Chelsea as I used to see it while walking down King's Road toward Sloane Square.

If I took the Number 11 double-decker bus in the morning I would at times find myself riding with T. S. Eliot, bound for his Faber & Faber office at Russell Square. He had not greatly altered in fifteen years, and was still the impeccably dressed city man with derby and rolled umbrella. But he has described himself better than I could:

How unpleasant to meet Mr. Eliot!
With his features of clerical cut,
And his brow so grim
And his mouth so prim
And his conversation, so nicely
Restricted to What Precisely
And If and Perhaps and But. . . .

He always sat upstairs in the front row and spent the time between Sloane and Russell squares doing the *Times* crossword puzzle. I usually stayed downstairs, in the profane hope that Joyce Redman might get aboard and fill the bus with her enchanting presence.

Eliot, the upper-deck crossword puzzler, had become a fixture of the Establishment, a dictator of literature second only to Dryden. He had refurbished the metaphysical poets, he could turn Milton off or on like a water tap, and in a few select words he could make the impossible Kipling possible again. An informal dinner guest of George VI's at Buckingham Palace (though it is a question whether that conga-loving king had ever read a line of anybody's verse), a vestryman of St. Stephen's, Kensington, and a holder of the Order of Merit, he still kept his high seat among the moderns.

Yet, seeing him at bus-stop distance and having no reason to come closer, I nevertheless felt a sympathy for his withdrawn presence that I had not felt in the earlier years, based mostly, I think, on a feeling of gratitude for his autumnal achievement in the *Four Quartets.* These poems came out individually in pamphlets just before and during the war, and I first read them in the Victorian rigor of the Corunna mess in Aldershot as a Canadian infantry reinforcement in those dragging months before D-Day. In the last section of his second quartet, "East Coker," I found the moving apologia for his creative self:

So here I am, in the middle way, having had twenty years—
Twenty years largely wasted, the years of l'entre deux guerres—
Trying to learn to use words, and every attempt
Is a wholly new start, and a different kind of failure
Because one has only learnt to get the better of words
For the thing one no longer has to say, or the way in which
One is no longer disposed to say it. And so each venture
Is a new beginning, a raid on the inarticulate
With shabby equipment always deteriorating
In the general mess of imprecision of feeling,
Undisciplined squads of emotion.

Within the aspects of this extended poem, Eliot attempted to come to grips with the deepest problems that human beings have to grapple with: his own and human destiny, life and death, life *or* death, the mystery of time passing and time to come, the ultimate meaning of his religious beliefs. The *Four Quartets* are not easy reading. But where they are difficult, they are so in a very different way from the symbolist-derived difficulties of *The Waste Land.* And, as one always finds in Eliot though rarely in his imitators, there are lines touched by the music of incantation, the indefinable quality of true poetry:

The brief sun flames the ice, on pond and ditches,
In windless cold that is the heart's heat,
Reflecting in a watery mirror
A glare that is blindness in the early afternoon.

In his culminating poetic phase Eliot could turn back to his American past that he had once rejected, to his early memories of the tawny vastness of the Mississippi and the violence of the New World seasons. "My poetry is American. Purely American," he told V. S. Pritchett on his seventieth birthday. Sometime during the middle thirties he read *Huckleberry Finn,* and perhaps through the experience of that river idyll he was able to recapture the river of his childhood, as he did in the opening of "The Dry Salvages"—that quartet otherwise so haunted by the fog and sea echo of the New England coast.

I do not know much about gods; but I think that the river
Is a strong brown god—sullen, untamed and intractable,
Patient to some degree, at first recognized as a frontier;
Useful, untrustworthy, as a conveyor of commerce;
Then only a problem confronting the builder of bridges;
The problem once solved, the brown god is almost forgotten
By the dwellers in the cities—ever, however, implacable,
Keeping his seasons and rages, destroyer, reminder
Of what men choose to forget. Unhonoured, unpropitiated.
By worshippers of the machine, but waiting, watching and waiting.
His rhythm was present in the nursery bedroom,
In the rank ailanthus of the April dooryard,
In the smell of grapes on the autumn table,
And the evening circle in the winter gaslight.

"In my beginning is my end," he commenced the quartet "East Coker," reversing the phrase that Mary Queen of Scots had embroidered on her Chair of State. East Coker was the Somerset village where the Eliots lived before they emigrated to America in the seventeenth century. That deep-laned, obscure village was the beginning for all the Eliots—Puritans, divines, scholars—who had made their name noted in the New World. The living descendant of so many generations, reverting to the older beliefs that they had repudiated, had ended by coming back to the very spot as the last Tory émigré of the American Revolution.

With the *Four Quartets* Eliot completed his cycle. His three last verse plays, written afterward, achieved some popularity through his reputation, but they are failures. Eliot wanted to revive the verse play. Christopher Fry proved that it could be done, but Eliot's attempts are tedious and insignificant for all his good intentions. If they had been written by an unknown Thomas Stearns, they would neither have been printed nor performed.

In 1957, ten years after his first wife's death, Eliot married his secretary, Valerie Fletcher, a young woman thirty-nine years his junior. The remaining seven years of his life were his most contented and serene. Then in his last year the acute and probing transplanted intellect dimmed. "*Omnia fert ætas; animum quoque*"—"Age bears away all things, even the mind." So wrote his prophetic mentor Virgil in the "Ninth Eclogue."

He was buried in the place he had chosen for himself, the churchyard in East Coker. Of time, he wrote in "Burnt Norton":

Time present and time past
Are both perhaps present in time future,
And time future contained in time past.

It might serve for his epitaph.

Francis Russell, a frequent contributor to Horizon, wrote "*The Rhine*" *for the Spring, 1964, issue. He is currently at work on a biography of Warren G. Harding.*

IRISH TIME

By LORD KILBRACKEN *Photographs by* HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON/Magnum

There is always time in Ireland. Or, if you prefer, time has no existence. Both statements are true to the point of being interdependent, and only a mere purist would call them contradictory. In Ireland it is said with pity of the occasional sad soul whose toil or nature keeps him to an exact schedule: "Ah, there's a man who's greatly tied to time!" Things happen when they happen and no sooner; a stranger is driven to distraction who refuses the new slow tempo and tries to impose his own. It never works. And yet, looking back on a day or a year, he will find with ever-decreasing astonishment (if he retains his sanity) that he has somehow contrived to achieve—in unexpected order, in unplanned ways, but nonetheless achieved—all he set out to do, despite the delays and disasters. The black-shawled Connemara woman, making her way to town on a misty winter's morning, has time to cover the five or six miles on foot, and will think nothing of it, if no neighbor with car or cart is heading her way. If Dan is taking the Volkswagen, or Seamus the mare and trap, she will invariably know about it in advance and be there to ride with him. (It was said with contempt of the so-called Ascendancy, that is, the English landlords: "They drive out through their gates and no man knows where they're going." This may be why they drive out through their gates no more.) But if there's no lift available, she takes easily to the road, enjoying for the thousandth time the familiar country as it passes by her at walking speed: the humpbacked bridge, the hoarfrost on weeds and grass, the wasteland and the long stone wall stretching toward the mountains. And even in Dublin City there is still time to take time, crossing the slow-moving river Liffey by the Halpenny Bridge, so named because a toll of half a penny used to be payable. It is for pedestrians only—bicycles must be wheeled across—like its exact equivalent, the Pont des Arts in Paris. Its iron crisscrosses the Georgian houses on the quay, with their ordered rows of chimney pots and slanting TV aerials, and the blue-green dome of the Four Courts far beyond.

There is time to talk in Ireland (let no one call it gossip) wherever two or more persons congregate: before Mass, after Mass, at fairs and markets, above all in the ever-present pubs where the intake of Guinness among the all-male comany seems sometimes of secondary mportance to the exchange of facts and opinions. The weather, the price of cattle, "form" (by which is understood the form of thoroughbreds); once these have been given their obligatory precedence, subjects may range from Cromwell to Behan and discussion continue far beyond closing time. In an unknown tobacconist's it would be a breach of good manners to say without preamble: "A packet of Aftons." A relationship should first be established with the man behind the counter as a fellow member of the human race. A meeting of the eyes, a remark about the weather, a line or two of dialogue; then, almost as an afterthought, ask for cigarettes. The four Dublin cronies on their brickish street corner will give the camera a moment; then they will be back at it hammer and tongs.

This must be a direct descendant of Molly Malone, who "wheeled her wheelbarrow/Through streets broad and narrow." A part, like Molly, of Dublin's distributive system, not all of which is so unmechanized, she attends the auctions each morning at the Corporation Food Market, buys sufficient produce to fill her antique three-wheeler, and hawks it around the city to retailers and private customers who may well have been her clients for more than half a century.

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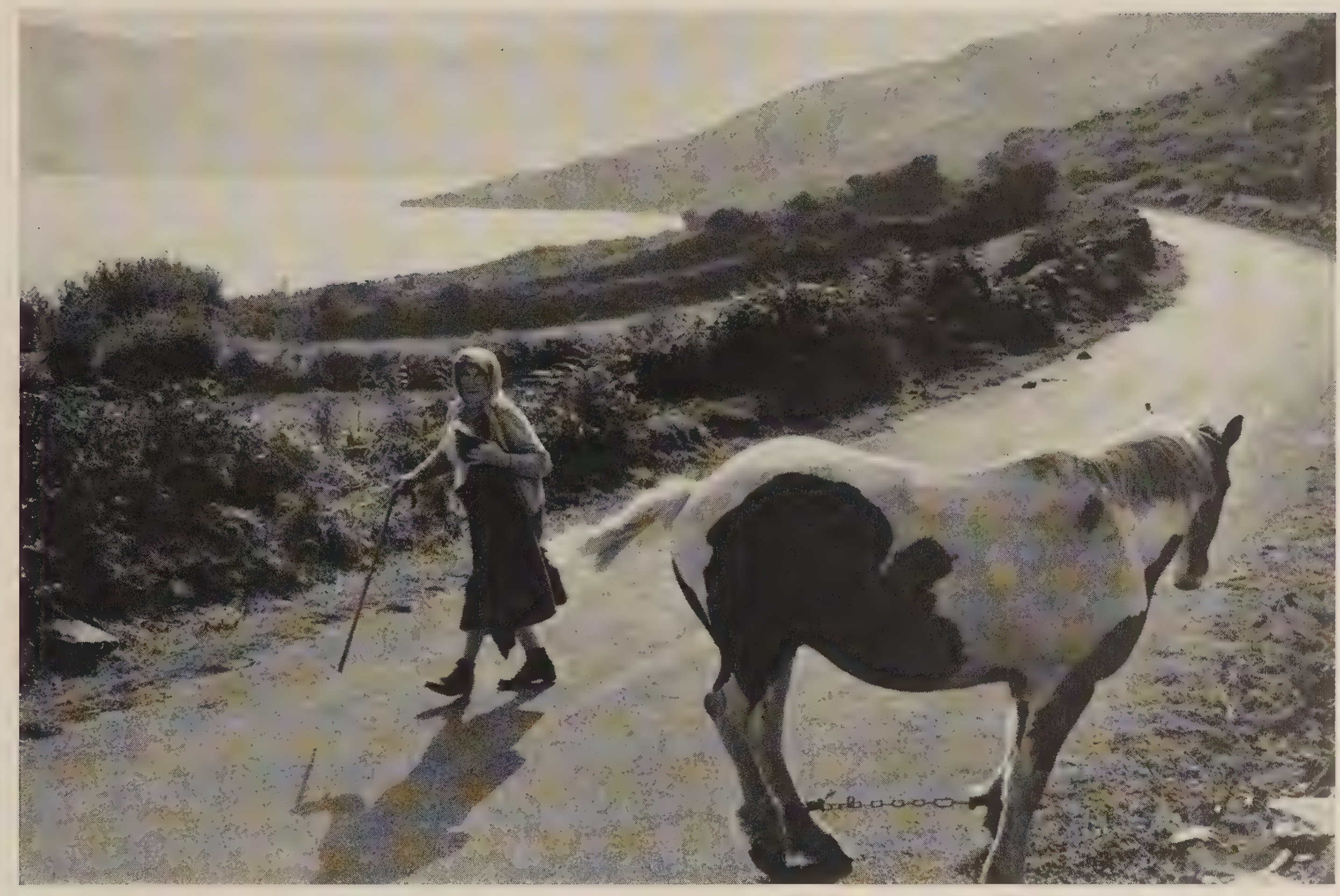
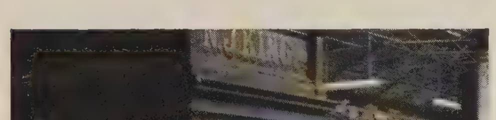




Small, walled fields slant gently with ferns and willows to the evening waters of Bantry Bay in the far southwest of the island. The gray walls, seen through all the west, fear no neighbor, no invader; they were slowly harvested from rocky fields to extend their owners' grassland. Her shadow precedes the widow as she heads back from the sunset to her village. The skewbald draft horse is hobbled to prevent his straying in the summer night ahead; he will graze "the long meadow," as the narrow verges of jejune grass lining Irish roads are known. The long meadow belongs to nobody and everybody. The skewbald belongs to tinkers; the English would call them gypsies, but, unlike the Romanies, the Irish itinerants have no Eastern blood. A dwindling race of nomads, they keep their traditional name, but nowadays they seldom patch pans for a living. Horse-dealing and house-to-house begging are more profitable.

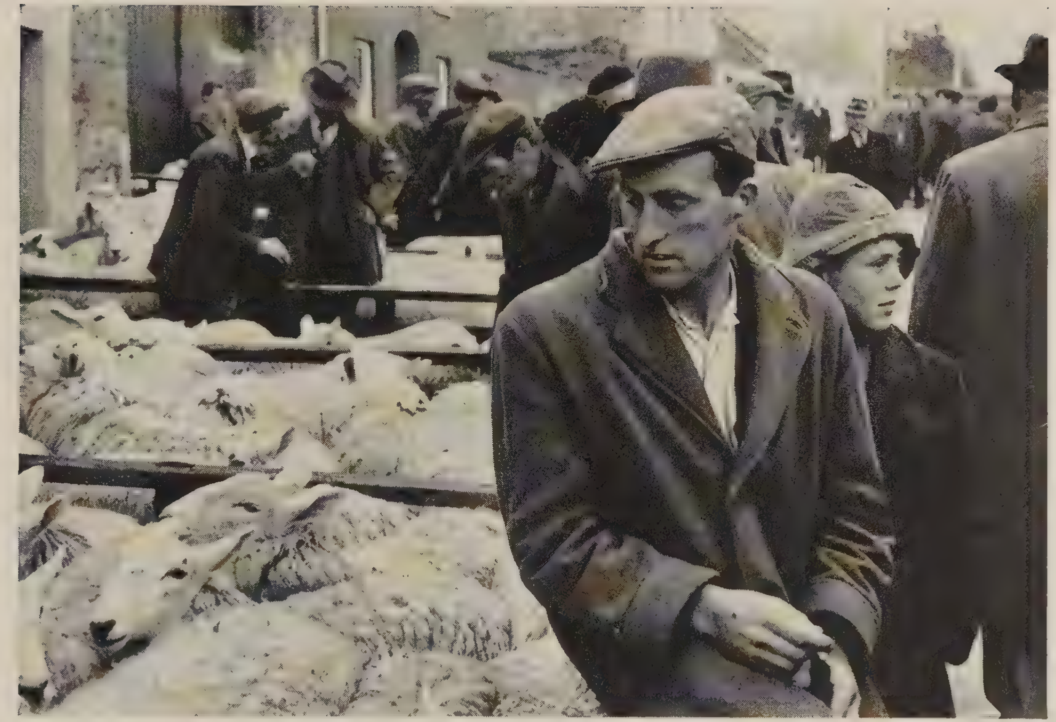
Behind a pram already filled with boxes of produce, an eager buyer makes a bid for still more in the early morning bustle of Dublin's Corporation Food Market.

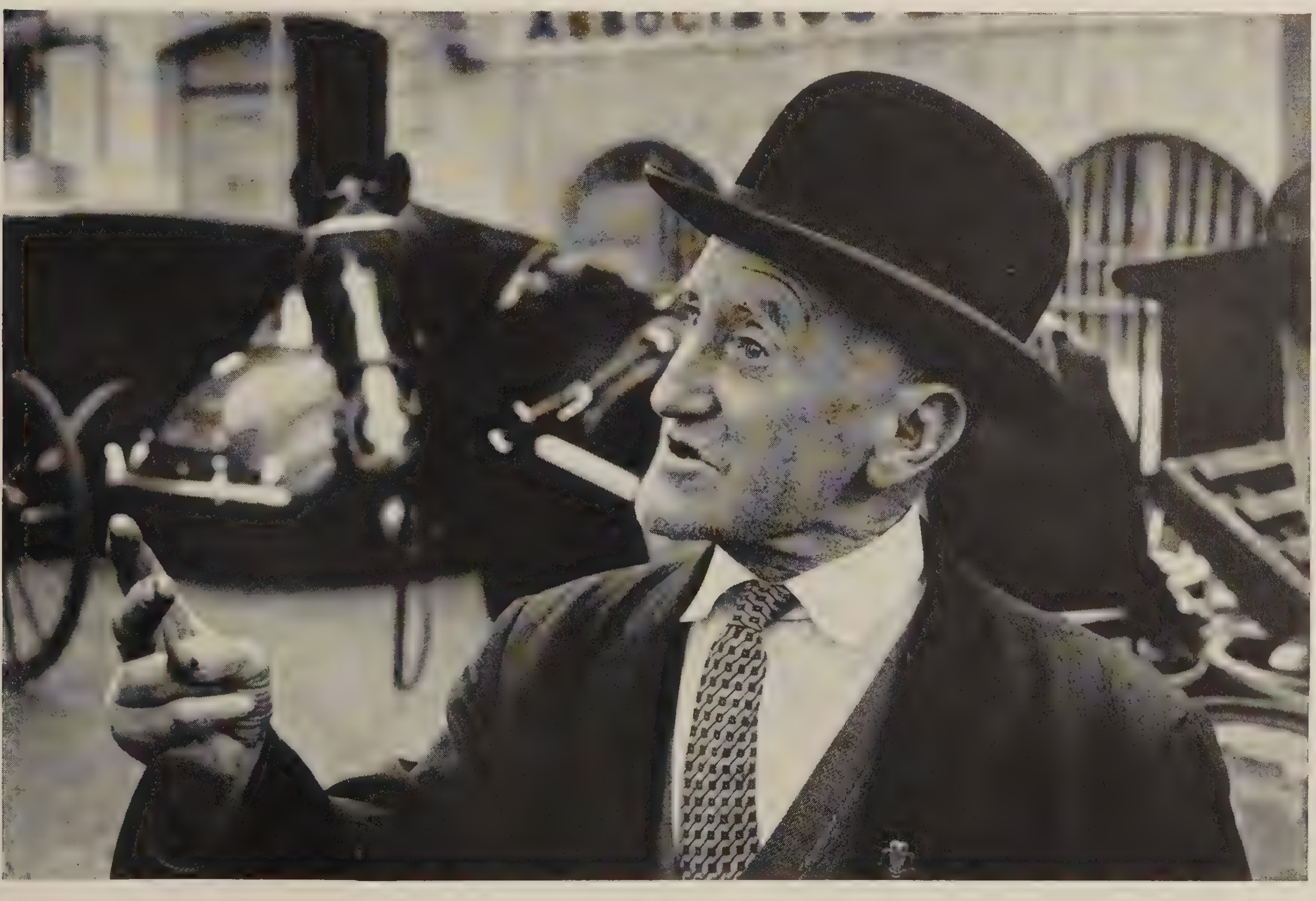
There is all the time in the world to wait for a job—and to make a flesh-and-blood frieze in the pale morning sunshine outside the Labor Exchange in Dublin. Unemployment is no longer the serious problem in the Republic that it is in the industrial northeast, which remains part of the United Kingdom. A little wave of prosperity is at last lapping over "Irish Ireland" (as the Republic is sometimes known), largely owing to enhanced prices in England and the Continent for agricultural products, especially beef, and to the government's policy of attracting long-term foreign investment with generous grants, cheap loans, and tax concessions. The new employment thus created has put money in long-empty pockets and stanched the flow of emigrants. But while waiting for work to come their particular way, these cloth-capped laborers are content to watch the world go by, with a philosophical smile, for days or even weeks. "There's time enough," they'll tell you.

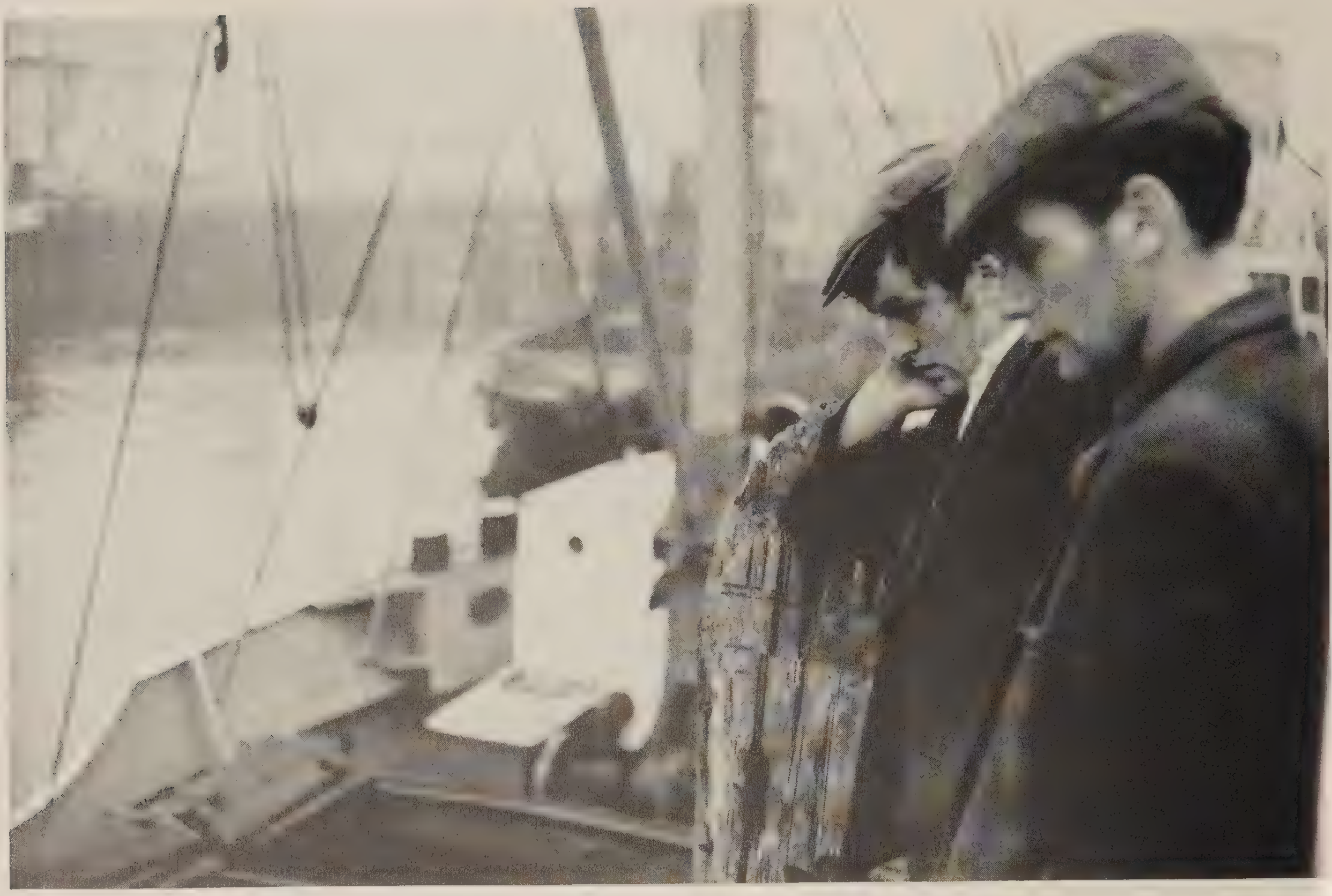
A secondhand bookshop, one of many on Dublin's Nassau Street, engages the attention of a passer-by with its mementos of The Troubles.

If you have cattle or sheep to sell, the quickest *way of "turning them into money" is undoubtedly to bring them to one of the newly built auction marts. They will be through the ring in three minutes. But speed,* ex hypothesi, *is highly suspect, and the marts are not yet accepted by most country farmers. Far more livestock is still sold at the fair than in the sales ring. At a fair you may wait all day, usually in the main street of a village, with your pen of ewes or your batch of white-head bullocks, before making a sale. No matter: you will have met most of your friends, transacted diverse other business, consumed a quantity of stout—and, most important of all, enjoyed using your acumen in bargaining with a dozen potential buyers instead of relying upon an impersonal auctioneer in his starched white coat. The price agreed on may be only five shillings a head more than the first offer, but you've made your point—and, anyway, what's a day?*

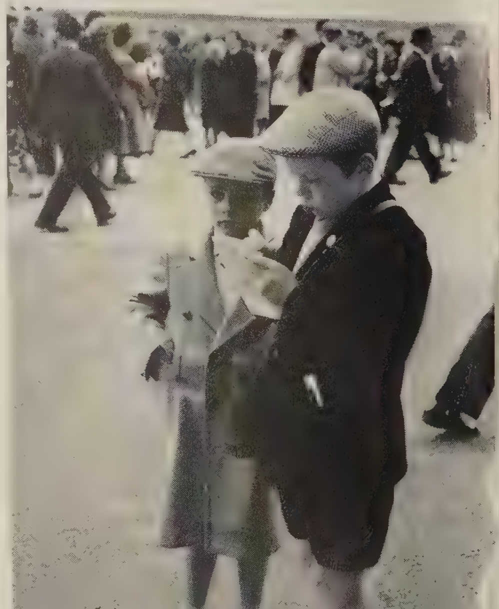
There is bargaining, too, in the city, where a Dublin horse-cab driver haggles with a prospective fare.



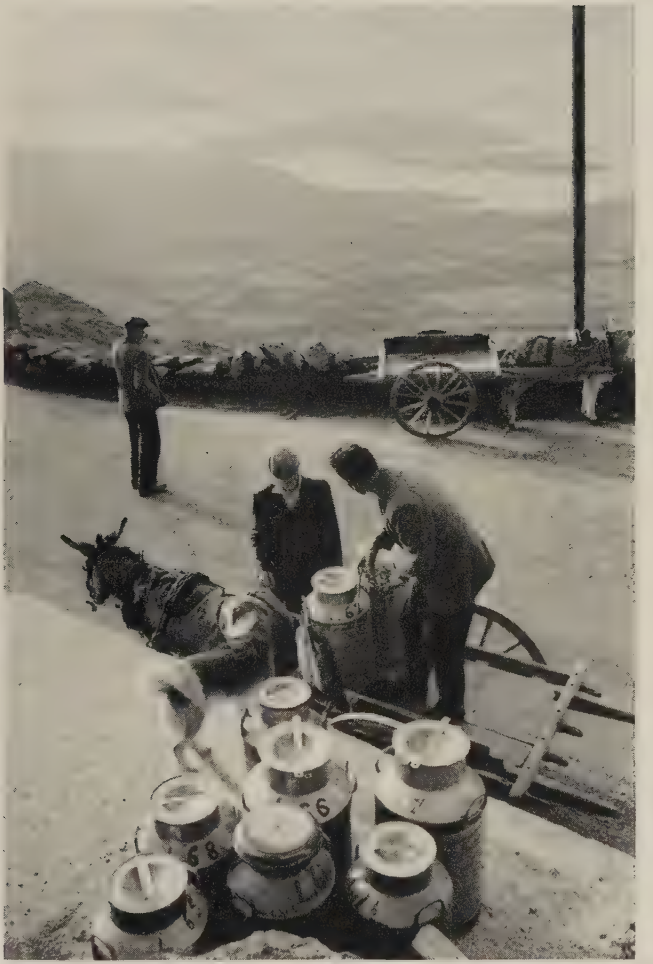




Whether time passes quickly or slowly depends on what one waits for. The young men above are waiting on the Dublin quays to be employed as longshoremen.

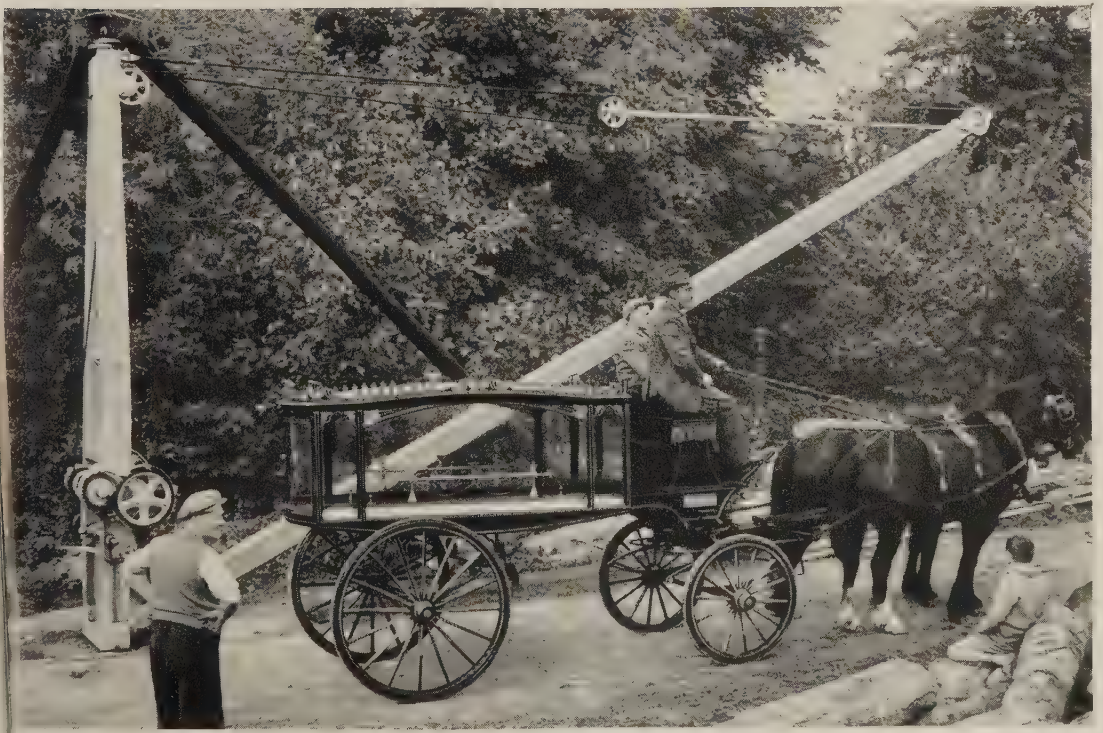


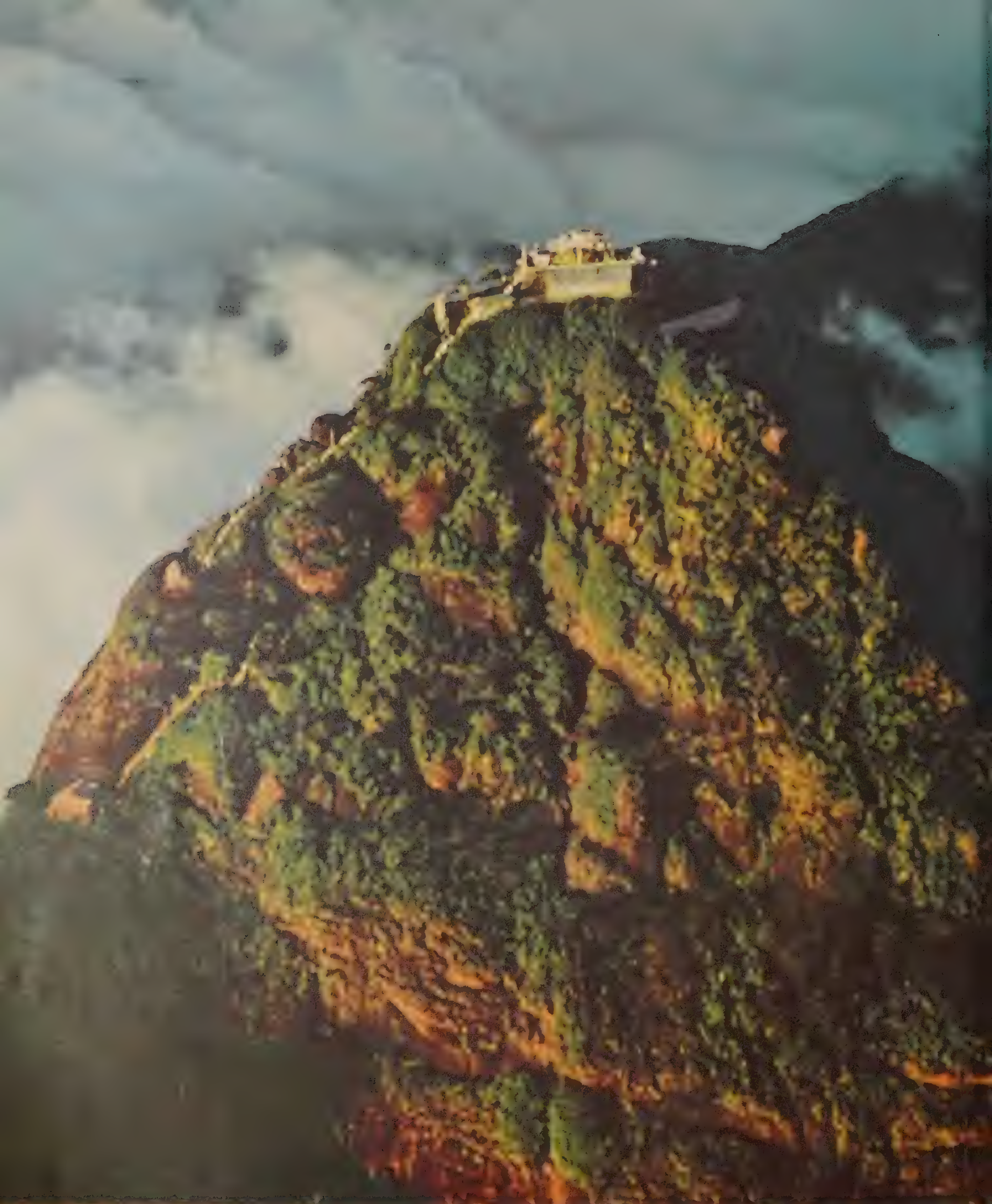
Of animals in Ireland, the horse is undoubted king; in no other country, surely, are there more equine experts to the furlong—and bloodstock from Kildare and Meath has gone out to enrich the world. Most of the year's great occasions are dedicated to the horse: the Dublin Horse Show, the Ballsbridge yearling sales, the Irish Sweeps Derby at the Curragh (where the kings of Ireland raced their steeds a thousand years ago), the hunt balls, the hunts, and all the race meets, which descend in importance from the celebrated Derby to point-to-points. Horseplayers in the United States are not noted for their personal acquaintance with the saddle; the great majority, indeed, have never sat on a horse. In Ireland it's different: every *racegoer (it seems) is jockey, trainer, tipster, tout, owner, breeder, stableboy, or bookie—or maybe a bit of each. This apprenticeship to the turf starts at a very early age, as these two young gentlemen bear witness. And when the elder of them has finished marking his card (a serious business) and has appraised the runners through his outsize binoculars, they are likely to go off together to put half a crown on their fancy. And it will very probably win.*



Most milk, nowadays, goes by tractor to the creamery, but in country districts—as here in County Kerry —the ass-cart is still favored. It's slow, but it gets you there, and consumes no diesel. At the creamery, which is owned by its suppliers, the fresh milk will be separated: the cream is retained for butter-making on a commercial scale, the skim milk is returned to the producers for feeding to pigs and calves. The men on this mountainy road are carting milk for half a dozen neighbors along with their own; each man's can is identified by his number painted on the side, and his daily contribution will be separately tested for butterfat, weighed, and recorded.

There is always time in Ireland. There's time to greet a stranger, to listen to songs and stories, to dream by dying fires. In sum, there's time to live. But also, when your hour comes, there is plenty of time to die. And there is no more pleasant and restful way on earth of making your last journey, slowly followed on foot by all your friends, than in a well-turned elmwood coffin aboard this admirable horse-hearse, with its nodding blinkered steeds and cheery drivers.





Soaring Adam's Peak in southern Ceylon is sacred to Buddhists, Hindus, and Moslems alike. Just visible on the path leading to the summit is a procession of Buddhists on their way to worship the Sacred Footprint, which they believe to have been made in the rock by Gautama himself. Hindus regard it as the god Siva's footprint, while Moslems credit it to Adam, the first man.

HOWARD SOCHUREK, COURTESY *Life*

A Pearl on the Toe of India

Few lands have had so many extravagant sobriquets bestowed on them as Ceylon—or have found it so easy to live up to them

By SANTHA RAMA RAU

Of all the heady and inviting names that have been given to Ceylon in the course of its twenty-five hundred years of history, perhaps the one most in keeping with the island's reputation for allure is the old Arab name Serendib. Indeed, so pleasing was the name and the promise it held, that Horace Walpole evolved from it the word "serendipity," which came to mean a faculty for making delightful chance discoveries. This air of happy surprise fills so many of the accounts of Ceylon left by travelers through the centuries that all the various names and sobriquets given to it carry some feeling of its unfamiliar marvels, and in themselves chart the island's exotic and diverse history.

Earliest of all, and to Indians the most evocative of its many names, was Lanka, "The Resplendent Land." The pear-shaped island, "hanging like a pearl from the toe of India," figures as the setting for an important part of the great Indian epic the Ramayana, the story of stormy events and legendary heroes, heroines, and villains of five thousand years ago. In it, the disinherited King Rama, the totally virtuous man, beloved of the gods and protected by them, is living in banishment in a cave in the forest with his beautiful and devoted wife Sita. To this refuge comes the terrifying Ravana, king of Lanka, a demon with ten heads. He arrives in a marvelous vehicle strangely propelled through the air, and carries Sita away to his splendid castle in the mountains of Lanka. The abduction of Sita precipitates a long war between Rama and his allies and the demon forces of Ravana, ended only after many battles, many feats of individual prowess, and, finally, the helpful arrival of a huge army of monkeys led by their chief, Hanuman. Ravana is killed, Sita is rescued, and Rama's fourteen years of exile and fighting terminate in the restoration of his throne as well as of his kingdom in India.

But the pervasive charm of Ceylon is not so easily undermined, even by a theme as powerful as that of the Ramayana. When I was in Laos, a part of southeast Asia to which the great mythology and teaching of Hinduism had been spread by ancient Indian priests and storytellers, and where Buddhism later became established, I found a very different version of the story. In this one, Sita, properly loyal to her husband but somewhat chilled by his unremitting dedication to virtue and unemotional righteousness, was rather drawn to the manly and dashing king of Lanka. Certainly she resisted his advances, but she greeted her return to Rama with something less than undiluted joy.

India may have tarnished Ceylon's otherwise unsmudged international image as a worldly paradise by peopling it with monsters and villains, but it gave the island perhaps the most profoundly valuable cultural and religious gift that any country has ever received. With the introduction of Buddhism from India in the third century B.C., the whole philosophic, social, and artistic climate of the island changed and for the first time began to find its expression in art and architecture.

Only a century before the arrival of Buddhism in Ceylon, Alexander the Great's soldiers, returning from a massive incursion of India, spoke of the famous spice island to the south. They called it Taprobane—another name full of wonder—celebrating, quite literally, its *color* in the coppery tone of its soil and in the red lotus that covered its ponds; at that time its glamour and appeal depended entirely on its natural beauty and its wealth. Megasthenes, an ambassador from ancient Syria to India, confirmed the lavish stories about Taprobane, recounting the abundance and quality of its elephants, gold, and precious stones. Phoenicians, Romans, and Greeks collected fragments of information from observant sailors returning from Taprobane, increasing their store of knowledge about the "land of the hyacinth and the ruby" until there was enough known about it for Ptolemy, the Egyptian geographer of the second century A.D., to map the island—inaccurately, it is true, but not entirely ignorantly. He said it was once called Simundu but was now known as Salikè.

Later, as in giddy succession mariners, conquerors, merchants, and visitors found the island, its list of names grew and its richly romantic reputation expanded, but its profounder evolution, in cultural terms, remained relatively unexplored. The Moors, in the sixth century, named it Tenerisim, "Isle of Delight." The Tamils of South India called it Ilanare and Hibernard, "Isle of Jewels," and this was also the meaning of the Chinese name, Pa-ou-tchow. However, in all these names was reflected not only its beauty but that other aspect of Ceylon, its long-standing and farflung lure for traders.

One authority believes it was from Ceylon that King Solomon's ships returned every three years with that renowned cargo of "gold and silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks." From there, the story goes, came the jewels he gave the Queen of Sheba. And Sopater, a Greek trader of the sixth century A.D., gave a wide-eyed report of the importance of the flourishing port of Galle on its southwest coast, where lay at anchor "ships from all parts of India, Persia, and Ethiopia."

In later centuries the drive for both trade and empire attracted European nations to the same port, and Galle became a major trading post and harbor for shipping between the West and the Far East, even though the interior of Ceylon remained to a large extent mysterious and unpredictable to much of the world. There were stories of vast treasure, but also of the magical power of the aborigines, or "demons," and the secrecy and caution needed in dealing with them.

From the eighth century until the coming of the Portuguese, the Arabs dominated the spice trade with Serendib, introducing the rare and extravagantly profitable cultivation of cinnamon. They also created huge fortunes by importing gems. Early in the tenth century Sinbad the Sailor returned from his Eastern adventures to Haroun-al-Rashid with a dazzling account of Serendib's "many kinds of rubies and other minerals and spice trees of all sorts," and of "its marvels which are indescribable." He also brought back a truly matchless collection of gifts from the king of Ceylon: a cup carved from a single ruby and encrusted with pearls, not to mention "a bed covered with the skin of the serpent that swallowed the elephants, which skin hath spots, each like a piece of gold, and whosoever sitteth upon it never becomes diseased; and a hundred thousand *mithkals* of Indian aloe's wood; and a slave-girl like the shining full moon."

By the end of the thirteenth century Marco Polo, recounting his journey through southern waters, was using yet another name for the island. Through mispronunciation and abbreviations, Serendib had become Seilendib, Zalandib, and then Zeilan, at which point we begin to recognize it. "The island produces more beautiful and valuable rubies than are found in any other part of the world . . ." wrote Marco Polo. "The king is reported to possess the grandest ruby that ever was seen, being a span in length, and the thickness of a man's arm, brilliant beyond description, and without a single flaw."

The Portuguese, in the sixteenth century, altered the island's name to Ceilaõ, and with their one-hundred-fifty-year rule is associated a rich, bitter, and deeply formative era of Ceylon's history. The Portuguese were less interested in preserving an island paradise, however radiant and voluptuous it appeared in contemporary accounts, than in wresting the spice trade from the Arabs, fortifying their ports and business centers against both the local kings and foreign competitors, and destroying "the heathen fetishes," the sacred relics of Buddhism.

The Dutch, a more purely mercenary and generally more tolerant people, took over the island from the Portuguese and restored its earlier name, Zeilan. They were well aware of the value of the spice trade and found it eminently worth the ferocious competition. To this day, there is a phrase in Dutch to describe anything outrageously expensive: "it is as costly as pepper."

No longer the capital of the island nor a great intercontinental port, Galle still preserves within its massive gray walls and battlements the residue of old empires. Nowadays cows and goats graze on the grassy patches among the stones of the Portuguese and Dutch fortifications. The lovely façade of the old Dutch church remains, though the eminent burgher families who gathered there on Sundays have long since vanished, leaving only memorial tablets and coats of arms. The Governor's residence, spacious and high-ceilinged, holds the mementos of elaborate colonial grandeur even though it has been, for years, converted to the use of modern government offices.

Indeed, all of Galle is peopled by colonial ghosts, for the Dutch were, in their turn, to be replaced by the British; on one side of Galle's most imposing archway, cut through the yards-thick fortifying walls, you can see the royal Dutch arms, and on the other the emblem of the British East India Company, the spearhead of England's expansion in Asia. But to me the most engrossing—and perhaps the most significant—aspect of the town resides in an incongruity. Close by a perfect seventeenth-century plaza, the focal point of a colonial town, is a small, impeccable, whitewashed Buddhist stupa. Unadorned, accentuated by its bewildering surroundings of battlements and the implacable stone walls of Galle, it propounds some uncomfortable moral about the transience of temporal power and the final dominion of spiritual values.

In the narrow side streets and alleyways of Galle you can still find the tiny stalls and workshops where men are polishing milky opals to release their green and orange fire, setting moonstones, Matura diamonds (zircons), rubies, emeralds, and sapphires in silver and gold jewelry, or shaping tortoise shell into boxes and ornaments and combs. Sitting under the rain trees on the old fortifications, looking out across the perfect scallop of the bay, and remembering that to the south stretches an unrelieved and still treacherous ocean all the way to Antarctica, it is easy for one to imagine the wealth, the shelter, and the glamour that Galle represented in its colonial days. But somewhere in the haphazard town beyond the walls or in the fishing villages lit by oil lamps and palm-leaf torches, scattered along the coast below you, there will be the sounds of a Buddhist festival, or the faintly heard music of a wedding or a religious celebration, or the drumming that announces the beginning of a devil dance. In a flash you are reminded of that other life of the island, which I think of as the "real history" of Ceylon—its intricate interior development from prehistoric times to the great cultural and historic embrace of Buddhism.

We see the Sinhalese and their island reflected in as extensive a collection of foreign impressions as any country could boast, but for their own accounts of themselves one must turn to that extraordinary, vast, and —compared with the great Indian epics—relatively obscure chronicle, the Mahavansa. Dating from the sixth century A.D., it was, most appropriately, written by Buddhist monks, for the important history of Ceylon

"Buddha's birthday" is not a legitimate part of Buddhist ritual, but it is nevertheless Ceylon's gayest yearly festival. Before the feasting and the parades begin, a worshiper makes an offering of flowers and pours coconut oil into a lamp at the Kaliniya temple near Colombo.

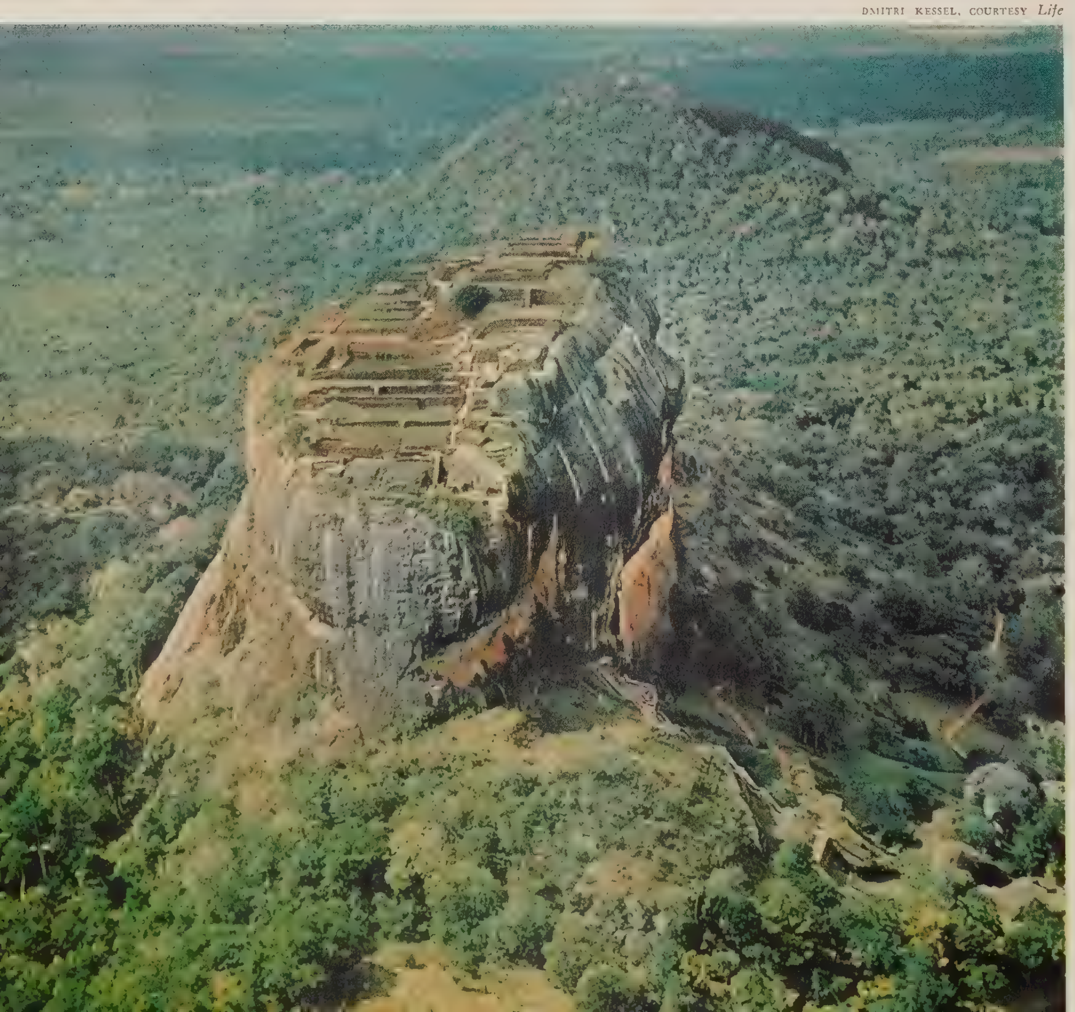
DMITRI KESSEL, COURTESY *Life*

is, indeed, the history of its Buddhism. In the epic, one learns, for instance, why the islanders called their country Sinhala, the "dwelling place of lions." This may seem odd for a part of the world where lions do not exist, until one reads in the Mahavansa the story of Vijaya, the Indian prince who came to the island in the same year that the Gautama Buddha attained nirvana. Vijaya was the son of a ruler in western India who claimed a lion for an ancestor. Exiled by his father for his "evil and oppressive nature," Vijaya and seven hundred fellow reprobates set sail for the unknown, landed by chance in Ceylon, and established a human kingdom over the local regime of demons and sorcerers—the island's aborigines, no doubt, although they remain in mythology as the magical villains of the Ramayana. Although no further lions appeared in Vijaya's family tree, the lion figures prominently in the art of Ceylon (and in the decorative arts of most Buddhist countries) as a symbol of authority and protection, and today it embellishes the national flag of modern Ceylon.

Vijaya's rule, as the Mahavansa explains it, began in an extraordinary manner and ended in an extraordinary change of heart and behavior in the ruler. At first, when his men were taken captive by the sorcery of the islanders, he bargained with their princess, the witch Kuvanna. He promised to marry her if she would engineer the release of his comrades. She, in turn—captivated in quite another sense—not only restored his men but betrayed her own people and brought about a dreadful massacre to enable Vijaya to become king of Lanka. She bore him two children, but after Vijaya saw his rule established, he sent to India for a more suitable queen, and for a hundred other South Indian girls to marry his followers, now established as aristocratic lords of the neighboring villages. Kuvanna returned to her resentful people and was killed. Her son and daughter were taken to the top of Ceylon's most famous mountain, Adam's Peak, where, according to the Mahavansa, they found spouses among the natives and produced the children that formed, in time, the shy and secret race of Veddas, the aborigines who still live and hunt in the hidden villages of the central mountains.

Although Adam's Peak (pages 50–51) has a celebrated "footprint" that, among other natural or supernatural explanations, is attributed to the presence there of the Lord Buddha himself, many less mysterious manifestations of the influence of Buddhism seem to me both more

DMITRI KESSEL, COURTESY *Life*



The fortress of Sigiriya is an outcropping of granite which rises to a height of four hundred feet in the flat country south of Anuradhapura. The ruins on the plateau are all that remain of the elaborate palace of King Kasyapa, who fled there with his court in A.D. *473 after murdering his own father. Eighteen years later Kasyapa's brother arrived with an army and put an end to* la dolce vita *at the fort, but meanwhile someone had time to paint a series of twenty-one masterly frescoes, one of which is shown opposite. The lady is an Apsaras, or divine being. She was doubtless modeled after some court favorite and possibly represents an ideal of feminine beauty. The Sigiriya frescoes are only part of the splendid and ancient heritage of Ceylon. The cities of Anuradhapura and Polonnaruwa, shown overleaf and on the following pages, are among the most impressive archaeological sites in the world.*

impressive and more exuberantly demonstrative of the great creative movement it inspired. Scattered in time through the centuries, the ancient Buddhist centers of Mihintale, Anuradhapura, Sigiriya, and Polonnaruwa remain as testimony to the astonishing power of Buddhism to move and shape a people. If, as it has been said, art is mankind's most authentic record, then these old cities, with their deserted palaces, their monasteries and places of worship, their Buddhist monuments and literature, are Ceylon's truest account of itself.

In the third century B.C., during the reign of that remarkable and enlightened monarch, Asoka the Great, the official religion of India was Buddhism. Asoka convoked two unprecedented councils of Buddhist priests, who initiated a most ambitious program for missionary activity in the countries of Asia. In answer to the request of his friend King Devanampiya Tissa of Ceylon, Asoka sent his son, the devout Mahinda, to convert the Sinhalese to Buddhism.

Scholars have cautiously warned that "the monkish legends . . . of Ceylon . . . do not afford a safe basis for a matter-of-fact history," but to me their miraculous atmosphere is a legitimate attribute of the special history of Ceylon, and I am charmed by the thought that Mahinda "rose up in the air" from his Indian monastery and floated south to the rocky hill of Mihintale, near Anuradhapura in north-central Ceylon. There, the Mahavansa tells us, King Tissa was on a royal hunting expedition. The god of the mountain, eager to effect a meeting between Mahinda and Tissa, changed himself into a forest deer innocently grazing in a clearing. The king, too kindhearted to allow his sporting instinct to overcome his gentleness, twanged his bow string to alert the unsuspecting creature. Then he followed the fleeing deer to the top of Mihintale, where the animal vanished and the king found himself alone with Mahinda.

In the long conversation that ensued, Mahinda expounded the basic tenets of Buddhism to the king. He poured out the long story of the life of Buddha, the lessons of his search, and the eternal value of his teachings. Tissa became his first and most important convert, and later invited missionary priests to the palace to continue the great task of spreading Buddhism. These monks, sworn to poverty and celibacy, not only introduced to Ceylon the purest and simplest form of Buddhism, but also educated the islanders in the arts of architecture and literature. On the holy hill of Mihintale a monastery was built to commemorate the momentous meeting between

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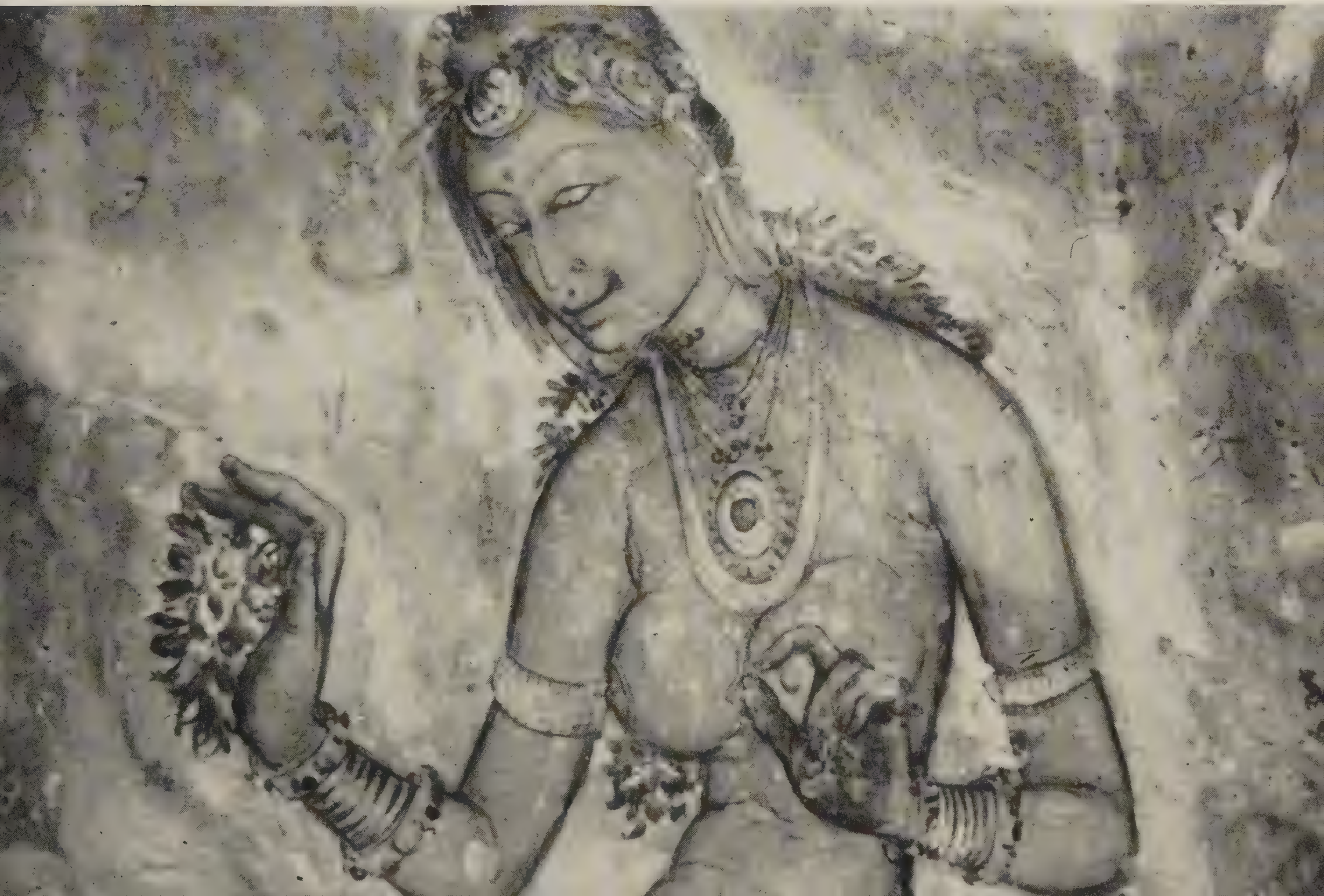
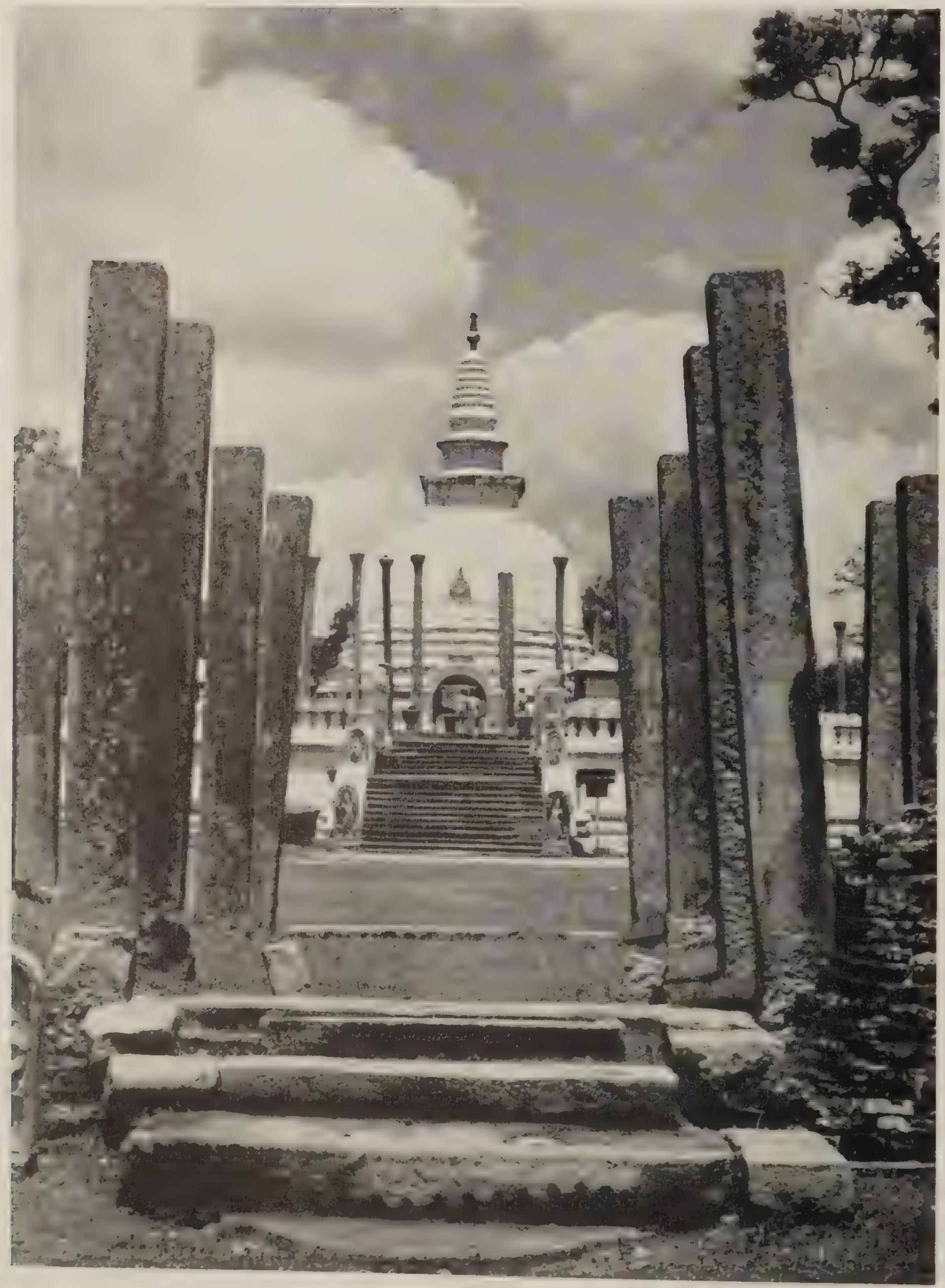


CEYLON'S ANCIENT CITIES

The most characteristic building of Ceylon is the dagoba, which is simply a large, dome-shaped shrine. The Thuparama dagoba (below) is the oldest in Ceylon and a holy of holies to Buddhists. It was built about 244 B.C.*, in the earliest days of Sinhalese Buddhism, to house the right collarbone of Gautama. The Thuparama has many times fallen into ruin and been restored, but the restorations have presumably been faithful to the old model. The stone pillars lining the stairway were intended to support a roof. On the opposite page is part of the ruined city of Polonnaruwa. In the twelfth century* A.D.*, under the great King Parakrama Bahu, it was the capital of Ceylon and the center of an artistic renaissance. Its population was probably about three million, but today only monkeys live among its ancient ruins.*



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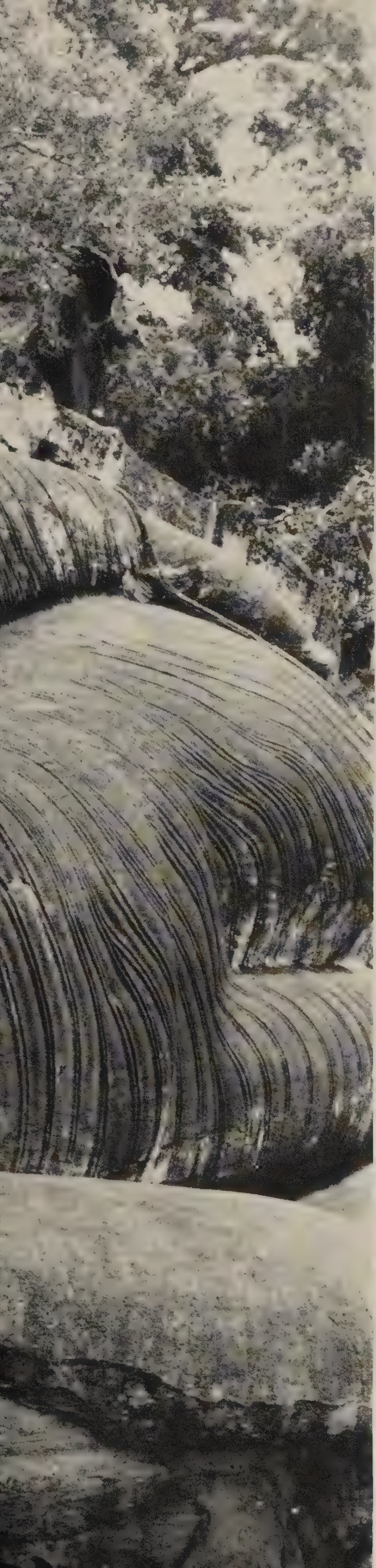


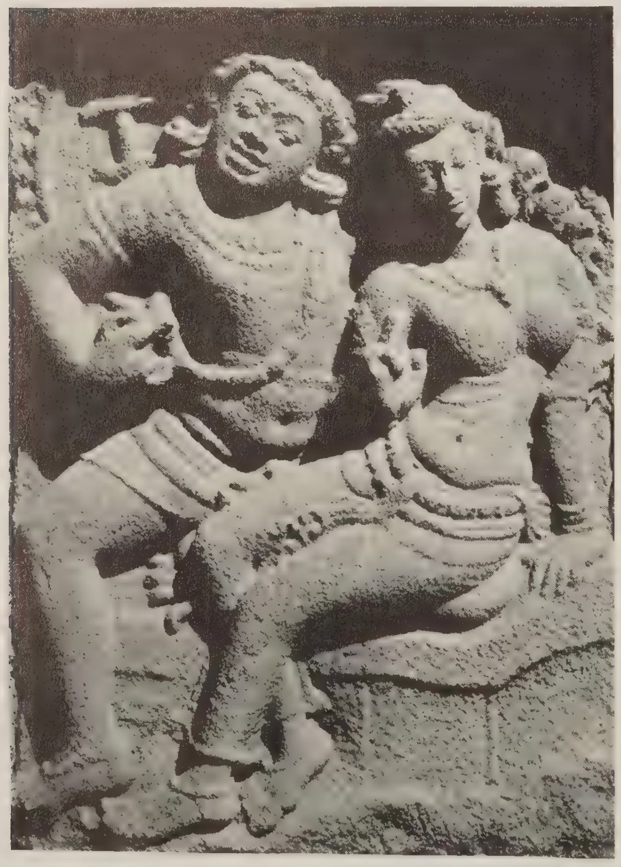
One of the most overpowering works of art in the Buddhist world is the colossal figure of a recumbent Buddha carved from solid rock near the little monastery of Gil Vihare at Polonnaruwa. The forty-six-foot Buddha rests with his hand beneath his cheek, and pious visitors frequently place offerings of flowers in the upturned palm. The sculptor, or sculptors, endowed its face with an expression of the perfect peace of nirvana. This Buddha is perhaps the crowning achievement of the artists who worked for King Parakrama Bahu in twelfth-century Ceylon. It is the culmination of a long tradition that had begun in such works as the Anuradhapura temple shown above, with its small Buddha seated above the doorway and its intricately carved friezes. The drapery on the gigantic figure, as well as its facial expression, are an enlargement of those on smaller and earlier statues.

TEXT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

Tissa and Mahinda, and in its ruins you can still see the evidences of the austerity that characterized the lives of those ancient missionaries. The rock-hewn cells, narrow and comfortless, are without decoration or light: no statues of Buddha (as later centuries were to produce out of a need for a specific form to worship), no ornamentation to soothe or seduce the eye, no minor luxury to cherish or soften the body—only the bare essentials of a shelter, reached by a long and difficult path cut into the side of the mountain. Later converts have encrusted the summit with shrines and memorials, but the essential starkness of its character can never be obscured.

In nearby Anuradhapura, the royal capital, King Tissa expressed his devotion to Buddhism more grandiosely. There he built the earliest of Ceylon's many imposing dagobas—huge domes which were variously described in the course of their development as "bubble-shaped, bell-shaped, lotus-shaped, heap-of-paddy-shaped," all uncompromising in their severity, all originally intended to enshrine some relic of the Buddha. Tissa's bell-shaped Thuparama (see page 56) held the collarbone of the Buddha. Originally, its three rings of slender, carved stone pillars supported a wood and metal dome. Succeeding generations rebuilt and restored what is now the oldest surviving monument in the Buddhist world.

A small temple near Anuradhapura contains this appealing pair of lovers posed in a light embrace. Less austere than most Sinhalese sculpture, it reflects the influence of Hindu art of around the seventh century.



DMITRI KESSEL, COURTESY *Life*

Anuradhapura continued as the center of royalty and religion in Ceylon for seven centuries. In this fact alone lies a large measure of the importance of Ceylon's earliest capital city, for, following the pattern of Asoka's India, religion, state, and art were to be inextricably interconnected in the island's development. Kings were patrons of the arts and devoutly pious; artists were monks; statesmen were Buddhist humanitarians; city and village planners were rulers. If you visit Anuradhapura now, you see their incontrovertible record left in brick and stone, in religious gifts to the city, and in the arrangement of the places of worship and of living.

Soon after Mahinda's arrival in Ceylon the wave of Buddhist conversions grew to such proportions that a qualified priestess had to be found to receive the vows of the women who wanted to become nuns. Mahinda's sister, Sanghamitta, left her Buddhist convent in India to do so. With the permission of her father, Asoka, she brought with her a branch of the sacred Bo-tree under which the Lord Buddha had received his enlightenment in Buddh Gaya, the place of his long, ascetic meditation. Miraculously, the branch had broken away from the parent tree, and when it was placed in a golden urn that Asoka himself had made, it sprouted eight shoots which were planted in different parts of Ceylon. The main branch was set in Anuradhapura, and even now, after twenty-two centuries, you can see the wide, tired tree, unremarkable (unless you believe the story that it is the oldest living thing on earth), significant, now, more for the devotion it elicits from pilgrims who have traveled thousands of miles to tie their rags of white cloth to its sacred twigs in token of prayer, than for its intrinsic beauty. You can, as I did, pay the equivalent of ten cents to have the tree watered by a modern sprinkler system and thus prolong its tenuous life.

In Anuradhapura, as in other parts of Ceylon, you can encounter the puzzling and enthralling phenomenon of devil dancing. Whatever traces of earlier cults it may represent, devil dancing is very much a part of present-day Sinhalese life. If you ask a Sinhalese just what the meaning of the devil dance is, he is apt to reply vaguely that it is "auspicious," or that it "frightens away the devils." If you insist, he may say, "If you've had several misfortunes in your house that are the work of devils or witchcraft, you can have a devil dance to purify it."

"But how do you know that it's the devils and not just coincidence?"

"Oh, you always know. And then there are certain diseases that can only be cured by a devil dance."

"Influenza, for instance? Appendicitis? Dysentery?"

"No, no. Not that kind. You recognize the disease at once; it affects the mind." After a moment's thoughtful pause, the man who was trying to explain this troublesome concept to me asked his own question. "You've been in America; tell me, what do Americans do when they have demons?"

When I actually saw a devil dance—they take place all over the island in Buddhist, Hindu, and Catholic communities alike—I felt almost transported into the distant world of the Ramayana. The bare-chested performers with their draped skirts and trousers, their ankle bells and dashing headbands decorated with flowers, could have danced out of the ancient rock sculptures. Their acrobatics and frightening tricks with burning torches and sheets of flame set a mood for incredible happenings and supernatural powers. The most fearsome demons wore masks, of black or green or scarlet, to indicate that they were beyond the reach of the material world, and their costumes were made of heavy forest leaves. Some had long fangs, some wild shocks of black hair, some brandished talons and claws; all came on with fierce, inhuman screams, to the accompaniment of thunderous drumming. Sometimes they reminded me of the world of gods and demons, of kings and battles, in the great Kathakali dance dramas of South India that embody the famous epic stories.* For a couple of hours, in the flickering light of the oil lamps, before the dancers disappeared into the enclosing darkness of the village, the Lanka of the Ramayana was filled with magical beings from its prehistory, emerging from the trees, the earth, the air.

Although Ceylon still shows us flashes of distant times and other religions, its more concrete, more civilized, and more immediately acceptable profferings to the modern world are in less bizarre displays. The enormous stupa of Ruanveli, in Anuradhapura, claims its own special place in Asian art and architecture. It is not lit by magic, as are the living arts of Ceylon. In fact, it is, for all its impressive size, rather depressingly surrounded by a modern frieze of elephant heads. Nevertheless, this was one of the most celebrated achievements of Buddhism. Its dimensions are as colossal as those of all but the biggest of the Egyptian pyramids. It was conceived to be no less than a "giant replica of the universe," and to contain the holiest of Buddhist relics.

All around the Ruanveli are mementos of the period, and of the succeeding generations that found their spiritual and political capital in Anuradhapura. Along with Vijaya and with Tissa, the pious King Dutthagamini of the second century B.C. appears in the annals of the Mahavansa. He made his headquarters in Anuradhapura and added to its architectural treasures by building the immense "Brazen Palace," named for its roof of copper tiles and designed to house the thousands of priests and monks who attended the many temples that, by then, flourished in the city. Sixteen hundred granite pillars supported a "nine-storied pyramidical structure built of wood with fittings of precious jewels and ivory." A century later it burned down and had to be replaced with a more modest five-storied monastery.

Dutthagamini's accession to the throne in Anuradhapura is, in itself, a strange and wonderful fragment of Ceylon's past. The Sinhalese, plagued for centuries by the incursions of Indian armies, kings, and immigrants, were continually fighting a seesaw war against foreigners. The Tamils of South India, needing Ceylon's munificent natural resources, would invade and conquer the current king. Anuradhapura would change hands while the Sinhalese monarchs retreated to the countryside long enough to plan the recapture of their royal capital. In 205 B.C., Elara, a Tamil but, so the Mahavansa tells us, a noble and righteous king, ruled all of Lanka, while the Sinhalese court maintained a precarious foothold in a distant but holy place that had been blessed by a visit from the Lord Buddha. The Sinhalese king was beholden to the foreign invader, but his daughter, of a more adventurous character, was destined to reverse the historical tides.

She was married to the ruler of south Ceylon. While she was carrying their first child, the court astrologers assured her that it would be a son, a worthy successor to the throne and a valiant antagonist of the Tamil kings. They were right—according to the Mahavansa—for Dutthagamini grew up to be one of Ceylon's most cherished heroes, a romantic figure, like Europe's King Arthur or Charlemagne, and, like more modern Asian leaders, a liberator from foreign rule.

In a classic personal combat with King Elara, at the southern gate of Anuradhapura, he won back the capital and the kingdom for the Sinhalese, and grandly gave his victim full ceremonial honors, a magnificent funeral, and all the rites of conquered royalty. Always devout (however much his wars contradicted the pacifist tenets of Buddhist teaching), he filled Anuradhapura with temples, monuments, and shrines sparingly embellished with sculpture and with charming semicircular thresholds that are called "moonstones," on which friezes of animals and flowers appear in low relief.

Anuradhapura was not, however, to remain the Sinhalese capital, nor was it to continue as a showcase for Buddhist piety. The raids from India of Hindu kings and conquerors were sometimes only a minor and transient cultural hardship, but sometimes, as with the usurping Chola kings from Tanjore, they lasted several hundred years. Inevitably, the continual pressure of foreign ideas brought new concepts into Ceylon's way of expressing itself. Buddhism remained the dominant spiritual power, but gradually became tempered by Hinduism.

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*See "The Eternal Dance of India" by Nigel Cameron, in the September, 1963, issue of HORIZON.

During the fifth century A.D. the capital was abruptly moved to Sigiriya, a most theatrical setting of an immense rock improbably circled by miles of flat inland country south of Anuradhapura. The story of this shift to the "Fortress in the Sky" is almost as dramatic as the site itself. King Datu Sena had endeared himself to his people by establishing monasteries and building hospitals and reservoirs, but his son Kasyapa inherited none of that peaceful, selfless character. Determined to grasp the throne for himself, Kasyapa buried his father alive in a wall—but then, half-demented with fear of reprisals from his brother or from his father's loyal subjects, he fled with his followers in A.D. 477 to Sigiriya. There he erected "an impregnable, twisted city of steps," crowned by a massive lion's head carved out of the highest crag.

On different platforms of this fantastic fortress were constructed all that a king and his entourage would need for luxurious living. There were baths and, much more important, water-storage tanks. Wide galleries along which four men could walk abreast were laboriously chiseled out of the solid granite. They connected the palace and its terraces, the audience hall, the formal garden, the houses for his retainers, and even elephant stalls. Around the base of the rock a city was constructed, enclosed by thick walls, which, in turn, were protected by a moat.

King Kasyapa lived in terror for eighteen years, awaiting the vengeance of his brother and, according to one account, "surrounding himself with lissome, voluptuous women and living a riotous life, trying to forget his aching conscience and the gnawing remorse in his heart." Along one of the rock-hewn galleries of Sigiriya you can still see the portraits of seminude, wasp-waisted women with full round breasts and elongated kohl-rimmed eyes that were painted there by the artists of his fantastic court (see page 55).

As the tides of Sinhalese history rose and fell, the capital was moved in and out of Anuradhapura with monotonous repetition. Then, in 1017, the powerful Chola king Rajaraja I brought almost all of Ceylon under his dominion and moved the capital to Polonnaruwa. There, for a century, Hindu rule with all its accompanying cultural attributes flourished. Ceylon, hardly more than a province of the great Chola empire, accepted Polonnaruwa as its center of politics, trade, and art. But it was not until the relatively brief but unquestionably brilliant rule of Parakrama Bahu the Great (1155–1180) that Polonnaruwa emerged as the magnificent capital whose ruins and monuments make up perhaps the most impressive of Ceylon's historic sights today.

An inspired military leader, a just and popular administrator, Parakrama Bahu carries in Sinhalese legend all the glamour that inevitably envelops the good and gallant underdog up against a superior force. He set out to avenge the capture of a Sinhalese princess who had been traveling to Cambodia; he wanted to restore the honor of his ambassadors who had been insulted in the Chola court; and he wanted to establish Sinhalese rights to the elephant trade. He sent a small but determined army to fight the mighty Cholas, and he defeated them.

The ruins of Polonnaruwa, spacious with flower gardens and shade trees, handsomely set on the edge of a lake, contain the magnificent record of Ceylon's second Golden Age of Buddhism—though studded with reminders of its Hindu history. The celebrated Lankatilaka (see opposite), the Jewel of Ceylon and perhaps the most important of its temples, was considered at one time the masterwork of all Buddhist Asia, yet its workmanship clearly combines Sinhalese and Indian styles. Its expansive scale is still a marvel. The vast vaulted roof, which, in the course of time, collapsed; the walls, twelve feet thick, crowded with sculptured figures; the lofty, sixty-foot statue of Buddha, the main image that the temple enclosed—all give an idea of the grandeur of its conception and design. My own favorite, however, among the hundreds of temples and shrines in Polonnaruwa, is the rose-pink Tivanka. Much smaller and less pretentious than the Lankatilaka, its very difference from that temple shows the extraordinary range of the gifted artists and artisans of that age. The roof of the Tivanka, like that of the Lankatilaka, crumbled away long ago, so that now its standing Buddha—headless but severely elegant, its lines softened by the warm color of the stone—stands in the sharp relief of direct sunlight against the deep tropical blue of the sky. The walls of its narrow central hall are embellished with the fugitive and enchanting figures of the dimming frescoes of court ladies and dancers. The colors have faded to subtle shades of sepia and russet and sand, but the skill of the draftsmanship can sometimes be caught in the lovely, fragmentary lines of a hand or a face. It is right at the edge of Polonnaruwa; a few yards beyond it the tangle of the encroaching jungle begins, loud with the scolding of monkeys and the unearthly screeching of wild peacocks.

All around are scattered other ruins of the great days of Polonnaruwa—intricate palaces and monasteries alongside the flowery little pavilion from which Parakrama Bahu "listened to the chanting of 'protective texts.'" Statues of Buddha stand dramatically isolated where the enclosing shrines have completely disintegrated. There is the wonderfully elaborate "Embellished Stupa" (strangely frivolous compared with earlier structures), renowned for its beautiful circular colonnades and an exuberance of carving. There are vast concentrations of buildings such as the Sacred Quadrangle, splendidly situated by the lake, and small touches of fantasy like the large stone book which is carved to look like the old papyrus documents that recorded Parakrama Bahu's noble deeds.

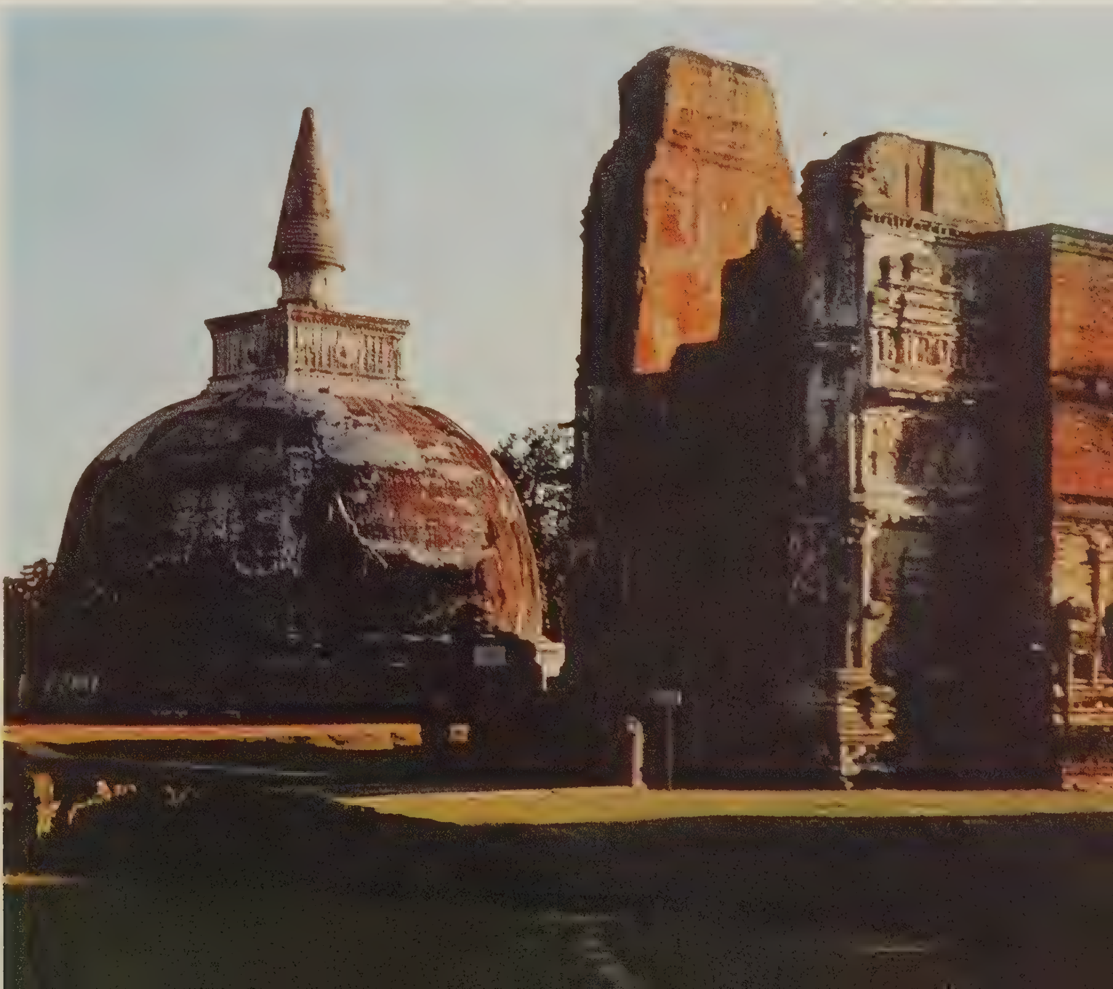
With the death of Parakrama Bahu, that era of Sinhalese glory ended abruptly. Once again the invaders from South India took over the island. Kings from other foreign countries—China, Malaya, Burma, even the Sultan of Egypt—seized control of the island for brief periods. The weak, dissident, and disorganized Sinhalese kings were able to do little, in the centuries before the Portuguese arrival in 1505, to unite or to successfully defend their country; Ceylon's great Buddhist tradition continued only in declining and impoverished forms.

Yet, as a Sinhalese scholar has pointed out, "We have in Lanka, in our temples, a religious art second to none in the world, and what is even more remarkable . . . a continuity that can be traced from extant records with a certainty almost unparalleled in any other single country." Indeed, it is this resilient thread of Buddhism and its cultural gifts that forms the core of Ceylon's special and wonderful heritage.

To me, an otherwise unremarkable moment of the time I spent in Galle, on the southern coast, remains in my mind because it seemed to condense so many of the disparate strains that make up the unique character of the island. On the walls of the old city there is a small, deserted shrine with a charming Buddhist moonstone for a threshold. From there, on the Portuguese battlements, you can look out over the gray Dutch buildings and plazas on one side of you. Below you stretches the Bay of Galle, beautiful of line and brilliant of color. The freighters, like the old adventurers, remind you that Ceylon is still rich in trade and natural wealth. In the new town, edging on the bay, the gleaming white façade of a Catholic church stands out. On the beach the Tamil fishermen, in bright Indian cottons, are beaching a sailboat. Along the wall a couple of orthodox Sinhalese gentlemen, their long hair dressed high and held in place with old-fashioned circular combs of tortoise shell, are taking an evening stroll. A small group of children dance in the street to collect money for a local temple, while some men in Western clothes, their women in saris, stand watching. You soon learn to tell the difference in sound between the church bells ringing out for vespers, the clatter of discordant notes from the Hindu temples for the evening *arati*, and the irregular single clang of the Buddhist bell—but they are all part of the larger atmosphere that the thousands of years of its history have left in Ceylon.

Santha Rama Rau often writes about India, where she was born, and about other Oriental lands that she has visited. She lives in New York with her husband and a son.

DMITRI KESSEL, COURTESY *Life*



The massive structure on the right is the Lankatilaka temple, once the marvel of Buddhist Asia. Its roof has long since collapsed, leaving only the heavily decorated walls. In the background is one of Polonnaruwa's best-preserved dagobas. These buildings and many others were erected in the twelfth century by King Parakrama Bahu, whose proudest boast was that he had made Ceylon "a festive land . . . like unto a wishing tree . . . like unto an incomparably decorated house."

THE THINKING MAN'S LAKE

The Association des Intérêts de Genève has not yet adopted this slogan for Geneva's lake, but why not? What other body of water in the world has attracted to its shores so many writers and philosophers, or produced a "Daisy Miller," not to mention "Frankenstein"?

The Lake of Geneva, or Lac Léman as it is called in Geneva itself, is but one of the many cold, bright, and beautiful lakes that are scattered among the Alps. It is neither the most picturesque nor the most unspoiled. Yet for centuries it has attracted to its shores a constellation of literary talents astonishing for an area so small and so relatively remote from the great capitals of Europe. Here lived Rousseau, Voltaire, and Byron, whose names have been closely identified with the lake ever since; and in their wake came scores of others—novelists as diverse as Dostoevsky and Louisa May Alcott; romantic poets in exile, from Shelley to Mickiewicz the Pole; and numerous literary hangers-on, Boswell and the beauteous Mme Récamier among the most prominent. The auspicious influence of the Genevan shores is reflected in the work of most of these writers; and among the products of their stays there are such masterpieces as *The Social Contract* and *The Prisoner of Chillon*, *Frankenstein* and *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

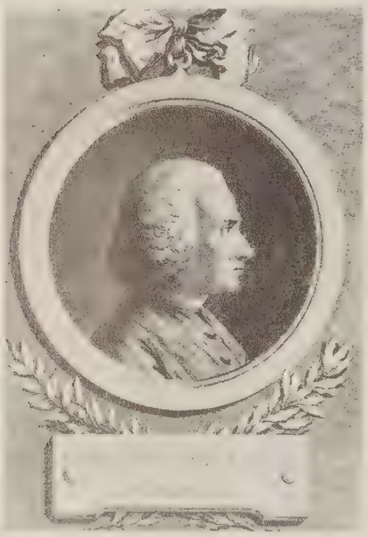
The attraction of Lake Leman is due in part to the unique history of Geneva, where, in the sixteenth century, John Calvin and his followers strove to construct the kingdom of heaven on earth. To Calvin's holy city came exiles and visionaries from all lands of Europe, followed—in succeeding centuries—by others who were merely seeking a refuge. In the romantic heyday of the nineteenth century, the scenery as well as the freedom of the region attracted writers. From almost every point on the impressive northern shore of the lake, Mont Blanc, Byron's "Monarch of the Mountains," can be seen gleaming above the jagged line of the Alps. "Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face," Byron wrote. Numerous writers since, like ordinary tourists, have found themselves being wooed as ardently as Byron was. Free souls that they were, they responded at times with delight, and at times with something less than warmth. On the following pages, the story of their encounters with Leman is presented, along with photographs of some of the sites associated with their visits.

CONCEIVED BY HOWARD NELSON
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR HORIZON BY ROBERT DESCHARNES
TEXT BY NORMAN KOTKER

The Alps rise above the eastern end of the lake

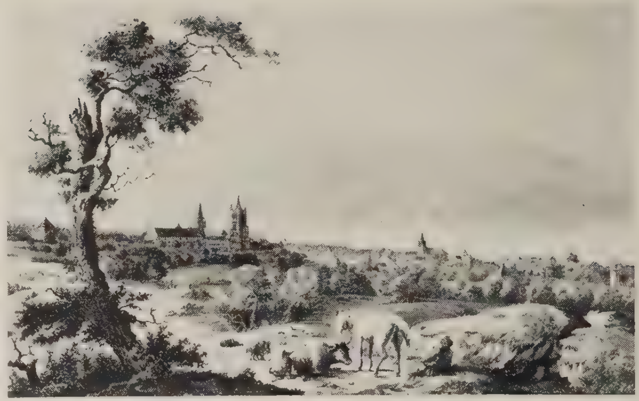
Rousseau and Gibbon

A native of Geneva, JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, born in the town in 1712, is the first of the great writers whose presence can be felt along the shores of Lake Leman. His novels and tracts, philosophical essays, and great, if histrionic, autobiography are filled with echoes of his homeland; the simplicity of Swiss life and the beauty of the Alps were a standard against which he measured all other societies and scenes. Geneva's town fathers have erected a monument to him on a tiny island set in the middle of the Rhone where the river meets the lake, but in his lifetime the prophet was rendered little homage by his homeland. Rousseau's two greatest works—*Emile*, which proposed a revolution in the education of youth, and *The Social Contract*, which questioned the basis of all existing governments ("Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains")—were burned because they were considered "temerarious, scandalous, impious, and liable to destroy the Christian religion and all forms of Government," and their author was forbidden to set foot on Genevese soil.



Rousseau

At sixteen Rousseau had been an engraver's apprentice, "restless and dissatisfied with myself and everything else," as he wrote later; "without any taste for my work, racked with desires I did not understand, weeping when I had no cause for tears, and sighing I knew not why . . ." Coming home late one Sunday from an excursion into the countryside, he found the town gates locked for the night; then and there he decided to wander abroad rather than risk the punishment that would be inflicted upon him by his master and, even worse, by his tedious life.



A view of Lausanne

It was not until 1754 that he returned to Geneva as a successful man of letters (*Emile* and *The Social Contract* had not yet been published). Inspired in part by "republican enthusiasm," he determined to take up residence there again, amid the simple society of the town and close to the beautiful lake which he had made famous and along whose banks he loved to walk. But where he had hoped to find friends, he found, or made, enemies, and he finally gave up the idea of remaining. "One circumstance," he wrote, "which greatly contributed to my decision was Voltaire's settling close to Geneva. I realized that he would work a revolution in the city, and that if I returned I should find in my native land the tone, the airs, and the customs which were driving me from Paris." Rousseau detested Voltaire, and picked quarrels, literary and personal, with him eagerly.

The rue Rousseau in Geneva

A contemporary of Rousseau who found life on the lakeshore more congenial was the English historian EDWARD GIBBON. Gibbon received his education in the Protestant stronghold of Lausanne, where he had been sent to recover from a youthful infatuation with the Roman Catholic Church. He became so fond of the place and its people that he decided to make his lifework the composition of a great history of the rise of the Swiss republic. Although he abandoned the project in favor of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, he never surrendered his admiration for Switzerland. Indeed, in 1783, he took up permanent residence in Lausanne. There he dwelt in a comfortable house with a splendid garden overlooking the lake. "Few men of letters, perhaps, in Eu-

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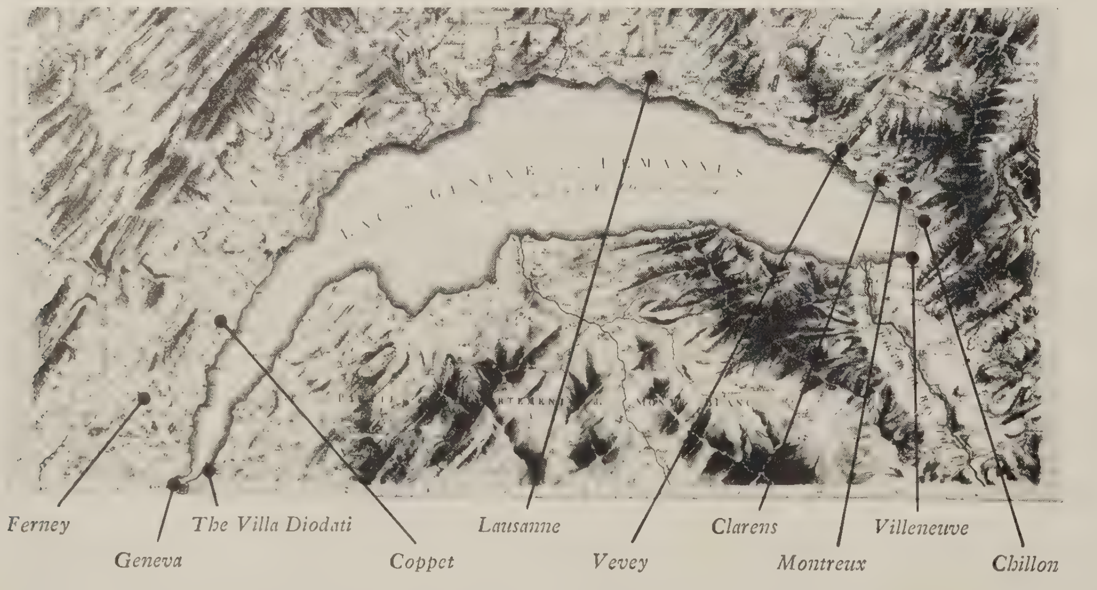
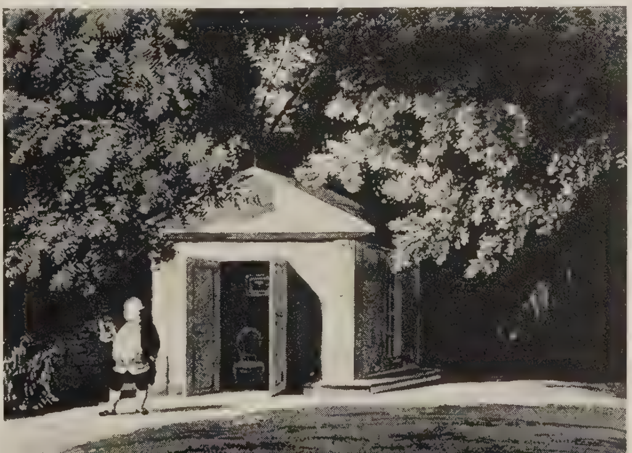


The Ile Rousseau at Geneva, with the philosopher's statue

rope," he boasted, "are so desirably lodged as myself." At Lausanne, Gibbon completed the last three volumes of his great work. "I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer house in my garden," he recalled in his autobiography. "After laying down my pen I took several turns in a . . . covered walk of acacias which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. . . . I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled . . . by the idea that I had taken an ever-lasting leave of an old and agreeable companion."

In his youth, Edouard de Guibon, as he was known in Lausanne, had fallen in love with a Swiss girl, Suzanne Curchod, but his father forbade him to marry a foreigner. When Gibbon returned to England, he dutifully broke off the match. "I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son," he wrote later, with formidable detachment. When he went back to Lausanne in 1763 after an absence of five years, he encountered Suzanne again one evening when they were both in Ferney attending private theatricals at Voltaire's house (the philosopher was playing the role of Genghis Khan). Gibbon greeted her in the correct English fashion—so coldly that she was offended and could hardly keep from weeping. Suzanne had been longing to meet him again and had asked her friend Rousseau to intervene in her behalf, but he advised her to ignore Gibbon and marry someone else. Eventually she took his advice, and Gibbon remained free to enjoy the pleasures of a bachelor's life.



Gibbon in his garden

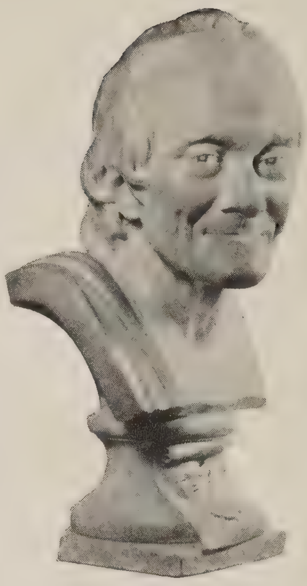
ST. D. L. VICHI, COLL. DU VIEUX LAUSANNE; OPPOSITE TOP: SAME

Voltaire at Ferney

VOLTAIRE arrived in Geneva on a cold December night in 1754, exiled from France by the king. As Rousseau had, he found the gates of the town locked for the night; but as soon as the gatekeepers discovered who was sitting in the great coach, they opened the gates and reverently welcomed him. For Voltaire was the most famous man in Europe, a friend and adviser of kings and the literary dictator of his age. He was to remain in Geneva for the next twenty-odd years, and on the shores of its lake was to complete many of his most important works. But although he found sanctuary, Voltaire, as usual, soon got into trouble with the authorities, when he purchased a house in Genevese territory. (Although he was an inveterate enemy of Catholic power, he was still nominally a Catholic, and no Catholic could own property in the Calvinist city.)

Voltaire managed to hold on to his house. But he thought it wise to acquire another at Ferney, four miles from Geneva. This was in French territory, where he was in constant danger of being arrested. If he were threatened, he could be across the border in a few minutes. At one time, for safety's sake, he maintained four houses around the lake, under four different jurisdictions.

The philosopher's house at Ferney



Voltaire by Houdon

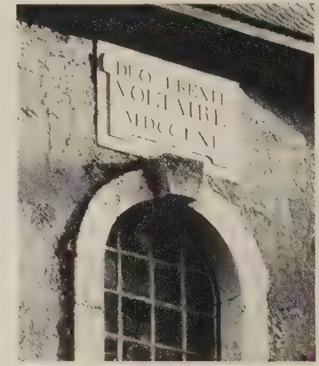
VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

At Ferney, Voltaire continued to send articles off to Paris to be published in the great Encyclopedia, in which all knowledge was to be distilled for the further enlightenment of that already enlightened age. While in Geneva he had completed his great essay on the "Manners and Spirit of Nations," and *Candide*, that satirical tale of man's quest for happiness which concludes with the observation that happiness comes to man only when he stops looking for it and tends his own garden—that is, sticks to his own affairs.

Voltaire did not follow his own advice fully. With venomous and witty letters and essays he became involved in the literary wars that were the delight of the age. But he still found time to tend his own garden. He built a model estate at Ferney and ruled the inhabitants of his little domain justly, a more benevolent and less despotic monarch than his friends Frederick the Great of Prussia and Catherine the Great of Russia, both of whom had sought his advice on how to rule men.

Voltaire's quarrels with established religion did not hinder him from building a church at Ferney. He was skeptical about orthodox Christianity, for "Monsieur the Son and Madame his Mother" meant little to him; but he was devoted to God the Father, and even boasted that the church which he built was one of the few dedicated not to a saint, but to God himself. A plaque on its walls proclaimed: *Deo Erexit Voltaire*—"Erected to God by Voltaire." Years later, when the French novelist ALEXANDRE DUMAS visited the place, he explained: "This was to show the whole world, which was most upset by the quarrels between the creation and the Creator, that Voltaire and God had finally made up; the world . . . always suspected that Voltaire had made the first advance."

Even in his own lifetime Voltaire was a great tourist attraction. Yet visitors to Ferney were drawn there by his notoriety as often as by his merits. "When I came to see you," JAMES BOSWELL informed him, "I thought to see a very great but a very bad man." "You are very sincere," Voltaire politely answered. "Yes," came the reply, "but the same sincerity makes me own that I find the contrary."

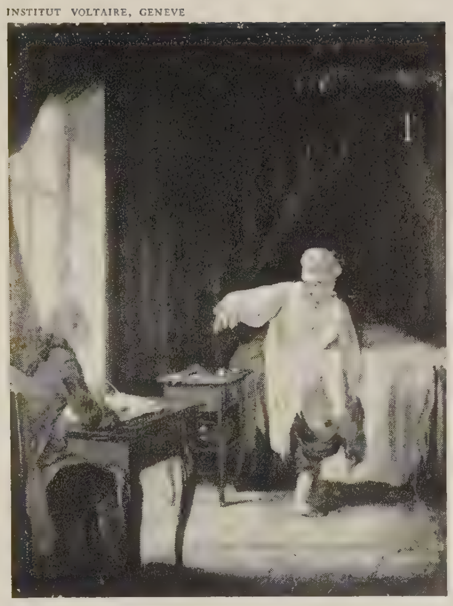


The church at Ferney

Fresh from a visit to Vol-

A path in Voltaire's garden

INSTITUT VOLTAIRE, GENEVE



Voltaire dictating in his bedroom

taire's enemy Rousseau, Boswell had begged an invitation to stay at Ferney for a few days during Christmas week, 1764. He had embarked on his Grand Tour of Europe in order to cure the melancholia with which he was afflicted; but when his request was granted and he was a guest at Voltaire's house, he found himself, even there, awaking depressed in the morning. He reminded himself that the chance for such a visit comes once in a lifetime, and ended up having a happy time. "There is at Ferney the true hospitality," he wrote. "All . . . do as they please." Boswell was pleased to read Voltaire's plays and to flirt with Voltaire's niece, and he conversed with his host in English, even though Voltaire complained that all Englishmen spoke too fast. "We think that the French do the same," Boswell told him. They discussed immortality, the English constitution, and Dr. Johnson; and to impress his young visitor, Voltaire hummed an old English ballad and repeated even older English swear words, which he remembered from a visit to England years before.

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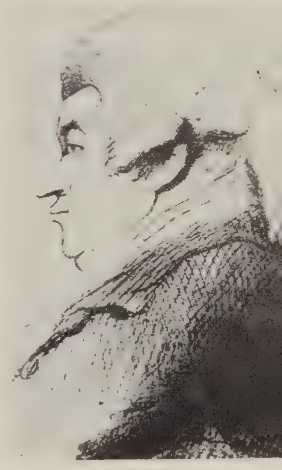
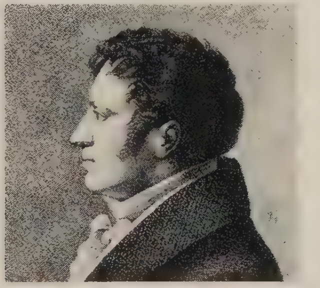


James Boswell

Mistress to an Age

When Rousseau advised Suzanne Curchod to marry somebody other than Gibbon, she settled on Jacques Necker, who became Louis XVI's finance minister and the most powerful man in France. Their daughter was GERMAINE DE STAEL, who made their château at Coppet, on the shores of Lake Leman, one of Europe's literary capitals during the Napoleonic age. Mme de Staël was, as her biographer Christopher Herold aptly named her, mistress to an age. Her body she reserved for carefully chosen and aristocratic men, among them Talleyrand and the novelist BENJAMIN CONSTANT, whose *Adolphe* is the story of their interminable love affair. But she betrothed her spirit to numerous gentlemen, literary and otherwise. Constant adored her so much that he spent the first months of his marriage to another woman at Coppet, rather than with his wife, for fear of offending Germaine.

The German romantic critic and translator of Shakespeare AUGUST SCHLEGEL followed her faithfully for years, serving as a tutor for her children and providing the inspiration for many of her ideas. Along with his brother Friedrich, he had led the newborn romantic movement in Germany, and under his influence Germaine did much to promote romantic doctrines in France. But Mme de Staël found Schlegel's person less stimulating than his ideas. In the sophisticated household of Coppet, more than romantic ideals were required for success as a lover, and Schlegel was obliged to quench his ardor by taking strenuous Germanic walks through the Alps and around the lake.

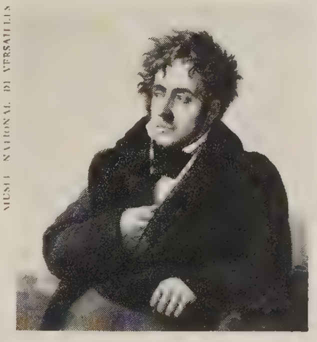

BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE

Schlegel

Schlegel's foremost rival as Mme de Staël's unsuccessful lover was JEAN CHARLES SISMONDI, the great historian whose study of medieval Italy was one of the first histories to take economic influences into account. (When Karl Marx was still an infant, Sismondi announced that "the social order we are now entering is a state of war between those who own and those who work.")

Mme de Staël was one of those who owned, for her father had left her a great fortune, but she was not idle. She worked industriously, cultivating both the arts and artists, and making Coppet a meeting place for the intellectual and political avant-garde. The château became the center of European liberalism in the years when Napoleon controlled most of the Continent. Among the enemies of Bonaparte at Coppet was the beautiful Mme Récamier, Germaine's best friend, whose husband had been ruined financially after she rebuffed Napoleon's advances.

Years later, after Germaine's death, Mme Récamier returned to visit the grave, accompanied by her lover, the writer CHATEAUBRIAND. While she went inside the tomb where Germaine rested Chateaubriand remained outside by himself and sat musing. "I turned my back to France," he wrote later, "and fixed my eyes first on the peak of Mont Blanc and then on the waters of Lake Geneva; golden clouds covered the horizon behind the somber line of the Jura; you could have said it was glory rising above a long coffin. On the other side of the lake, I saw the house of Lord Byron . . . Rousseau was no longer there to enjoy this spectacle, and Voltaire, also gone, never bothered about it. . . . It was by the grave of Mme de Staël that there came to me the memory of so many illustrious dead who had lived on these shores, and they seemed to have come back to seek the shade of their friend to fly to paradise with her."


MUSEE NATIONAL DE VERSAILLES

Chateaubriand

A literary discussion in Germaine's garden

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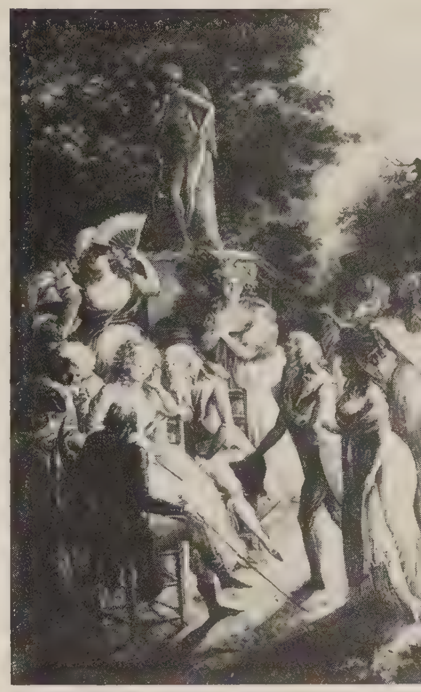
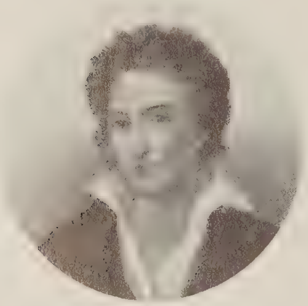


Mme de Staël's tomb

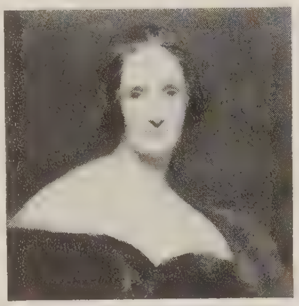
The salon at Coppet, with a portrait bust of Mme de Staël

The Lake of Geneva, with its blue waters and wild alpine views, was particularly congenial to men of the romantic age. They found the Swiss combination of simple virtue, republicanism, and mountain scenery irresistible. When the poet PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY left his wife and fled from England in 1816 with MARY GODWIN, they spent an idyllic summer on the shores of Leman. The young lovers were enchanted by the scenery which surrounded them; indeed, when sailing on the lake, Shelley, whose only god was beauty, found that its "magnificence augmented with the turn of every promontory." And here, where the north shore was Swiss and the south shore belonged to Savoy and was ruled by the king of Sardinia, Shelley discovered confirmation for his cherished republican principles. "The appearance of the inhabitants of Evian [in Savoy]," he wrote, "is more wretched, diseased, and poor, than I ever recollect to have seen. The contrast indeed between the subjects of the King of Sardinia and the citizens of the independent republics of Switzerland, affords a powerful illustration of the blighting mischiefs of despotism, within the space of a few miles."



Shelley

The couple stayed first at Sécheron, just outside Geneva. "From the windows of our hotel," Mary wrote, "we see the lovely lake, blue as the heavens which it reflects, and sparkling with golden beams. The opposite shore is sloping and covered with vines. . . . Behind . . . rise the various ridges of black mountains, and towering far above, in the midst of its snowy Alps, the majestic Mont Blanc, highest and queen of all."



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Mary Godwin

LORD BYRON, it was discovered, was staying at the same hotel, and the two poets, meeting for the first time, became fast friends. They rented houses on the shore of the lake, east of Geneva, which were separated from each other only by a vineyard, and they and their mistresses spent a good deal of their time together, talking endlessly. (Mary's stepsister, Claire Clairmont, who was traveling with her and Shelley, had been Byron's mistress for a while in London, and had engineered the trip to Switzerland in order to be near him again.) Their discussions often turned on the supernatural, and one evening the group determined to write some horror stories. Of them all, only Mary Godwin's tale, *Frankenstein*, was remarkable—so remarkable, in fact, that it is the classic horror novel. Frankenstein's monster, a revivified corpse, performs a number of his terrible deeds in Geneva, and his creator, Frankenstein himself, lived in that staid town.

Geneva was staid, but most of Switzerland was wild, and its terrifying wildness was one of the things that attracted the romantics most. They enjoyed nothing better than an encounter with mystery or a brush with death, in literature or in life. Shelley saw Mont Blanc as "a city of death" or "a flood of ruin," and compared its glaciers to snakes crawling toward their prey. He was delighted at having come close to drowning at the same spot on the lake where Julie and St. Preux, the lovers in Rousseau's sentimental novel *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, had also nearly drowned. When he and Byron went on a pilgrimage around the lake to visit the sites made famous by Rousseau, a storm arose, almost overturning the boat and drowning both poets. "I felt in this near prospect of death," Shelley said, "a mixture of sensations, among which terror entered, though but subordinately . . ." However, the storm subsided, for Shelley was destined to live several years longer. He was drowned in 1822 in a fiercer sea, the Mediterranean, when a boat which he had fitted out was rammed into and sank in a storm. (A few

The island at Villeneuve

According to Byron, the most beautiful view of the lake was from the round tower in the village of Aubonne

months after Shelley's stay in Switzerland his wife had also died by drowning, in an apparent suicide. It was only after her death that Shelley and Mary were free to marry.)

"You know our attachment to water excursions," Mary Godwin had written to a friend shortly after she and Shelley arrived in Geneva. "We have hired a boat, and every evening, at about six o'clock, we sail on the lake, which is delightful, whether we glide over a glassy surface or are speeded along by a strong wind."

The maiden who, according to Swiss folklore, dwells in the lake, failed to get Shelley, but she did drown another young lover in Lake Leman, and Hans Christian Andersen wrote a fairy tale about it. *The Ice Maiden* tells of the relentless pursuit of a young man by the spirit of the mountain glaciers that feed the Rhone and Lake Leman. Time after time, the maiden tries to capture the youth in the mountain icefields where he hunts. Finally, on the eve of his wedding, he and his bride go to visit the tiny island at Villeneuve and the ice maiden drowns him when he swims out to get a boat after their own had drifted away. In his autobiography Andersen explains how he came to write "my wonder story, *The Ice Maiden*" while he was at Montreux. He based the tale on an accident that befell a young bridal pair visiting the little island, and intended it to satisfy not only the romantics' morbid preoccupation with early death but also his own debt to Switzerland, a country which he loved.

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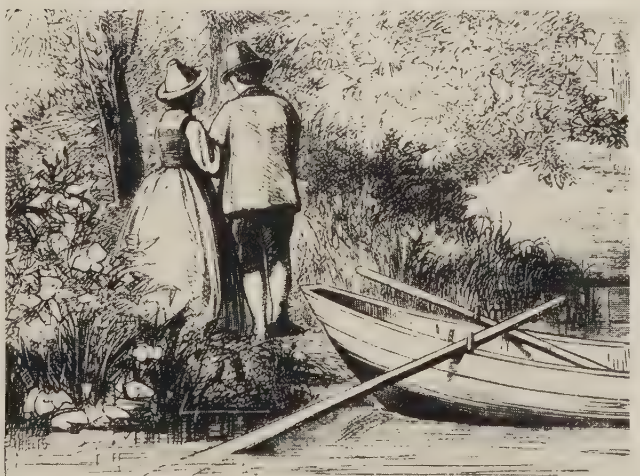
Andersen



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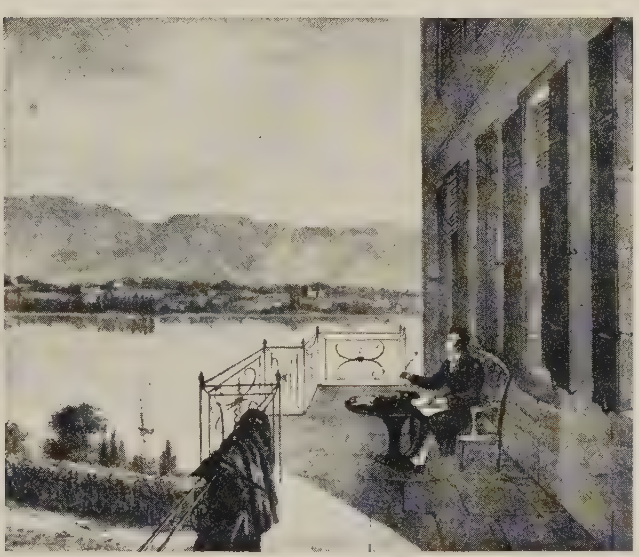
Andersen's unfortunate young lovers

The Scandalous Lord Byron

What brought Lord Byron to Switzerland in the summer of 1816 was the disastrous breakup of his marriage (due, in part, to his wife's discovery that he had had a love affair with his half sister Augusta Leigh). Although he stayed at the lakeshore only a few months, he wrote about it so much that his works evoke the spirit of Lake Geneva better than those of any other author.


The poet at work on his terrace at the Villa Diodati

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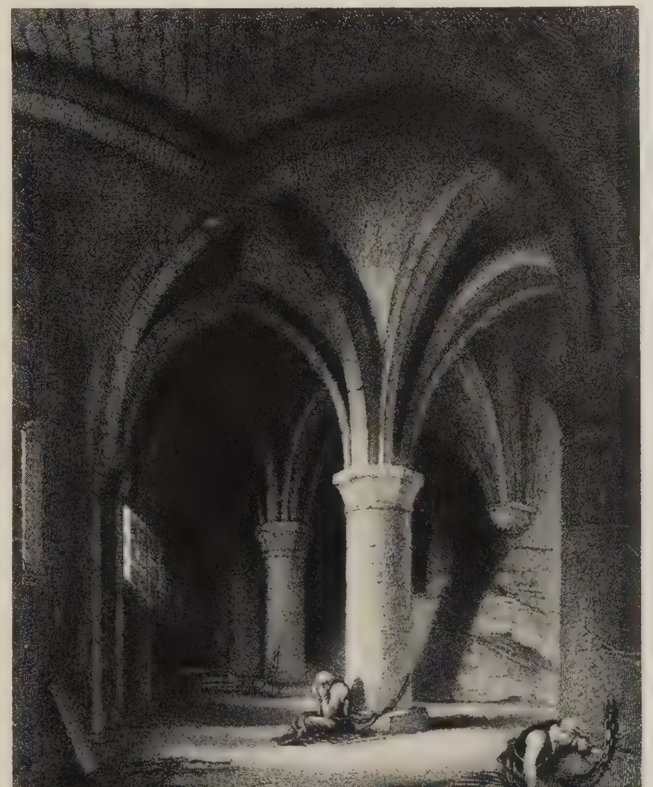
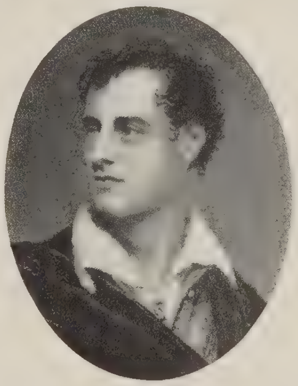
While he was living at the Villa Diodati, outside Geneva, he composed most of the third canto of *Childe Harold*, which is about the region; *The Prisoner of Chillon;* several love poems addressed to Augusta; and part of *Manfred*, a long poem that is set in the Alps and that—like Goethe's *Faust*, which Byron had just read—is concerned with man's struggle against the universe. "God help me," he wrote to his publisher, "if I proceed in this scribbling I shall have frittered away my mind before I am thirty. But it is at times a real relief to me."

Byron needed solace. He was tortured by his love for his sister and plagued by memories of the scandal that had separated them—a scandal so notorious that English tourists on the north shore of the lake that summer trained their spyglasses on the Villa Diodati rather than on Mont Blanc, in the hope of catching a glimpse of him. He sought refuge by making an excursion into the Alps; but "neither the music of the Shepherd, the crashing of the Avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain, the Glacier, the Forest, nor the Cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart," he wrote, "nor enabled me to lose my own wretched identity in the majesty, the power and the Glory, around, above, and beneath me."



While he was at the Villa Diodati, Byron saw much of Mme de Staël; indeed she was the only member of polite society in Geneva who would receive him. She attempted, without success, to effect a reconciliation with his wife, and warned: "You ought not to have declared war on the world. It's an impossibility. . . . I tried it myself when I was young—but it's impossible." He spent most of his time, however, with Shelley, who also had fled from scandal; but Shelley was consoled by his beloved mistress, and Byron was not. Though he succumbed to the importunities of Claire Clairmont, she failed to divert him from his incestuous passion.

In June the two poets set out on their tour around the lake. At Chillon, at the eastern end of Leman, they visited the twelfth-century castle where early religious reformers and other state prisoners were confined. A few days later, while the poets were stormbound on the lakeshore and unable to continue their voyage, Byron composed his long and intensely pathetic poem about three brothers, reformers, who had been chained to pillars in Chillon's dungeon. ("They chained us each to a column stone/And we were three—yet each alone./We could not move a single pace,/We could not see each other's face.") Doubtless theirs was an unhappy fate; yet the dungeon at Chillon is fairly comfortable as dungeons go; it is spacious and lies above the level of the lake, and it has narrow windows that allow both light and air to enter. Two of the brothers who were imprisoned in the dungeon died and were buried there. The third was finally set free, but with spirits so shattered that Byron has him proclaim, "It was at length the same to me/Fetter'd or fetterless to be." The romantic site and Byron's even more romantic poem made Chillon one of the great tourist sights of Switzerland, and inspired thousands of visitors to carve their names on its dungeon walls. One Byron admirer, or else a calculating tourist guide, carved the name of Byron, too, for future tourists to suppose that it had been left there by the poet himself.


Byron

Prisoners in Chillon's dungeon: an illustration to Byron's poem

The castle at Chillon

A Haven for Exiles

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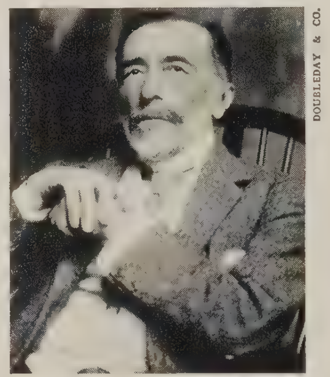
Dostoevsky

After the publication of *Crime and Punishment* in 1866, FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY was forced to leave Russia to escape his numerous creditors. He went first to Germany, where he compulsively gambled away his remaining money at Baden-Baden. From there, he and his second wife went to spend the winter of 1867–68 at Geneva. Here Dostoevsky suffered as miserably as the most wretched of his characters ever did. "I don't care at all where I spend the next five months," he wrote to a friend in Russia, "for I intend to work for at least that time. But though that *is so*, Geneva is nevertheless detestable, and I deceived myself grossly in regard to it. My attacks [epileptic] recur every week here; and also I sometimes have a peculiar, very troublesome fluttering of the heart. It is a horrible town. . . . There are storms that last for days, and even on the most normal days the weather changes three or four times. And this I have to endure—*I*, with my haemorrhoids and epilepsy! . . . Everything is ugly here, utterly rotten, and expensive." And later he wrote: "Geneva is a dull, gloomy, Protestant, stupid town . . . but very well suited for work."

Here Dostoevsky worked on his novel *The Idiot*. Here, too, his first child, a daughter Sonia, was born—and buried, for one day when she was three months old, while Dostoevsky was out of the house reading newspapers at a café, she died. He was inconsolable. "My love for my first child was probably most comical . . ." he wrote. "But where is Sonia? Where is the little creature for whom I would, believe me gladly have suffered death on the cross if *she* could have remained alive?" He and his wife left Geneva and moved to Vevey at the eastern end of the lake, but there they found no comfort either. "The more time goes by, the more painful does remembrance become," he wrote. "In tiny picturesque Vevey we lived like hermits, our only pastime being many mountain-walks. Of the beauty of the scenery I'll say nothing at all; it's like a dream; yet Vevey is most enervating; all the doctors in the world know this, but I did not. I suffered much from epileptic and other nervous attacks. My wife was ill too. So we crossed . . . into Italy."

A promenade beside the church at Vevey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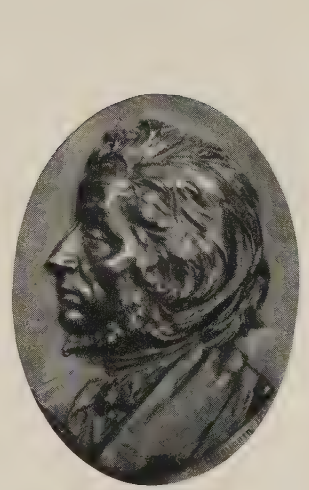
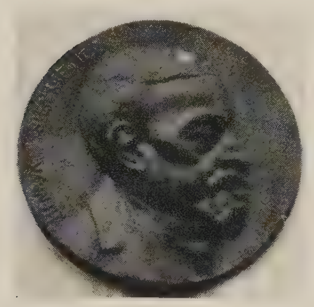
Conrad

Dostoevsky was not the only Slav to find cold comfort in Geneva. By the turn of the twentieth century, an entire quarter of the town was called "La Petite Russie" because of the many Russians —rebels and exiles—dwelling there. JOSEPH CONRAD's novel of 1911, *Under Western Eyes*, is about a band of revolutionists in the town, "the respectable and passionless abode of democratic liberty [which tendered] the same indifferent, secretly scornful hospitality to tourists of all nations and to international conspirators of every shade." To these men the beauty of the Swiss scenery was almost meaningless and its romantic appeal illusory. Conrad's hero, Razumov, saw the Alps "in all the marvelous banality of the picturesque made of painted cardboard," and the lake "inanimate and shining like a piece of tin." He had been dispatched to Geneva by the Russian secret police to spy on the exiles who were dreaming of establishing an ideal state in their unhappy land, as Calvin had done in Geneva. To write his report to the police, Razumov went to the tiny, tranquil Ile Rousseau, where no one would spy on *him*, and here under the statue of the great enemy of tyranny and author of *The Social Contract*, he betrayed the revolutionaries he had once befriended.

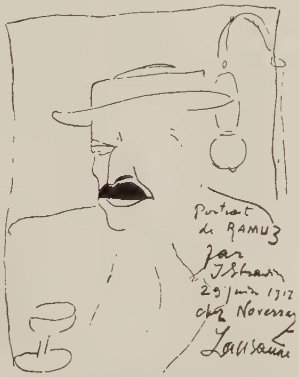


Mickiewicz



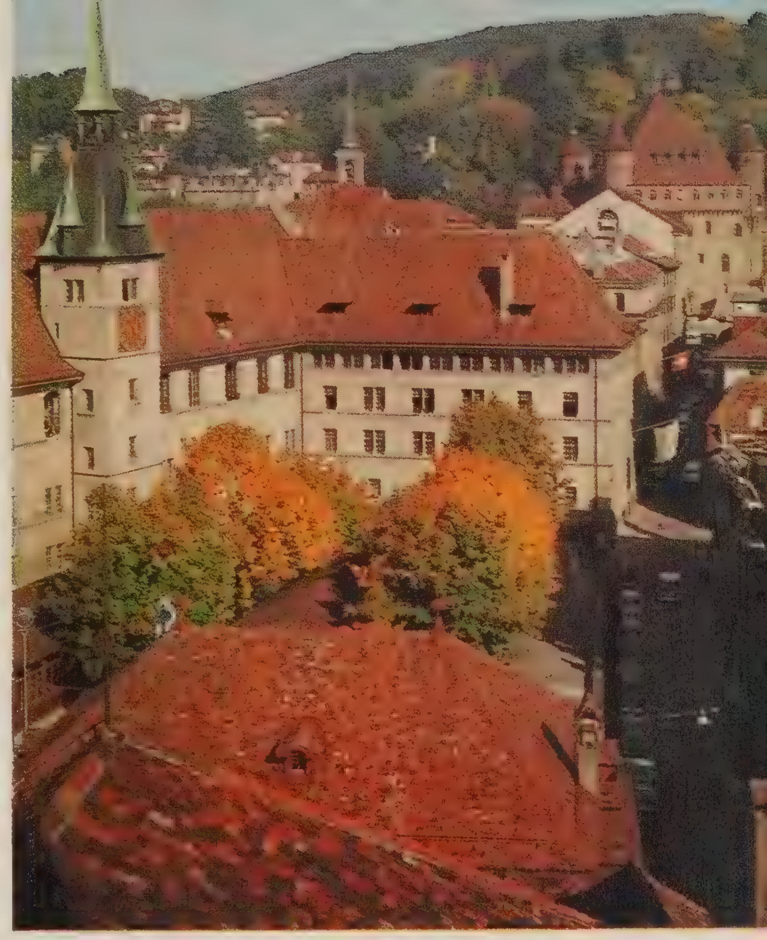
Sienkiewicz

Two of Conrad's own countrymen, struggling for Poland's independence, found refuge in Switzerland from the Czarist police. One was ADAM MICKIEWICZ, one of the greatest of all romantic poets, who went into exile in 1824 and vowed never to return until Poland was free again—and he never did. Part of his thirty-year exile he spent teaching at the University at Lausanne. During the First World War the novelist HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ spent the last years of his life in Switzerland, laboring in that neutral nation for the relief of Polish war victims. He died at Vevey in 1916 before Poland's freedom was regained. Abroad he is most famous for *Quo Vadis* (no longer read though often seen on the screen), but he is best known in Poland for historical novels encouraging Polish nationalism.



COURTESY du-atlantis

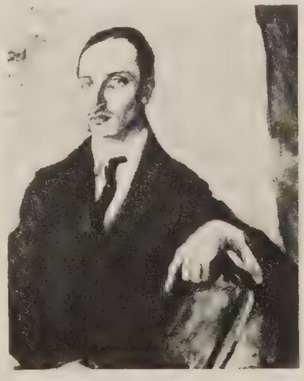
Ramuz sketched by Stravinsky



The University at Lausanne where Mickiewicz taught

IGOR STRAVINSKY, another refugee, found himself living on the shores of Lake Leman at Clarens during the First World War. There he completed *Les Noces* and *L'Histoire du Soldat*, which was based on Russian folk songs and written in collaboration with the Swiss author C. F. RAMUZ.

After the war, the Austrian poet RAINER MARIA RILKE settled in the Rhone Valley east of Lake Geneva and there completed his masterpiece, *The Duino Elegies*, ten long poems built around the twin themes of love and death. In the first elegy he had written of death: ". . . it is strange to inhabit the earth no longer,/to use no longer customs scarcely acquired,/not to interpret roses, and other things/that promise so much, in terms of a human future;/ . . . to see all that was once relation so loosely fluttering/hither and thither in space." On the shores of Lake Geneva, love and death—the preoccupations of his entire lifetime—came together for him, for he died near Montreux, of blood poisoning, when he pricked his finger on the thorn of a rose that he had plucked to present to a lady as a love token.



MME LOU ALBERT-LASARD

Rilke

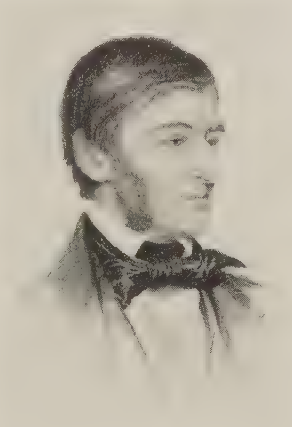
Vevey's Hotel du Lac where Sienkiewicz died

The Innocents Abroad

One of the earliest American writers to travel to Lake Leman was RALPH WALDO EMERSON, who visited Switzerland during his first trip to Europe in 1833. Naturally, he was impressed by the scenery. He found Mont Blanc "sublime," the Rhone "blue," the lake "placid." He also found it exciting to be in "the stern old town [of Geneva], the resort of such various minds"—from Calvin to Lord Byron. And like many later American tourists, he was as impressed by the bargains in watches as he was by the beautiful views. Although it went against his principles, Emerson reluctantly visited "the château, the salon, the bed chamber, the gardens of Voltaire, the king of the scorners." To his surprise and delight, he found portraits of Washington and Franklin hanging in the house.

The terrace of the Hotel des Trois Couronnes at Vevey: setting for Daisy Miller.

Emerson's friend and Concord neighbor LOUISA MAY ALCOTT came to the lake in 1865, right after the Civil War, as companion to an invalid lady. They stayed at Vevey, and there the thirty-three year old New England spinster fell in love, for the only time in her life, with a Polish pianist named Ladislas Wisinewsky. He was tall and handsome and younger than she was by a decade, and he was made more attractive by a touch of consumption and by the fact that he had been exiled from his homeland for supporting a rebellion against Russia. Louisa called him "Laurie," and spent six weeks with him at Vevey, sailing on the lake and strolling in the countryside. But nothing ever came of their romance—except in literature, for Laurie's character and name were incorporated into the book *Little Women*, and the young man became the idol of the millions of schoolgirls who read the book and fell in love with him, too.



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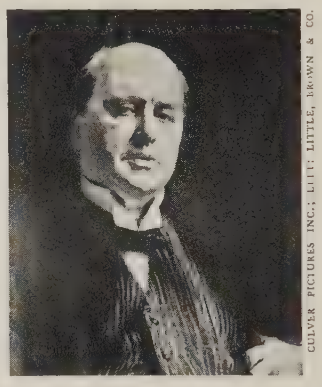
Emerson

Louisa May Alcott

By the time HENRY JAMES got to Lake Leman, in 1872, Switzerland was overrun with tourists, a situation which distressed that fastidious gentleman. He found Chillon especially crowded. "When I went, Bädeker in hand to 'do' the place," he wrote, "I found a huge concourse of visitors awaiting the reflux of an earlier wave. 'Let us at least wait till there is no one else,' I said to my companion. She smiled in compassion of my naïveté, '*There is never no one else*,' she answered." In his novella *Daisy Miller*, James wrote about the brash and uncultured Americans who were flocking to Europe, and began the story at Vevey (or Vevay, as he called it), where, "in the month of June, American travelers are extremely numerous; it may be said, indeed, that Vevay assumes at this period some of the characteristics of an American watering place."

After World War I, Americans went to the Riviera instead. But two American novelists, F. SCOTT FITZGERALD and THOMAS WOLFE, spent the summer of 1930 at the Lake of Geneva. Fitzgerald's trip was for the purpose of placing his wife in a Geneva sanitarium after her nervous breakdown. Her psychiatrist, "the biggest man in Switzerland," Fitzgerald wrote, "saved her reason by a split second." Several years later, in his favorite novel, *Tender is the Night*, Scott Fitzgerald wrote about an American girl being saved from insanity at a Swiss sanitarium. Her ascent toward health begins during an excursion on the funicular which climbs above Montreux, where she falls in love with Dick Diver, her American doctor. As the novel progresses, she recovers, as Zelda Fitzgerald was to do; but Diver is drained of strength and becomes an alcoholic, much as Fitzgerald himself did.



CULVER PICTURES INC.; LITT: LITTLE, BROWN & CO.

James

"All the world seems to end up in this . . . antiseptic

CULVER PICTURES INC.

Wolfe

OPPOSITE: *The Montreux funicular, with Lake Geneva below*

ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSON

Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald

land," Fitzgerald wrote from Geneva to his editor Maxwell Perkins. "Tom Wolfe is the only man I've met here who isn't sick or hasn't sickness to deal with. You have a great find in him . . ." Fitzgerald's admiration was not totally reciprocated. The two had met in Paris in June, and when Wolfe encountered Fitzgerald again in Montreux in July, he resolved to spend little time with him. In part this was sensible, for Fitzgerald was already on the way to becoming an alcoholic. "It would be very easy for me to start swilling liquor . . ." Wolfe explained to Perkins in a letter telling of their meeting, "but I am *not* going to do it. I am here to get work done, and in the next three months, I am going to see whether I am a bum or a man." But part of the reason was Wolfe's paranoid suspicion that Fitzgerald was spying on him and sending reports back to New York to Aline Bernstein, his former mistress, with whom he was trying to cut all ties. So Wolfe spent his time in solitude, working on *Of Time and the River* and staying in "a quiet and excellent hotel." But when he got a letter from Mrs. Bernstein, who had discovered his address—through Fitzgerald, he presumed—and threatened to come to Europe to see him, he flew into a rage and determined to leave Montreux. He went on a spree, breaking "windows, plumbing fixtures, etc. in the town," and then returned to the hotel and ran howling through its halls at 2 A.M., laughing and singing and cursing, and pounding on the door of two terrified English spinsters who were guests there. He was, of course, evicted.

Wolfe's dramatic exit almost rang down the curtain on the literary scene at Lake Leman. Although a few famous writers still live on the lakeshore, the avant-garde now seems to prefer a Mediterranean life to the bland and expensive comforts of Switzerland. But inevitably, tastes will change. Within a few decades the bourgeois virtues of Geneva may have become so rare that they will be considered picturesque—and the artists will probably return to Leman, attracted as they always are, by the quaint and the unusual.

By THOMAS STERLING

LANDSCAPE WITH MIRAGES

Crossing the Sahara to the land of the Tuaregs is a long brush with madness

A desert may be defined ultimately as a place that tolerates no life. By this standard, most of the deserts of the world are merely very dry steppe land. Even in the Sahara, which is probably the most arid patch of land on earth, there is a great deal more life in most places than appears on the surface. Sometimes, nomads crossing the Sahara stop and pitch camp at the sight of a single plant growing no more than three or four inches aboveground, on the assumption that any vegetation which has grown that much will have a root system large enough to provide fuel for several days' fires. In certain places, there are desert plants capable of sprouting, growing, flowering, and producing seeds in just a few days following a storm. But there are also places—deserts within the desert—where nothing whatsoever lives. Even decay and disease are arrested. There, if a man could keep from starving or dying of thirst and madness, he could probably live to be a hundred and fifty useless years old.

The desert was at one time fruitful, and there is a persistent myth that it may still be fruitful in some hidden garden of Allah. But this is really a stylized expression of man's constant longing for an oasis. Similarly, the theory that ages ago the Sahara was jungle, that this present hell was at one time a paradise, must be measured against the desert's limitless power to inspire mirages. Still, whenever one does encounter an oasis, the miracle of the place is so overpowering that it seems to be almost an assurance that somewhere Allah's garden also exists, hidden in the midst of the desert wastes.

One such oasis is Ghardaïa, a town of seventeen thousand, deep in central Algeria, where subterranean waters irrigate fields of vegetables and wheat and extensive groves of date palms.

Last year, after an eighteen-hour bus trip from Algiers across the coastal mountains and the bleak Algerian steppe which finally melts into the unrelieved rock and sand of the true desert, I checked into the Hotel Atlantide in Ghardaïa. At that moment a bed was as wholly miraculous as an oasis, and I threw myself onto it half-undressed and immediately fell asleep. A few hours later I suddenly awoke to a silence that was unbearable. Beyond

Heavily veiled to protect himself from wind, sand, and sun, a Tuareg warrior sits astride his camel the room, in the indifferent night, lay the largest single stretch of lifeless land in the world, apart from the Antarctic continent. Then, nearby, a donkey began to bray hysterically and I closed my eyes and slept until morning.

The Atlantide, as it turned out, faced a vast unpaved area known as the Place de l'Indépendence. Ranged alongside the hotel were a Peugeot agency, several garages, a small, busy enterprise known as Vulcastop, and the offices of the Société Africaine des Transports Tropicaux, the operators of the bus line on which I had come this far. I intended to cross the Sahara in order to go on down into Central Africa, where I had contracted to do some work. Though I am an American, I live in southern Europe and could easily have crossed the desert via an all-night flight from Marseilles to Fort Lamy in Chad. But as it was mid June and my work began on July first, I had decided to take what the French call "the schoolboys' road"—a route which would get me to work almost on time and which would be more interesting.

A sleek young man at the bus line in Algiers had assured me that there was intermittent service all the way through the desert to In Salah, and that from there I would find some sort of transportation, probably wheeled, to Tamanrasset, high in the Hoggar Mountains. From Tamanrasset it is about two hundred and fifty miles south to the border between Algeria and the Republic of Niger, at which point I would be more than halfway to my destination. I was not too surprised, however, to discover that first morning in Ghardaïa that the bus service stopped there and went no farther. I had a sleeping bag with me and a few cans of sardines, goose pâté with truffles, and Russian crabmeat, and with such luxuriously inadequate traveling provisions I obviously would not get far without help.

Refusing to face the implication of this for the moment, I went for a walk in the market, where fly-encrusted dates, good M'Zab carpets, and evil-tempered camels were exposed for sale. Ghardaïa itself is surrounded by carefully tended fields, but within half an hour's walk in any direction, one stumbles into the faceless desert. None of the few people I spoke to here seemed to want to mention it, just as in deep jungle country people are reluctant to discuss wild animals, even when one can practically see their eyes gleaming in the dark.

When I returned from my tour of Ghardaïa at noon, I saw a blond man sitting in the dusty walk before the Hotel Atlantide absolutely naked. His clothes were scattered around him, and being still some distance away, I watched two of the hotel employees come out and pick him up by his arms and legs and carry him inside. Someone else gathered up his clothes, and when I came to the spot where he had been sitting, I picked up a watch, which he had also discarded. It was more than a watch, really; it was one of those heavy Swiss instruments with a black face and lots of gadgets which are supposed to lull feelings of insecurity in people who are rich enough to buy them. I thought the man might want it back quite badly and went into the hotel, where he was seated, still naked, on the tile floor. His arms were about his knees and his head was bent down, and he said, over and over, "*Je suis en enfer, je suis en enfer, je suis en enfer.*"

I wanted to comfort him—he so clearly meant what he was saying. I tried for several minutes, but there was no way to get to him, especially because he was naked, though that should hardly have mattered. The man wasn't aware that I was near him. He continued to say, "*Je suis en enfer,*" until at last I stooped down and placed the watch on the floor beside him. I bought a bottle of beer and went upstairs. Twenty minutes later, staring idly out of my window, I saw him jump into a car—fully dressed—and drive furiously away. It struck me that I hadn't honestly been very surprised to hear that he was in Hell. It seemed quite natural.

I spent the early evening in a French Foreign Legion bar watching some cheerful fellows strike Gary Cooper attitudes as they crowded around a table in one corner, playing mechanical football. They had a boyish good humor and a somnolent physical strength that would have tempted any old-time director to do yet another Foreign Legion movie. It seemed to me, later, that no one in the desert could resist conforming to one or another of its myths. That, perhaps, explained the prevalence of mirages. Nowhere is man so inclined to invent something as in the middle of nothing. Afterward I paid eighteen cents to see an open-air movie. It was a Japanese version of Superman, with a bespectacled Clark Kent flying over various industrial sections of Tokyo, his arms stretched out like a badly made child's airplane. But the audience, inured to illusion, watched the film gravely, as they did the trailer for the next one, *Saqi and the Lamp of Ala-el-Dine*, in which a florid young man found the magic lamp and, along the way, a young lady with a pretty tummy and a face that looked the way halvah tastes.

Early the next day I began to make inquiries among the drivers of the trucks that had parked overnight in the Place de l'Indépendence. Many of them were bound southward as far as In Salah, and some were headed eastward across the desert to Hassi Messaoud, but I found only one truck—a huge trailer affair—going all the way to Tamanrasset. It would take nearly three weeks (about the time a tramp steamer would spend crossing the Atlantic), and that was a week more than I had to spare. But what really convinced me not to go along was that the driver had one of the most scrupulously dishonest faces I had ever seen. I didn't like the way he hefted a large monkey wrench, either, and it occurred to me that no one knew I was going into the desert and no one need know if I never got out of it. Finally, through the kind help of the mayor of Ghardaïa, I was assured a ride down to Tamanrasset in a light freight-truck which could make the journey in less than a week. It was to pick me up at five the next morning and I went to bed at sundown while a poor muezzin in his minaret was trying to make himself heard over a dozen radios playing popular Arab songs.

At a quarter past five the next morning, an old but sturdy Berliet truck roared along the street in second gear and stopped before the Atlantide. I threw my bags up to Hamed, who roped them on the load, and climbed into the cab with Hadj, where Hamed joined us a moment later and we introduced ourselves. Hadj was a small, wiry man dressed in run-down white loafers, blue work-slacks, and a sport shirt. Hamed was the apprentice driver, a young man of twenty-two or twenty-three. The lower part of his face frequently returned to the slack truce of adolescence, but occasionally his expression was sardonic and skeptical, which led one to doubt both his intelligence and his stupidity. He was a gentle man, and, at certain angles, his face was quite beautiful. He was also strong, which was fortunate as he did most of the work.

Before long we had climbed out of the valley of Ghardaïa and up to a rolling plain clothed in straggling bush. A camel carrying a man cut across a sandy hill to the right, riding the troughs and ridges like a small boat crossing the wake of a liner. We were headed southeast for Ouargla, I learned, and would not pass through In Salah at all. As I remembered our route from the map, it seemed to me that it stopped altogether somewhere in the middle of the desert. I could only assume that my companions knew more about the land ahead than the Michelin map makers did. I therefore said nothing, and learned later that Hadj and Hamed—who probably hadn't much wanted to take me along until the mayor forced them to—considered this my greatest virtue.

The trip to Ouargla was on paved road and we went very quickly. Coming into the oasis, we passed through a lake of flashing glass stretching for possibly half a mile on either side of the road. It consisted almost entirely of shattered soft-drink bottles. In most parts of the world such dumps are ugly, but here it was rather nice. From the desert's point of view, nothing defiles it but life.

Hadj and Hamed stopped off in Ouargla to visit some relatives during the heat of the day. They advised me to take a room at the local hotel until afternoon. It was only about ten o'clock but the temperature was well over 100, and after a ten-minute walk to the European-style Transatlantic Hotel I was soaking wet.

Early that afternoon, on the hotel veranda, I again met the blond man who was in Hell. I thought for a moment that he was still naked until I noticed his bikini and the time machine strapped to his frail wrist. That made all the difference, apparently, and he radiated confidence as he sat back in his beach chair and ordered a bottle of beer for me, believing that we were meeting for the first time. He asked what kind of a car I owned and I said I had no transportation of my own but that there was a truck waiting for me which was headed for Tamanrasset, about a thousand miles farther on. We had been speaking French, but noticing my heavy accent, he asked what nationality I was. He was Swiss.

When I told him that I was an American, my new friend looked crafty and said, in Teutonic English, "Can you speak American?

CAMERA PRESS · PIX

Tracks left by passing vehicles are the only indication of a trail across the Sahara

Let me hear you." I tried and evidently failed. "Mmm," he said. "Let me see your passport." I told him to go to hell and was immediately sorry. "But how do I know?" he said, plaintively. "I don't even know what you're going to do down there." As pleasantly as I could, I explained that I was just going to Tamanrasset, that was all, and that if it was possible I would then go on down to the Republic of Niger. As I spoke, the journey sounded most improbable and I began to toy with my camera.

"Leica?" the blond man said.

"Yes," I said, "a very old one." Then, stupidly, "I got it secondhand a number of years ago." The matter had acquired mysterious significance.

The man in Hell smiled wearily. "Of course. I don't really know what side you're on, do I? You *may* be with us. Then again . . ." He sipped his beer and looked down toward the dusty road and the post-office square beyond it. "I don't know whether to trust you or not." I replied that I doubted if either of the sides he had in mind interested me in the slightest degree, and was again ashamed. In any case, I said, I had to catch my truck at four thirty, so . . .

"What make?" he asked quickly.

"Berliet," I said, as though I had been expecting the question.

"Ah ha! I thought you said you didn't have transportation."

I was carefully explaining this—I don't know why—when he broke in. "What do you think of the Kenworthy truck? It's not a very nice name, is it?" I replied that I'd never heard of it. Perhaps it was English.

"Ah, English! *That* explains it." We shook hands on this and stared into the mad blue wastes of each other's eyes.

When I got back, Hadj hadn't yet shown up so I crawled under the rear of the truck where Hamed was dozing and, propped on my sleeping bag, began to read *Mrs. Dalloway* in French. I had bought books at the last moment and hadn't been able to find much in English. Mrs. Woolf underwent the translation very well, and because the French language is always asking English authors, moving capriciously in their richer lexicon, what they really *mean*, she was even improved, now and then, by the trip across the Channel. It occurred to me, for instance, unless the heat and my mad Swiss friend had got to me, that Mrs. Woolf was really describing the desert in her book, and the wonderful possibilities for forcing life in Sahara-Mayfair.

Outside Ouargla the dunes began. There are three regular sand formations one finds in the Western Sahara—*sifs*, *oghurds*, and *gassi*. The *sifs* are shaped like sabers, which is what the name means, the *oghurds* are great hills of sand in the shape of peaked mountains, and the *gassi* are long corridors free of sand, which sometimes traverse an entire region of dunes. Our route, in fact, led us more or less straight down the Touil *gassi* all the way to Fort Flatteras. The road here is paved also and we made good time between great *oghurds* that looked cool and delicious in the evening, like frozen butterscotch custard. We stopped at eight o'clock for couscous, which Hamed made by flashlight while Hadj and I lay on a blanket under the emerging stars and listened to his transistor radio. After dinner we went on, and pulled up again around midnight. Hadj warned me that we would be on the way again at four and we all fell fast asleep.

At about nine the next morning we turned to the right off the paved road, after taking on Diesel fuel at a crossroad station and filling two goatskins and my collapsible water bottle at a well. The skins held about ten gallons of water apiece, and one was tied to each side of the truck, under the chassis. They are called *guerbas* and are used when traveling by camel also. As the skin loses a bit of water continually—but never very much—the contents stay cool in the hottest sun. My own water bottle, which manufactured scalding water in something less than an hour, was a standing joke, but was useful for washing up.

It was beginning to be dreadfully hot. At midday, the temperature can go to about 130 degrees at this season, and in the dunes it may reach 150 or 160 degrees. I found that I reacted to it as I would to extreme physical pain. Past a certain point, it ceased to make any difference, but only if I would submit to it. The least exercise of will made the pain unbearable. In the truck we suffered comparatively little and we had plenty of water, but whenever we stopped, the heat struck like a brass fist.

For several hours Hadj followed a fairly well-defined road, but then it gradually became indistinct because the trucks before us had deliberately fanned out to avoid being mired in the sand that collected loosely in the ruts. We were on a glaring table of sand, gravel, and stone which stretched to the horizon in all directions. Now there were no dunes (only isolated sections of the desert, called *ergs*, are composed of dunes), and if I had known that we would be traveling over this particular form of nothingness for two days with only minor variations of loose rock and, toward the end, ten or twelve tamarisk trees for relief, I would have hailed the next truck going back. But we passed only one truck during the next forty-eight hours and that had an indignant camel sitting in the back.

At noon we arbitrarily stopped and had lunch in mid-track under the truck, whose greasy, metallic smells had become pleasantly human. The three of us were the only live creatures for miles around. I have heard of people killing each other in the desert for food and water but, even under extreme provocation, it must be an especially difficult kind of murder, because in such a total waste one also feels an avid thirst for company. After lunch we slept, or *they* slept. I was growing very distressed by the desert, having grossly underestimated its power to displease.

That night we had dinner on the dark, rocky sands. This time Hamed made a really excellent couscous with a sauce flavored with a lamb jaw, melon, oil, tomato paste, salt, and a mysterious red powder. We ate it out of a blue washbasin, using soup spoons and our hands; I suddenly felt marvelously well again,

PISTE DU HOGGAR
PARIS 3518
ALGER 1808
EL-GOLEA 918
IN-SALAH 518
AGADES 1082
TAMANRASSET 182

More than a thousand miles of desert separate Tuareg country from Algiers

CAMERA PRESS PIX

even when Hadj found some Arab poetry on his radio and turned it up full blast. We listened to what sounded like a merciless string of Alexandrines for a solid hour. At last Hadj glanced at me through the firelight and turned the dial to a BBC resumé of a cricket match, and the impassive desert accepted even that, though it could have been no more inappropriate on the surface of the moon. We ended the evening in our surly wilderness staring up at a star-crusted sky while someone on another transistorized planet played eighteenth-century harp music.

As we went on the next day, I began to realize how truly awful this land was. At one point we skirted a field of rocks which varied in size from a fist to a baby's head. It reached all the way to the horizon and no doubt far beyond. Surely, one could have died in any fraction of this waste, and in endlessly repeating its lessons in desolation it seemed to be serving some higher, or at least some further, purpose. Later, we traveled over low, rolling hills of hard sand with nothing to guide us but the week-old tracks of another truck and an occasional pile of stones which some traveler had erected. The sky was a hazy blue-purple, and in one especially flat section I repeatedly saw mirages of water surrounded by palm trees in the southwest. I saw so many of these, in fact, that I began to doubt whether my cheap versions were real mirages, presuming that one can measure the genuineness of illusion. Even if there is a scientific basis for mirages, as some claim, it is impossible to stare at the majestic and frightful handwork of God for hours without beginning to imagine, and perhaps even to foresee, a triumph of life. That, apparently, is why the desert has always bred prophets.

The following day we had lunch under a tamarisk tree, the only vegetation visible in any direction and the first we had seen for forty-eight hours. We spoke briefly to the crew of an oil truck just packing up to resume their journey south toward a French atomic center. Hadj and Hamed introduced me, rather proudly I thought, as their Merikani. Apparently I was working out all right; at least I hadn't yet been violently drunk or publicly eaten unclean food (my cans of truffled goose-liver pâté bore a printed notice to the effect that the contents were actually *viande de porc*, but as it was addressed solely to French food inspectors, the print was microscopic). While we huddled in the shade and Hamed—who could only make couscous well—produced a vile mess of spaghetti, Hadj pointed to a small black tent about half a mile off. The oil-truck driver had told him that he had passed the tent about a year before. There, he said, he had found a man dying of thirst. He was a Tuareg and his tribe had deliberately left him because he had taken strong drink. The oil-truck driver, with what was probably ultimate kindness, had covered him over with sand, for he had been too near death to save. While we were eating the spaghetti, Hadj asked if I would like to go and see the remains of this poor sinner. There were Tuareg graves like this all the way down to the border, he added, as well as in Niger. Murderers, I learned, were treated in this fashion also. I said that I would go.

Walking toward the tent in the infernal heat, Hadj and I discovered, to our dismay, that we were both forty-two years old. We were each sure the other was much older. I asked Hadj if he owned his truck, or any part of it. "No, I'm just a driver. A working man." (But *ouvrier* sounded less self-conscious). "You know," he added, with a sharp little smile, "the kind that rich men push past in government offices when they want something in a hurry." I asked what *he* would do if he were a rich man in a hurry. Would he push past men like himself? "Of course I would," Hadj said, flatly. "Any rich man would."

"I don't think I would," I said, as one puritan to another.

Hadj looked at me directly. "Yes, but you come from a country where you don't have to do things like that if you don't want to."

We were coming near the tent. It had three peaks, large ones at the ends and a smaller one in the middle, and looked like a pup tent that I used to have when I was a child. But this one was made of black rags that, close up, were nothing but sorry bandages. We barely had to poke our heads in to see what was inside. There was a rusting tin can, of the kind that holds peeled tomatoes, a few scraps of cloth which may have come from the tent, though they seemed to be colored blue, a thong of leather hanging from one of the twisted supports in the rear, and nothing else that I can remember except what appeared at first to be a tangle of dried, blackened wood. They were the limbs of a man. What shocked me was that the scene was so commonplace, here. The Sahara had not only killed this lonely person but it had taken nearly every semblance of life from him. There wasn't even any odor outside that warm powdery one the desert lends to everything. In a way, it had destroyed death itself, at least that comforting Gothic death that eerily defends us against total indifference. It was intolerable to realize that what I had previously assumed to be the ultimate mystery was merely a romantic illusion of the cheapest sort.

On the way back I asked Hadj why, if the Tuareg's tribe had abandoned him here, he hadn't got up and walked away. "Where would he go?" Hadj said, glancing around at the relentless expanse of sand and rock. "It's worse to die without cover."

When we got back to the tamarisk tree, Hadj went placidly to sleep next to Hamed in the shadow of the truck. I had the thinner shade of the tree all to myself. A wind had risen from the northeast, and whenever there was a sustained blast, my skin seemed to shrivel. When such winds are hot enough and steady enough, they begin to evaporate a body's moisture faster than it can be produced. Eventually, the body's temperature rises past the point where life is possible. I began idly to examine the litter the tree had collected from passing travelers. There were scraps of camels' wool on its thorns, and around it were animal bones, pop bottles, a mound of cooked spaghetti (not ours), a bit of blue rubber tubing, a stiff orange rind, and some old sardine cans flattened like comfortable slippers. There were also hundreds of pieces of weathered glass lying within the circle of shade. Then, directly above, I heard, and in a moment saw, two birds *arguing*. Considering that we might have been the only living creatures in hundreds of square miles, one would expect a little solidarity. But all afternoon the birds never stopped nagging, even to eat the solitary locust that I saw aimlessly hopping about.

That night, Hadj put on an exhibition of driving which I think must even have frightened him a bit. Not that there was anything dangerous in the driving itself; the worst that could happen to us immediately was that we would be stuck in the sand. But being able to see only a few hundred feet ahead with our lights, we had to follow other tracks, usually veering off just to the left of them; sometimes when these crossed at nearly right angles, it was impossible—at least for me—to know which to follow, and I wondered what would have happened if we ever met a sandstorm.

I abandoned these unprofitable thoughts when I suddenly began to see mirages at *night*, and of a much more sophisticated variety than those I had seen during the day. They were amusing at first, until I found that I could not control them. For instance, we began to speed down the East Side Highway into Manhattan and the stars lying directly across our windshield were apartment-house lights. Then, I noticed that we were racing along tree-lined avenues, probably in Westchester county, and I began to worry that if Hadj veered too much to the left we might have a bad accident. Again, we were back in New York City, on Amsterdam Avenue, but all the lights of the bars were turned off. I even got to the point where I *tried* to imagine a desert all around us and couldn't.

By eight o'clock the following morning, it was clear that we were coming to the end of the terrible plain. We began to see files of bushes following old wadis down from the horizon. Here and there, in slight depressions, the bushes grew in clumps that looked like green pools from a distance. All of this indicated water, probably a good way underground, along the course that surface water had followed millenniums ago. In the extreme distance were some purple highlands, evidently the Hoggar foothills.

Two days later, after a slow climb through the mountains, which rise to 9,000 feet and are often capped with snow during the winter, we arrived in Tamanrasset and I said good-bye to my friends, who were going back to Ghardaïa as soon as the truck was unloaded. We shook hands for the last time and I asked what we had been carrying all that way across the desert. "Dates," Hadj said, and went on about his work.

My hotel was called the Amenokal, which is the traditional name of the chief of the Kel Rela, the ruling Tuareg tribe. The place was hot, dirty, and disorganized, but as it was the only shelter for transients in town, there was hardly any point in complaining. Tamanrasset was lovely, but I rather disliked it with its red mud buildings, self-consciously decorated like ginger cookies, with long finger-strokes, and its tamarisk-shaded lanes. The trouble was that although the Tuaregs themselves consider their traditions and culture to be very much alive (they are perhaps the only people in the world who have mastered the art of riding motorcycles while wearing swords), the French found the People of the Veil, or Ahl-el-Litham, as the Arabs sometimes call them, irretrievably quaint; they therefore built the capital of the Hoggar like a stage set for these elegant actors to play in. The picturesque old fort is the model of all desert forts where brave men have fought for what is right and true, and it somehow seems impossibly mannered. Perhaps this is because French dreams of glory have reflected more of France than of Algeria; in any case, they are facets of still another mirage.

Of course the French ideal and the Tuareg reality come very close together at times. Many of the Tuareg men looked, I thought, as though they had been dressed by Balmain, and the unveiled Tuareg women, a bit more severely, by Givenchy. Furthermore, if the French have always admired people who feel superior (themselves, for instance), the Tuaregs are more than willing to be admired for that reason. They innocently believe that they are the best people on earth, and even without their costumes they would look the part. Many of them are well over six feet tall, and when they walk they seem to be hanging from their purple sky by invisible cords. Being so close to perfect, they are more direct and openhanded than most people can afford to be. Unfortunately, they are probably more cruel and thoughtless, too, and their race prejudice would be considered unnecessarily virulent in Mississippi. What is more, like many aristocrats, they are enjoying privileges earned for them by other, and perhaps better, people. In short, they, too, have their illusions.

The medieval Arab traveler ibn-Khaldun says that the Tuaregs were the children of Canaan and were related to the Philistines. They are also apparently related to the North African Berbers, and the characters of their written language, which are called Tifinagh, are probably derived—by way of Carthage—from those used by the early Phoenicians. The Tuareg people were converted to Islam in the eleventh century, but they seem to have backslid a number of times; though they are now intensely and intolerantly religious, their daily lives still show considerable resistance to many of the accepted tenets of Islam. The chief point of resistance among them appears to be the status of women. The Tuaregs trace their origin as a separate people to a Berber woman named Tin Hinane, who was not Moslem. There is little doubt that she was an old-fashioned matriarch, but the Tuareg women no longer wield that much influence. They probably have, however, somewhat more financial and social power, comparatively speaking, than women in the United States, and a lot more than women in most parts of Europe. Property and personal rights are protected by laws which are applied indiscriminately to men *and* women. This almost complete equality between the sexes, being genuine and backed by tradition as well as being a practical division of responsibility, produces neither Amazonian girls nor mama's boys. It is difficult to imagine people of either sex looking more proud, not to say more vain and self-willed.

The origin of the Tuareg veil, which may be either blue or white and is worn as an extension of the turban by the men, has always been in dispute. In desert winds it is practical, of course, and it may have a mystical significance also. Traditionally, a man never takes off his veil, even at night. Nevertheless, or perhaps therefore, the sexes get along extremely well together; Tuaregs are monogamous for reasons of sentiment as well as finance. They think it is right, for instance, and always desirable, to marry for love. They go even a step farther and insist on *staying* married for love, or at least in letting love have the final say. Either party to a marriage may obtain a divorce by packing up and going home to mother—or, one assumes, father. A woman may also run off with another man, and though her husband has a perfect right to kill his rival, if he dares, he is not allowed to reproach his wife. On the other hand, husbands are permitted concubines. Perhaps as a consolation for this, as in the Middle Ages, a well-born Tuareg woman often attracts courtiers who attend her *diffa* (salon) and are charmed by the poetry she writes and the music she plays on a one-stringed instrument called the *amzad*. Life in upper Tuareg circles is courtly almost in the medieval sense, and the women, who preserve the written as well as the spoken literature of their people, confine themselves to the themes of love and war. One of these poems, a sentimental proverb, says, very roughly, "If you love a woman, don't stay with her every moment. On the contrary, get far away sometimes. Separated from you, her heart will desire you again." It is sound advice and perfectly suited to a nomadic life.

The Algerian Tuaregs, through the Amenokal of the Kel Rela, are the sole proprietors of land in the Hoggar Mountains. Most of this is sharecropped by a class of Negroes known as Haratin, who seem to be descended from the original inhabitants of the Sahara. There is also a lower class of Tuaregs generally known as Imrad, or serfs, who are more sedentary than the ruling classes and physically not so easily distinguished from the Haratin. But the separation of races here isn't just a question of color. Some of the approximately three hundred members of the Kel Rela tribe are fairly dark (though a few have been known to have blue eyes), and where there has already been so much mixture between the races it would be hard to set up a solid base of prejudice on skin pigmentation alone. What does count is who one's mother was and who *her* mother was. This matrilinear system probably has a great deal to do with preserving the equal status of women, despite the contrary influence of Islam.

Most Tuareg families, of even the lower-ranking tribes, have three or four black slaves. Upper-class Tuareg men and women never really do a stitch of work all their lives and are trained for little but war and poetry. Unfortunately, they have fallen hopelessly behind in both fields. They regularly send their slaves, for example, to work in the French atomic experimental station at In Amguel, about sixty miles north of Tamanrasset—often going themselves in sword and buckler to make sure that they collect the wages. Underground tests have been made in the flank of a mountain there which have been felt for hundreds of miles, and few remember the Tuareg poetic legend which says that this mountain is full of evil genii who should on no account be disturbed. So the unwary Tuaregs, ridiculously armed, claiming a tax on each field planted in a land they could never begin to defend, and pretending to own the bodies of personal servants who probably outnumber them, wait for everything to work out for the best. As a pure mirage, this is probably one of the desert's most successful.

I got much of this information from a young Frenchman named Yves Delage whom I met in the hotel bar a short time after I arrived. M. Delage worked in the office of the Tuareg mayor of Tamanrasset (there is also an Arab mayor and both are more or less under the jurisdiction of the *sous-préfet*, the military authority). M. Delage was wearing black Arab trousers with white piping up the sides and one of those neat French beards that snake down the side of the jaw like piping also. He invited me to a table and began to speak. "The Tuaregs were the white South Africans of three thousand years ago. I like them very much, I honestly do. I've even learned quite a bit of their language and they are very open people, but . . ." He paused and sipped his anisette. "But I'm getting just a bit tired of hearing

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the official Algerian news broadcasts criticize your country, for instance, because there are racial disturbances in your Southern states, when there is outright slavery here and everyone knows it."

M. Delage invited me to his office later in the day to meet Sidi Moussa, the Tuareg mayor and brother of the Amenokal. In the meantime, I walked out of town along the Tamanrasset River (it hadn't had a drop of water in its bed for six or seven years, since the last rain, but everyone insisted on calling it a river) looking for the house of the Reverend Frank Baggott, an English Baptist missionary who I had heard was an authority on the Tuareg language and was working on a French-Tuareg dictionary.

Dr. Baggott was a tall, pleasant man from the north of England, and he asked me to come into his tiny but defiantly Anglo-Saxon living room while his wife, a pleasant, proper woman from Pennsylvania, went off to get something cold to drink. "All the dialects of the northern Tuareg," he said, "are called Tamaheq—sometimes Tamaher't—the feminine of Amaher, singular of Imohar, which is the real name of the Tuareg. Tuareg is a purely Arabic name, by the way. Of course they used the feminine form of Imohar, so it would be Timohar." He sat back, looking pleased, as a teacher of Latin grammar does when he has thoroughly confused his class. Mrs. Baggott came in and handed me a glass of canned orange juice. The doctor went on and told me a great deal about Tuareg social divisions, including the relative status of the slaves in Algeria and farther down in Niger.

Afterward we spoke of more general matters. I gathered that the Baggotts and the former French colonial authorities had found each other a mixed blessing. Mrs. Baggott, for instance, thought that a number of people in the foreign colony at Tamanrasset might have benefited from some Pennsylvania morality. She spoke of the hotel manageress, a decorative young lady I had met briefly when I signed in. She had formerly served as the town's postmistress and had cut a broad emotional swath in bachelor circles. "I understand that she's now become . . . attached to Mr. Zorro. He just took over the hotel, have you met him? Of course, they're not married . . . yet," she added charitably.

When the Baggots heard that I was trying to go down into Niger they advised against it. "This time of year," Dr. Baggott said, "even the camels take longer than three weeks to get to Agadès. There are only a few hundred miles of really difficult traveling, but you have to load up so heavily with petrol that when the rains come—and they'll begin in the south any day now—you're bound to get stuck and then . . ."

"You won't get out alive," Mrs. Baggott said, bluntly. She got up and brought me an ash tray, holding it more or less as a temperance worker would hold a glass of beer. "It's awful hard for us when people we meet insist on going down in the wrong season. We never know if something's happened or not. The worst are the English. They're *terrible*. There was that couple that came through here two years ago. Somebody passed them down near the border. The man was under the car trying to fix something and the woman was lying out on the sand without a stitch on! She was taking a sunbath, I guess. At two o'clock in the afternoon. Land, the temperature goes up there to a hundred and twenty-five or thirty. Nobody ever saw them again. . . ."

At a Tuareg wedding the men huddle behind a windscreen. The women—equal but separate—sit in the distance singing wedding songs

In Claude Blanguernon's book on the Hoggar I had seen a picture of Sidi Moussa, the present Tuareg mayor of Tamanrasset, taken when he was a small child. Some adult had held his beautiful, rebellious head back by its shock of curly hair, and his most striking feature was his large, confident eyes. At about five o'clock that afternoon I looked into those eyes again. The boy had become an enormous man. He rose slowly, offering a limp, democratic hand. Apart from the eyes, there was nothing arrogant about him. That would have implied an attempt to rise above a station that was already so embarrassingly high it hindered his work as a politician. One might expect difficulty in communicating with a man wearing a veil stretched tightly across the bridge of his nose and a turban that came down to his eyebrows, but I was disconcerted only for a moment. Apparently the eyes alone are expressive enough for almost any kind of exchange of thought or feeling.

Sidi Moussa, I discovered later, spoke excellent French, but in his office he was generally silent and addressed me when necessary through M. Delage, speaking always in his own language. One was reminded of the Tuareg proverb "It is better to break your leg than your tongue." I asked Sidi Moussa if he would take me to some of the nearby Tuareg encampments and he said he would if I could arrange for transportation from the *sous-préfet*. As I left, the mayor again rose, six feet three or four inches, and touched my hand.

Later that afternoon I met one of those Englishmen who caused Dr. and Mrs. Baggott so much worry. I was sitting outside the hotel when a tall, very fat man in green tweed trousers who was wearing suspenders with no jacket, a rumpled tie, and a narrow-brimmed felt business hat, turned in at the gate and said, "I say, *où est le managair s'il vous play? Je veux la chamber s'il est possible.*" I said that there seemed to be many rooms free and asked if he'd just come in. "Yes, my sump dropped out about thirty miles north. Some French army chaps picked me up. I suppose I can get someone to give me a tow tomorrow, don't you? Everyone's been awfully kind so far. Have you been here long?"

He sank down beside me, fanning himself with his hat, and introduced himself as Andrew Cooper. Sweat poured down his huge red face. "You're going to laugh when you hear what kind of car I have," he said, almost coyly. "A 1955 Morris Minor. I was held up four months in Reggane waiting for a new axle. Then I was caught in a sandstorm. Had to keep opening and closing the door of the Morris so I could keep it free. Awfully lucky something worse didn't happen."

I asked if he had found time to take any sunbaths.

"Well, I did, actually, every afternoon for a while in Reggane. The French were absolutely appalled. I like to keep fit if I can. You never know."

"You're all alone?"

"Yes, so far. I'm going down to Agadès in Niger, if I can make it. And from there to Nigeria. I've got two hundred pounds waiting for me in Kano. Just in time, too. I had a good job down there three years ago and I thought I'd like to settle down this time if there's an opening. I was rather hoping to find someone to come along with me and share expenses. You don't know anyone going down that way, do you—someone mechanically minded?"

I said that, as a matter of fact, *I* was going down, but that I had just heard the trip was extremely dangerous at this season, even for people who were mechanically minded. "Oh, I expect it isn't exactly a picnic. I've got Town-and-Country tires, of course, and with a bit of luck and not too much weight you get through. I think I'll just get my room settled now, if you don't mind. Awfully kind of you. Cheerio for now!" He smoothed his tie and lumbered off in search of the manageress. There was a rip in the enormous seat of his green trousers.

After dinner, which M. Zorro and the pretty manageress policed from a strategic table, forbidding us to notice that the veal cutlet was made of beef, I went to the bar for a nightcap. Andrew Cooper and I were not the only ones trying to get down to Agadès. An Italian construction foreman, a Belgian seaman, and a West Indian radio mechanic were nursing expensive glasses of beer and yearning for the humid south. The West Indian, whose name was Graham, turned to me and said in English: "This is a very hard place to get out of, I want to tell you, sir. Very hard. I been all over North and South America and I never saw a place quite like this for leaving. I got an old Austin but you take your life in your hands if you go alone."

I was going to tell him about Cooper when the Italian veered our way and ordered drinks all around. "*Sono un piccolo Italiano, ma non ho paura di tutti voi. Siete tutti grandi, ma non ho paura di nessuno!*" I pointed out that even if he *was* fearless and could wipe the floor with all of us, it wasn't a very good way to be convivial. Mario, as he was called, took this well, delighted to hear my poor Italian. He darkly implied that the Algerian government was trying to keep him there by getting him drunk every payday, but that he wasn't afraid of *them* either. Evidently, this was payday. "*Offro cento mila franchi per scappare di qui!*" he called out, waving some money around.

I translated the message for Graham, thinking that 100,000 francs might interest him, as long as he was going anyway, but he seemed to have heard about it before: "I've been here since March and I just can't get out." I asked Graham about slavery in the area, thinking that as a member of a group which had formerly been slaves he might have a special interest in the subject. "Well, now, you don't find many slaves right here in the center of town. But if you go out a little you will. The slaves around here that you do see, you got to take into consideration the social and economical side of the thing. They don't know any other life, mostly. I wouldn't know how many thousands there are. I don't generally discuss politics around here."

The manageress came in to count the cash. She wore a flowing, pleated gun-gray dress with a fire-orange belt, and, touching the money with dry sensuality, she looked forlorn and gothic, like a Lucas Cranach painting.

I was edging toward the door when the Belgian sailor caught up with me and said he knew of a truck that was going to make a dash for Agadès in three days and asked if I would like to go along and pay part (or even all) of the fare. He was a very young man with an incipient blond beard and a skin inflamed by the sun. His name was Maurice and I asked him where he was going. He gave me a broad wink and said, in a whisper, "*Je vais au Congo!*"

When I walked out onto the hotel veranda the next morning, Andrew Cooper was just ordering his "*petty dayjunay*." He looked up and scratched a bristled lower chin. "They're going to tow my car in today. I expect I'll be able to start soon. By the way, did you meet an Italian around here? His name's Mario, I believe. Claims he'll pay a hundred thousand francs to get out of here. Do you think he has it? Of course I'd pay it back. I've got two hundred pounds waiting for me down in Kano." Just then, "Mme Zorro" came out in a clinging black-and-pistachio silk dressing gown and gave some peremptory orders to one of the hotel boys watering the garden. When she had gone inside, Andrew Cooper turned to me and said, "I'd say she was quite neurotic, wouldn't you? People who dress like that usually are, don't you find? I mean, she manages to be *very* attractive."

I said that it had never occurred to me that a Frenchwoman could show emotional instability by overdressing, though he might have a point. Still, it was better to see a woman dressed to the nines than to see her let herself go. "Eh? Oh yes, I see. Keeping up appearances, you mean. Right as rain there."

I made a formal application that day for transportation to go around to the Tuareg encampments with Sidi Moussa. For a few minutes I shared the waiting room of the *sous-préfet* with a noble Tuareg couple. The woman looked strikingly like Agnes Moorehead and the man was a kind of sinewy Vincent Price who strode up and down eloquently blowing his nose on the floor. When I was called into the prefect's office the Tuareg stood straight as a jet of water, slapping the hilt of his sword impatiently while his wife fiddled ominously with a bunch of keys. The *sous-préfet* was a hard-working young man in a paratrooper's uniform, which he wore not from necessity but pride. He wasn't at all interested in lending me transportation, for which I could hardly blame him. He finally gave me the name of an Arab trader who would rent me a car, but when I went to see him the price was outrageous, and at the same time I was told that Sidi Moussa no longer had time to guide me around. When I spoke of this to M. Delage later, he nodded and said "Yes, it's probably because they think you want to know more about slavery here." I didn't know if this was true or not, but I thought it might not be a bad idea to visit some slaves if that were possible. M. Delage said it was and took me to see a Negro slave family camped a short way out of town along a wadi.

On the whole, the visit was disappointing. The circumstances of our lives were so different that we had no common terms. When one speaks to a person who is acknowledged to be the physical property of another, words like happy or unhappy, like or dislike—anything short of love and hate—are meaningless. This particular slave family—an attractive mother and five children—lived in a tiny, ragged tent, and the mother did all of the domestic work for a family of Tuaregs who lived in another tent not far away. When we approached, she was grinding wheat between two flat stones and her naked children were playing around her in the dirt. I had brought along a pound of peanuts

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because it seemed to be the most nourishing and amusing thing for the children, and also because I had been warned that anything more luxurious would be confiscated by the owners. The peanuts were in a plastic bag, and I noticed, in fact, that the first thing the woman did was to empty the bag on the ground, fold it up quickly, and hide it. A moment later a little Tuareg girl came over from the other tent, also looking quite ragged and hungry, and everyone began cracking peanuts. When I was introduced as an American, the woman looked as blank as I did when she told me that her owners came from the Iforras Mountains near Tin Zaouaten. I later learned that slavery in the region near the southern border is practiced with all its pristine rigor. It is not eased, as in Tamanrasset, by a limited right to own property, if not one's self. A slave, there, owns nothing on earth, and a woman merely has the raising of her children, who also become slaves. We exchanged a few more words and then, having nothing unimportant left to say, I went.

As I returned to the hotel, Andrew Cooper drove up to the outer gate and parked his Morris beneath a tamarisk tree. "Well," he said, stepping out proudly, "there she is!" One of the hinges was off the hood of the car and the gas tank was covered with a cap made from a cut-down tin can. My friend pointed to a sign on the hotel wall which read *Défense d'uriner*. "If that says No Parking, I just don't care! There's plenty of room for everyone."

Then he added, "It looks as though we're getting out of here in a few days. Graham and the Italian and I are traveling together with the two cars—we're going to hire a truck to escort us on the most difficult part of the track with extra petrol. I've really got to get through. If I don't, I'll waste another year. I'm forty-three now and it's not so easy to get a job any more. Of course, I have a spot of cash put aside in Kano, to see me through for a while." We stepped into the hotel bar and I asked what kind of work he had done before. "Well, I was fifteen years in India, first with the army and then on my own. I'd still be there but the Indians don't take on non-Indians except specialists any more. Can't really blame them. Got lots of their own chaps to feed. I'm just a very good salesman and that's not enough." We ordered beer. "I even thought of going to America," Andrew Cooper said, "but I don't know how I'd get along, and then there's my age." I suggested that he take off about fifty pounds and lie about his age. He looked horrified. "Good heavens, no. I never lie. I never *have* been able to."

There was a commotion in the street. A political demonstration was blowing up like a tropical storm, as they do these days all over the underdeveloped world. We went to the door. About a hundred young men came by, shouting phrases in Arabic and waving a flag. The ground trembled with the beat of progressive feet as they milled before the entrance to the bar. Andrew Cooper beamed. "How nice. A parade! What are they saying, I wonder?" I asked the Sudanese bartender who told me, laughing, that they were abusing the French. I passed this on to Andrew who sipped his beer and gave the mob his best ladies' party smile. "I expect there's a lot of resentment against the French, still. On account of the war, you know. Dreadful business, wasn't it?" Suddenly, two armed men rushed up and stood firmly in the doorway. "Are they trying to *protect* someone?"

"Us," I said, faintly.

"Good heavens, *I'm* not French. They ought to be able to see that!" I looked at him as the patriots began to march off, rejoicing in their solidarity at the expense of some of their reason. He was perfectly right. The rest of us in the hotel might be torn limb from limb, if the innate good nature of most of the demonstrators were ever to fail them, but Andrew Cooper was being saved for a wholly British bloodbath.

Two days later we discovered that the rains had begun in the south and that the Belgian sailor's truck wasn't going down to Niger until the following October. Mario had decided not to go south either, and he invited Graham and Maurice to move into his little house until fall. As for myself, if I were to reach Central Africa in any reasonable time, I would have to go back to Europe and fly down, so I arranged to return to Algiers with one of the last trucks going north before the desert closed up on both sides. Of the four of us, Andrew Cooper was the only one still determined to drive down immediately. "I more or less have to, you know," he said. "One has to eat, I'm afraid. But I expect it will all work out. It usually does. You wouldn't like to come with me?"

I refused, thinking of the blackened limbs of the Tuareg in the little tent, then offered him my last can of Russian crabmeat as a token. "I say, that *is* awfully kind. It's always nice to have something special, isn't it? Russian crabmeat is very rare in the Sahara, I suppose." Andrew's smile was resolutely cheerful in the face of what I had been told was nearly a 50 per cent chance of dying. He would press doggedly on toward his £200 mirage in Kano, and maybe would even get through. Perhaps the only way to defeat the desert was with illusion after all. Then, remembering the mad Swiss who lived in Hell, I glanced into my immense friend's child-blue eyes. After all, he was about to do something a good deal more insane than taking off his clothes and sitting on the sidewalk, though the very thought made me shudder.

Andrew Cooper smiled, nervously. There was no doubt about it. He was hopelessly sane and ridiculously alive. "Well, I'll say oh revoir and I hope we see each other again," he said, shaking my hand.

I recalled the Tuareg proverb "Living people often meet," and found his redundance consoling. "Adieu," I said, "and God be with you."

Thomas Sterling, an American novelist and journalist, has traveled extensively in Africa. He is the author of Stanley's Way, *an account of the land that was explored a century ago by Henry Stanley.*

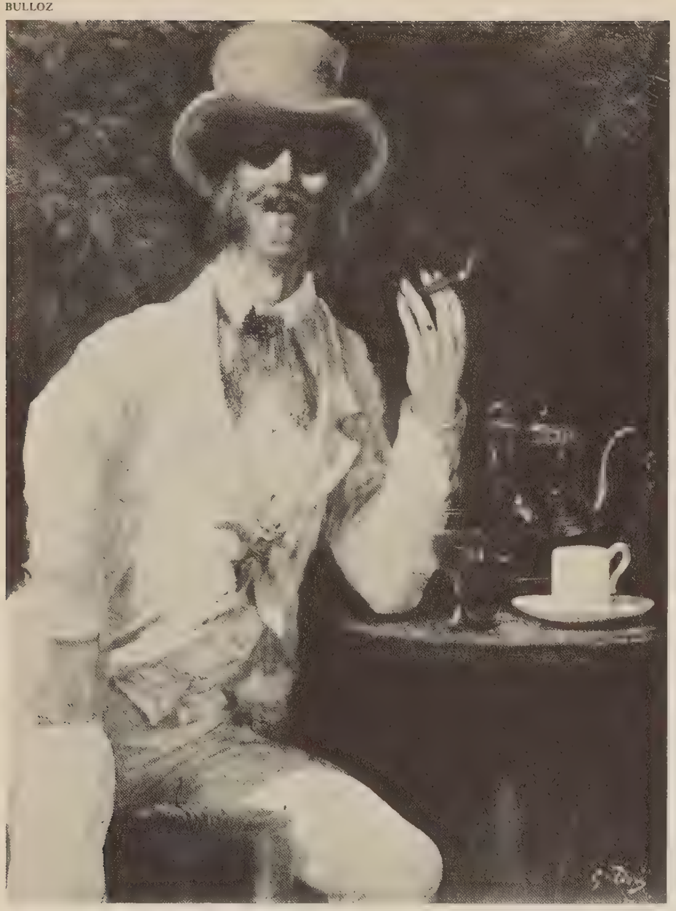
The Hoggar Mountains appear to be desolate, yet they are considerably more fertile than the rest of the Algerian Sahara

The World's Most Exclusive Club

By PHYLLIS FELDKAMP

ES VERROUST—ATLAS PHOTO

BULLOZ



The Jockey Club's founder, Lord Henry Seymour, in a portrait by Doré

Even to be blackballed often enough by this circle of the high born is a distinction

Most men in the position of François Schneider, an influential power in French business and industry who figures in Georges Simenon's novel *The Bells of Bicêtre*, would feel that they had won all of life's first prizes.

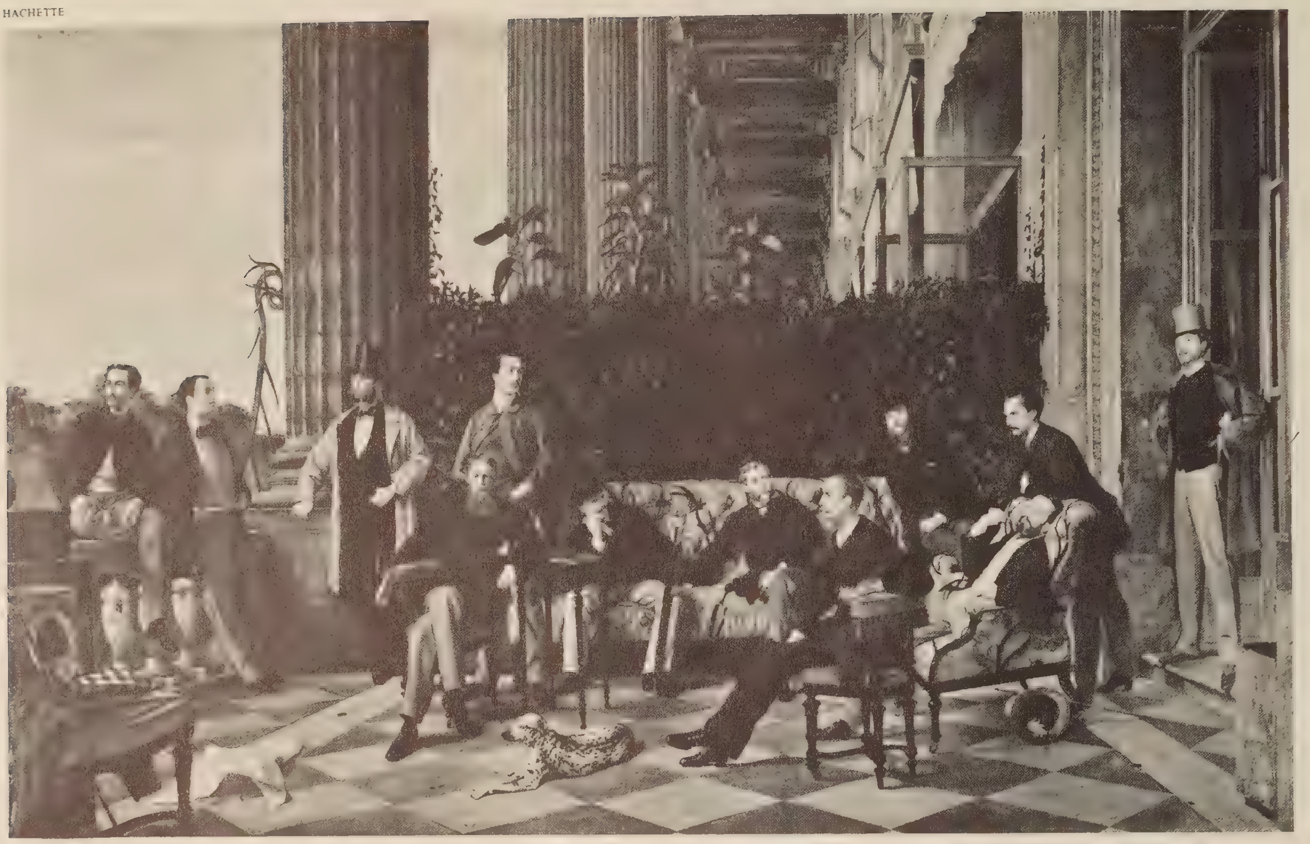
At sixty-five Schneider is in perfect health. Every morning before he leaves his handsome *hôtel particulier* on the best street in Paris, he is given a treatment in his private exercise room by his yoga professor. Then he is shaved and combed and manicured by his personal barber. When he arrives at the Bourse, he increases his already formidable fortune through stock manipulations; his voice carries heavy weight on several consequential boards of directors; he cuts a mean figure in French racing circles; he is welcomed in the salons of the most clever and beautiful women in Paris.

Yet in spite of his eminent position Schneider is not satisfied. There is only one group that really interests him, and so far it has failed to admit him. Like dozens of others in France who are exceptionally successful, he wants the crowning status symbol: he wants to belong to the Jockey Club of Paris.

Ever since it was founded in 1834, membership in the Jockey Club has been the ultimate stamp of French social approval. A choice museum piece that outsiders rarely see, the Jockey is the last stand of the remnants of the French aristocracy. Behind a deliberately anonymous façade at number 2 rue Rabelais, near the Rond-Point des Champs-Elysées, the members—descendants

At Chantilly, club members focus their attention on the races as well as on the social niceties.

HACHETTE



Dandies unable or unwilling to join the Jockey formed a rival club, the Cercle de la rue Royale*; this portrait of them was painted in 1867*

of "*les lions*" and "*les demi-dieux du Jockey*" who fascinated Balzac and Proust—relish their privacy and are united in tireless vigil against any intrusion on what they regard as their hereditary rights, even if most people think these were dispensed with a long time ago.

Parisians like to pin the label of "the world's most exclusive club" on the Jockey, although an Englishman might argue for the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes. Even if the club does not hold this distinction, it is unique in another respect. There is surely no other place in the world where President Charles de Gaulle can be disposed of in conversation as "the son of old Talhouet's tutor."

Although noble birth is not necessarily a requirement for eligibility, 85 per cent of those who make up the list of twelve hundred members have titles. At least three princes of the blood, two dozen *ducs*, and an array of lesser nobles compose a group whose names sound like a roll call from a French history book—if the book stops at the end of the nineteenth century.

Fame, intellectual brilliance, or distinguished public service are not of stunning significance at the Jockey Club. The Duc de Lévis Mirepoix and Jacques de Lacretelle, both of the Académie Française, do not belong to the club because of their writing talents, but in spite of them. The Duc de Doudeauville, who was the club's president for forty years until he died in 1963 at the age of ninety-three, summed up the prevailing attitude when someone broached the name of the celebrated novelist and Academician Paul Bourget, and began cataloguing his achievements with a view to proposing him.

"Fortunately," said the Duc, "we are still those few in France for whom these matters are, thank God, of no importance whatsoever."

Provided they meet certain conditions, men such as Simenon's fictional François Schneider, who have simply concentrated on making money more or less honorably, stand a better chance. If Schneider belongs to a family of the *haute bourgeoisie*, if his fortune has been ripening for three generations, and if his relations have been kindly disposed toward the idea of marrying off daughters to insolvent sons of the aristocracy, he may even be on firmer ground than a candidate whose pedigree should make him a shoo-in but whose great-great grandfather backed the wrong duke a hundred years before. Many of the Jockey's members have long memories.

The tangible rewards of admission are slight: an unobtrusive letter J after one's name in the *Bottin Mondain*, the French social register; access to the Jockey Club tribunes at the race courses of Longchamp, Chantilly, and Deauville; and, at the club, a passable lunch or dinner for a modest fifteen francs.

Still, the warning of a sophisticated Parisian, "It's useless to knock at the door of the Jockey Club. . . . There hasn't been a new name in the yearbook in fifty years," will not restrain the François Schneiders from continuing to try. Ambitious Frenchmen who have reached the top of the material and social heap figure that the gamble is worth taking; and although they know that the entire membership votes on new entrants under a system whereby one "*Non*" cancels out six "*Ouis*," they cheerfully risk being blackballed as many as two or three times over. If they fail often enough, they are in good company, and there is even a certain distinction to be gained. The record for blackballs at the Jockey Club is held by Charles Haas, Marcel Proust's model for Swann, who was put down four times before finally being elected.

Men's clubs started in France during the reign of Charles X on the wave of Anglomania that swept in with the *Restauration*. Every fashionable young Frenchman wanted to be a fop à la Buckingham or Beau Brummell. It was very bon ton to wear yellow gloves, lean over balconies smoking cigars, and practice looking detached and bored. *Les dandys* ate plum cake and spiced gingerbread and spoke French with a strong British accent. "Goddam," went a popular song, "*Moi, j'aime les Anglais!*"

The moving spirit behind the formation of the Jockey Club and the man chiefly responsible for the introduction of thoroughbred racing into France was an Englishman, Lord Henry Seymour, a leading eccentric of the day. No one in France had ever cared much about sports, much less horse racing, although today some Frenchmen will argue that it began with a contest organized by Charlemagne and won by the legendary Bayard. However that may be, Godolphin Arabian, one of the three founding stallions of thoroughbred racing, was sold for next to nothing by Louis XV and was later discovered pulling a dray cart in Paris, whence he was shipped off to England to breed champions that were later eagerly imported into France. Seymour, a small man, was a sports fanatic whose house in Paris was fitted out with a gymnasium and a massage room, and was packed every day with languid dandies who came to watch him and his muscle-conscious cronies box, fence, and work out with punching bags.

Les dandys much preferred looking at exercise to actually taking it. They thought the size of Seymour's biceps, which was said to equal the span of a young girl's waist, "*un monstrueux développement*." They were appalled that a man of high birth and great fortune would go in for weight lifting and would join a crowd of thugs and rowdies to hang over the rails and shout at dog fights.

But Seymour loved racing, and in 1833 he founded, with the help of a number of like-minded and wealthy associates, the *Société d'Encouragement* for the improvement of horse breeding in France. Among his colleagues were the Russian Count Anatole Demidoff, who owned a bathtub carved from a single piece of malachite; Marshal Ney's son, the Prince de la Moskowa; and a Portuguese nobleman, De Gama Machado, who kept two hundred parakeets at home and never went out without one of them on his shoulder. (Seymour himself is supposed to have been the illegitimate son of the Marchioness of Hertford and the Adonis-like Comte Casimir de Montrond, Talleyrand's right-hand man. His money came from his mother's family, for the Marquess of Hertford, on whom Thackeray modeled the insufferable Lord Steyne in *Vanity Fair*, left Seymour out of his will.) Under the sponsorship of the Duc de Nemours and the Duc d'Orléans, the heir presumptive to the French throne, the aristocratic sportsmen set up the framework for thoroughbred racing in France, following the Newmarket regulations which prevailed in England.

COURTESY *L'Illustration*

The landing of the club's staircase, where new members are voted in

Not every man in Paris was as taken with horses as they were. Few dandies cared to risk their skins as gentlemen jockeys; why expose oneself to useless dangers? To attract more supporters, Lord Seymour and his group organized the Jockey Club the next year, with Seymour as its president. Members were required to sign up in the *Société d'Encouragement*. Since the events of 1789, the word "club" had had nasty Revolutionary political connotations, and clubs were, in fact, prohibited by law. The Jockey was officially known as the "*Cercle de la Société d'Encouragement*" until early in the twentieth century.

Among the stated aims of the founders of the Jockey Club was "to make a chain to bind the classes together," but which particular classes was not specified. At least the club got *les dandys* out of Seymour's house for part of the day. As soon as there were two hundred members, they rented quarters conveniently near their favorite restaurant, the Café de Paris, and the ballet dancers' foyer at the Opéra, and had a wonderful time spending money on decorating the premises. They voted to admit the novelist Eugène Sue, who later became a Socialist deputy and was dropped for nonpayment of dues, but they turned down the poet Alfred de Musset.

Seymour, when not busy strengthening his little finger so that it could sustain a hundred-pound weight, was engrossed in his stables at Neuilly and his breeding farm at Glatigny. After the *Prix du Jockey Club* was established in 1836—it is the French Derby, run the second Sunday in June at Chantilly—his horses won the race for three years straight.

The horsy types at the Jockey were quickly outnumbered by the non-horsy types, who belonged to two categories: the gastronomes and the whist players. The gastronomes thought that funds for the encouragement of the breed might better be given over to the encouragement of better dining. Their preoccupation with sedentary, sybaritic meals and all-night high-stake gambling sessions infuriated Seymour. He flew into a temper when the board proposed revising the rules to use some racing funds for the club itself, and after less than two years in office he resigned as president.

He was a rotten loser. When, in 1840, one of his horses failed for the first time to win the *Prix du Jockey Club*, he claimed a foul; and when the charges were dismissed, he sold all his horses and pulled out of racing completely.

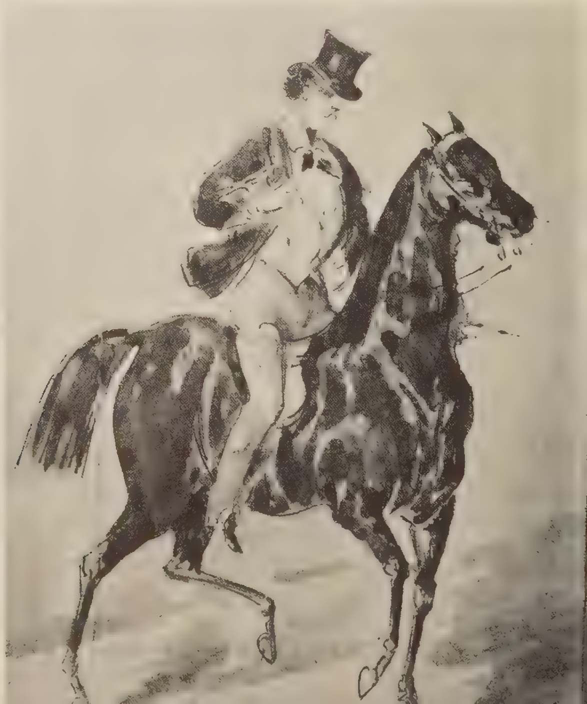
Since Seymour's time the club has maintained its ties with the *Société d'Encouragement*, which administers three tracks in France and the training grounds at Chantilly. Roughly half of the thirty-two to thirty-eight member chairs of the *Société* are by statute occupied by owners who are Jockey Club men and who serve on the racing commissions. But most present-day members of the club lack the passion for racing—and the money to keep large stables and breed race horses. Hunting, card playing, and the complex rules of social life concern them more. To the earl men of the Jockey, whose idea of interesting gambling was a be of something like ten thousand dollars on a single throw of th dice, the bridge games of today would seem tame. The member still appreciate the period charm of such exploits as that o Charles Laffitte and the Comte de Chateauvillard, who charge up the stairs on horseback in 1849 and trotted into the billiar room to play a round *à cheval*, but no one has shown any inclination to try anything similar for many years.

The prosperous era of Napoleon III fostered such extravagan gestures, which were epitomized in the Jockey Club set by th Duc de Gramont-Caderousse, who tossed his money aroun with plenty of panache. His crowning achievement was an Easte present for his mistress: a gigantic artificial egg, which cracke open to reveal a victoria with two horses, a coachman, and footman. At this time the *beau idéal* of the Continental upper crus was Albert, Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII. He had onl to turn up his trouser cuffs or leave the last button of his ampl waistcoat undone to create a fashion among the *élégants* of Pari

On Bertie's annual sprees across the Channel he joined his fel low members of the Jockey Club in paying surprise backstag visits at the theater and the Opéra. "With wavy whiskers an curly hair, square monocles set in the eye, towering stovepipe hat on their heads, the fast young men of the day drifted along th passages to knock at the little iron door which gave access to th wings of the stage." The members of the *corps de ballet* were th biggest snobs in Paris. They graded their suitors according t their clubs. The Jockey came first, and after that, the *Cercle de l rue Royale* (see page 94), the *Cercle Agricole*, and the *Cercle d l'Union*; the dancers snubbed everyone else.

As an imposing symbol of the good life, Edward VII formed one-man link between the Second Empire and the golden *Bell Epoque*, which stretched across the 1890's well into the new cen tury. On his official trip to Paris in May, 1903, when laying th

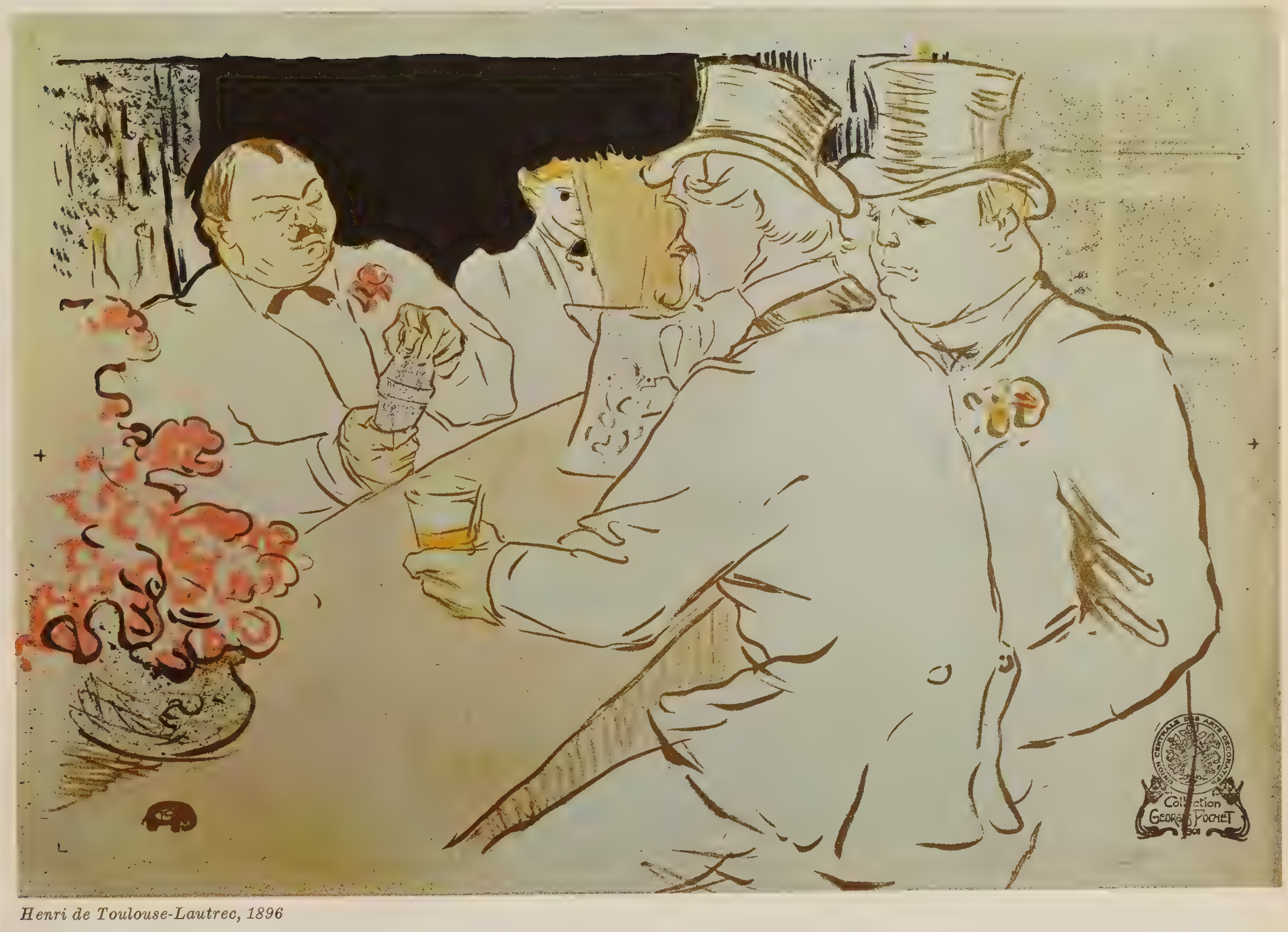
CONTINUED ON PAGE 10


GIRAUDON

A typical Second Empire dandy, on horseback

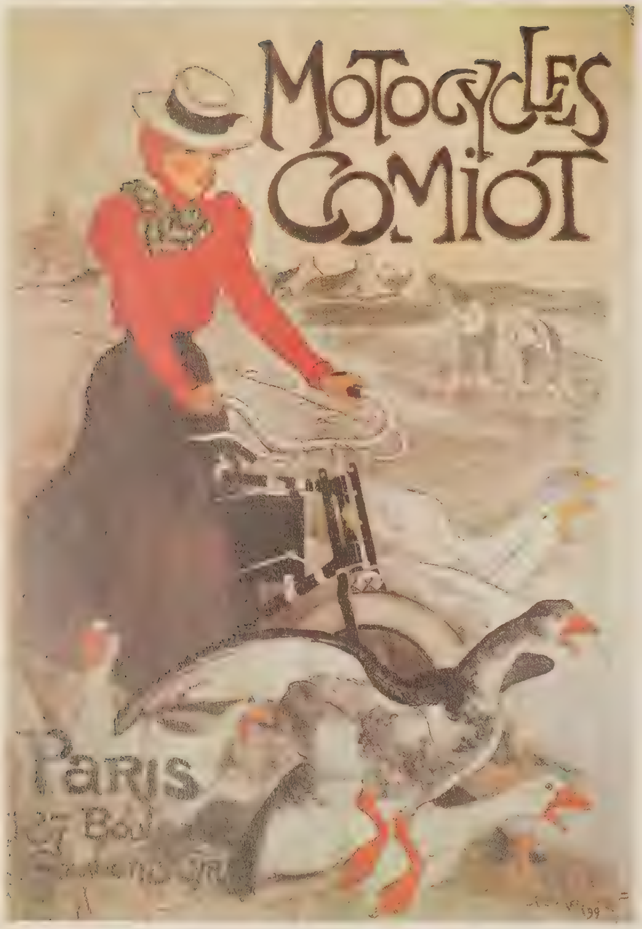
LA BELLE EPOQUE

ALL POSTERS COURTESY MUSEE DES ARTS DECORATIFS



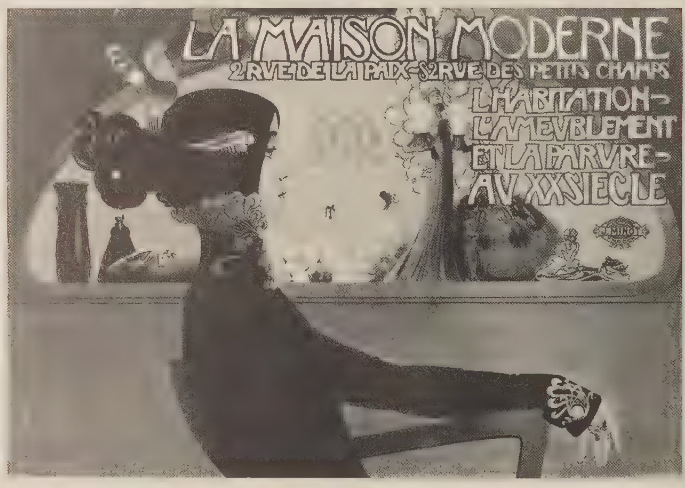
Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, 1896

There was nothing exclusive about the *joie de vivre* that swept Paris, at a delirious pace, out of the nineteenth century and into the twentieth. As Victor Hugo had observed, the city lived by, and for, the whole human race. Haussmann's great boulevards had opened up a spacious stage where Paris made a bright spectacle of herself by day and night. Outdoors and indoors the walls of buildings flowered with posters that took their themes from the passing show of *la vie parisienne*. As the reproductions on these pages indicate, advertising never knew happier days; the most ephemeral of the arts has left us with the brightest vision of those "good old days" that vanished forever in the gunsmoke of 1914—those gay nineties and naughty noughts that will always be remembered as *la belle époque*. The Irish and American Bar (above), 33 rue Royale, was a rendezvous for actors, littérateurs, English jockeys, and coachmen (the figure at the right was coachman for the Rothschilds).

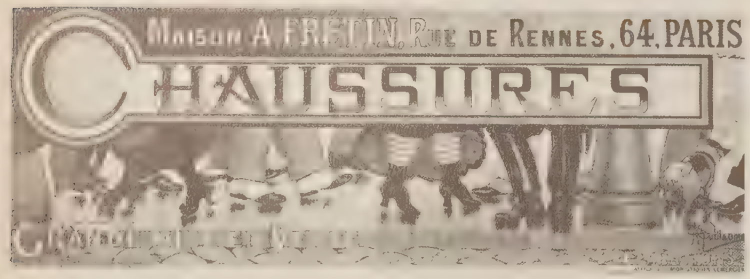

MOTOCYCLES
COMIOT
PARIS
27 Bd

Théophile Steinlen, 1899

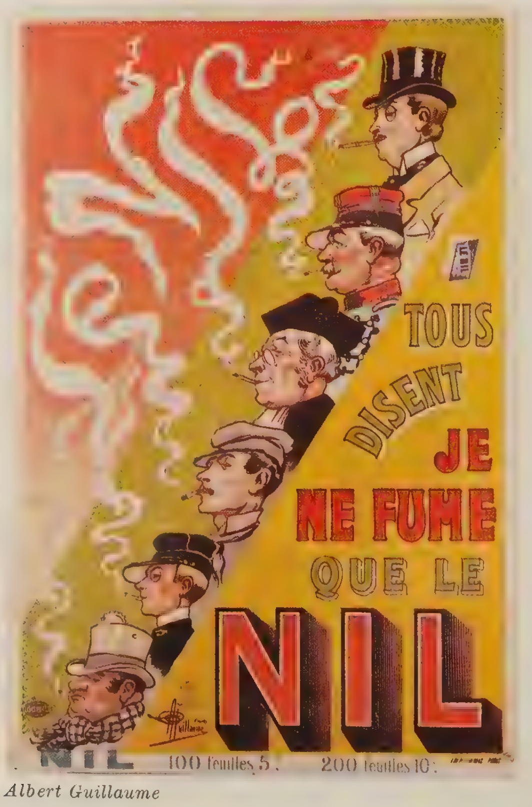
At the turn of the century women were still fettered by law and custom in a man-made world. But in the art of the poster they reveled in a freedom beyond the dreams of the most militant feminists. Long before motivational research made the practice obligatory, pictures of pretty girls were used to promote everything from shoe leather and home furnishings to pleasure palaces and absinthe — even cigarettes.


LA MAISON MODERNE
2 RUE DE LA PAIX - 82 RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS
L'HABITATION -
L'AMEUBLEMENT
ET LA PARURE -
AU XXe SIECLE

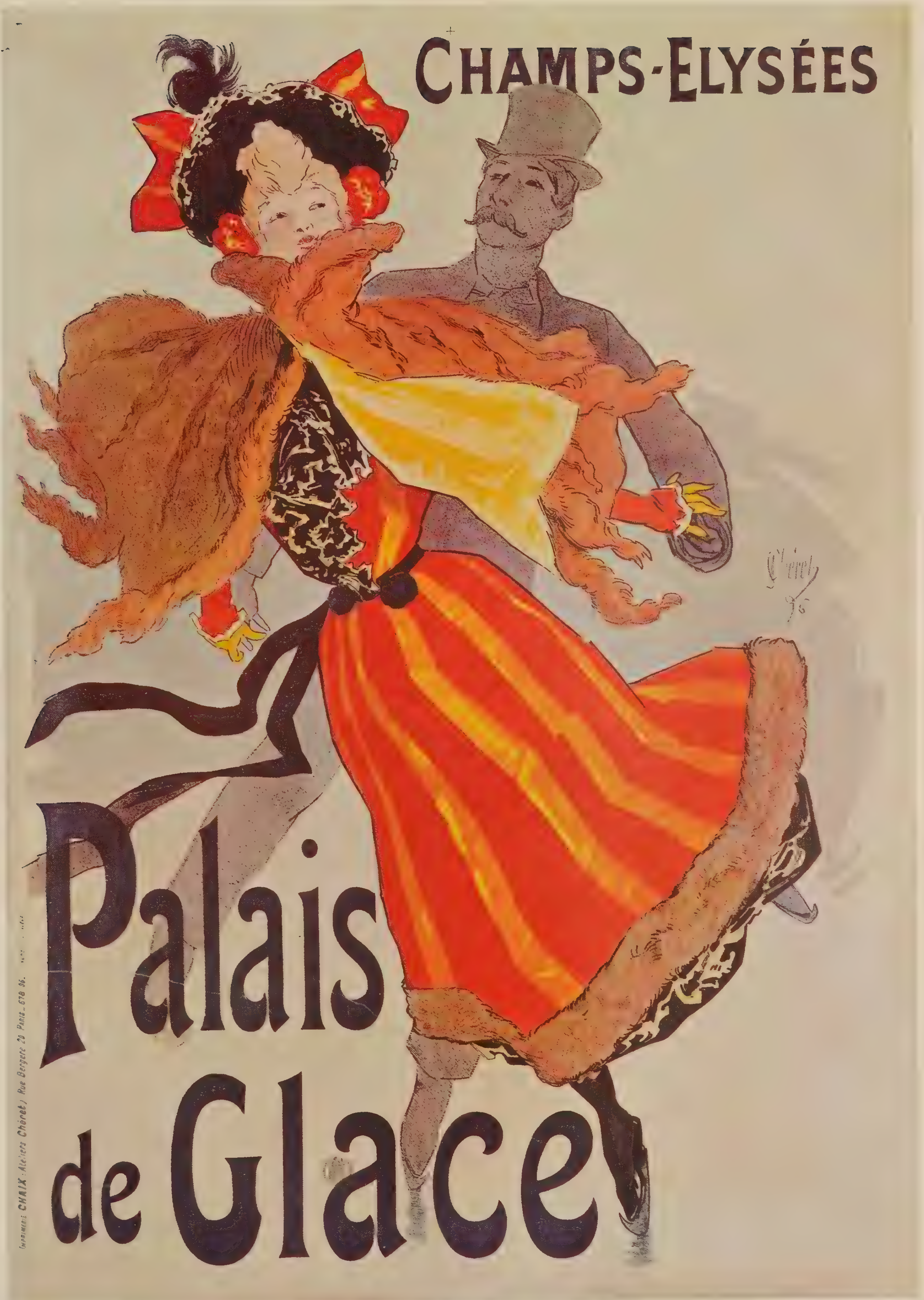
Orazi


MAISON A. FRETIN, RUE DE RENNES, 64, PARIS
CHAUSSURES

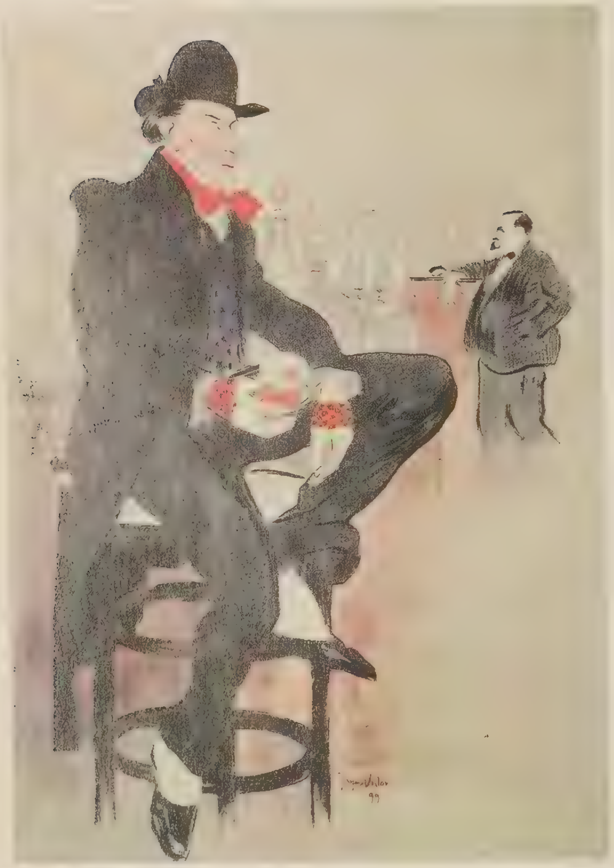
Albert Guillaume, 1895


TOUS
DISENT
JE
NE FUME
QUE LE
NIL
NIL 100 feuilles 5c 200 feuilles 10c

Albert Guillaume

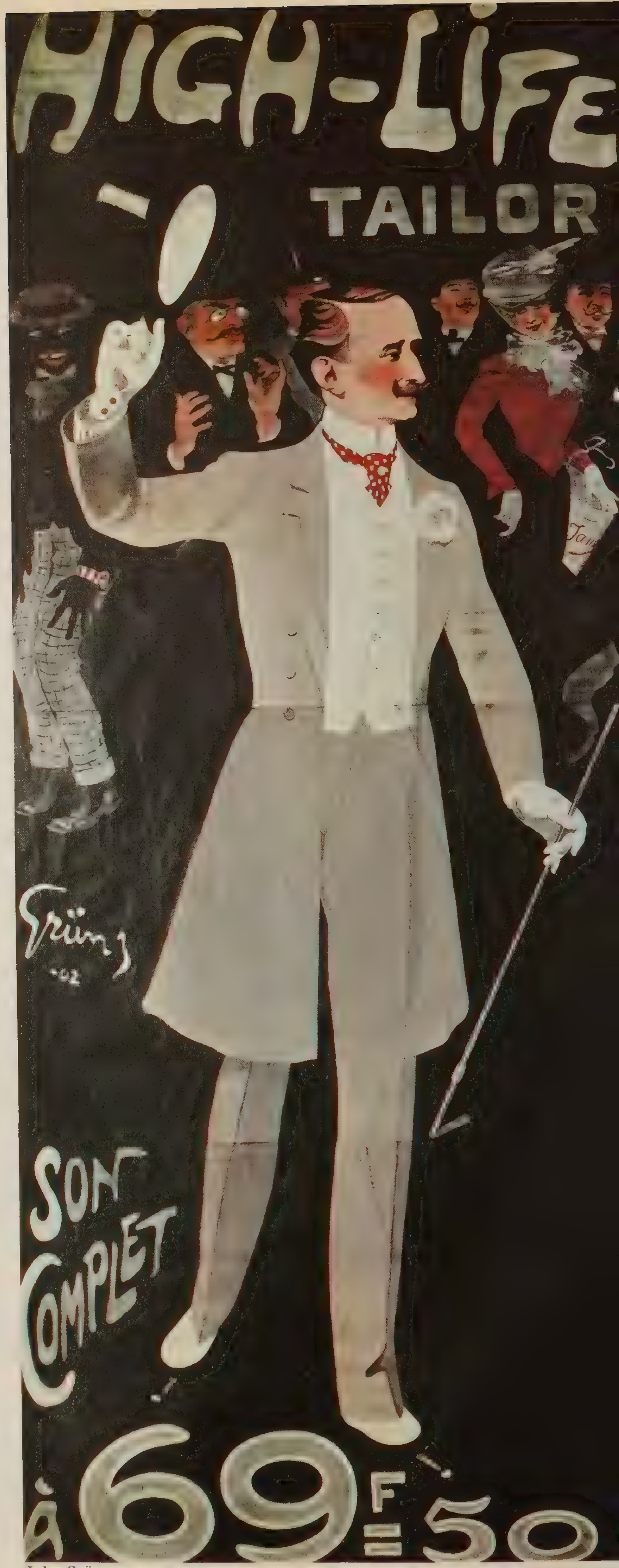

CHAMPS-ELYSÉES
Palais de Glace
Imprimerie CHAIX (Ateliers Chéret) Rue Bergère 20 Paris. 678 96.

Jules Chéret, 1896

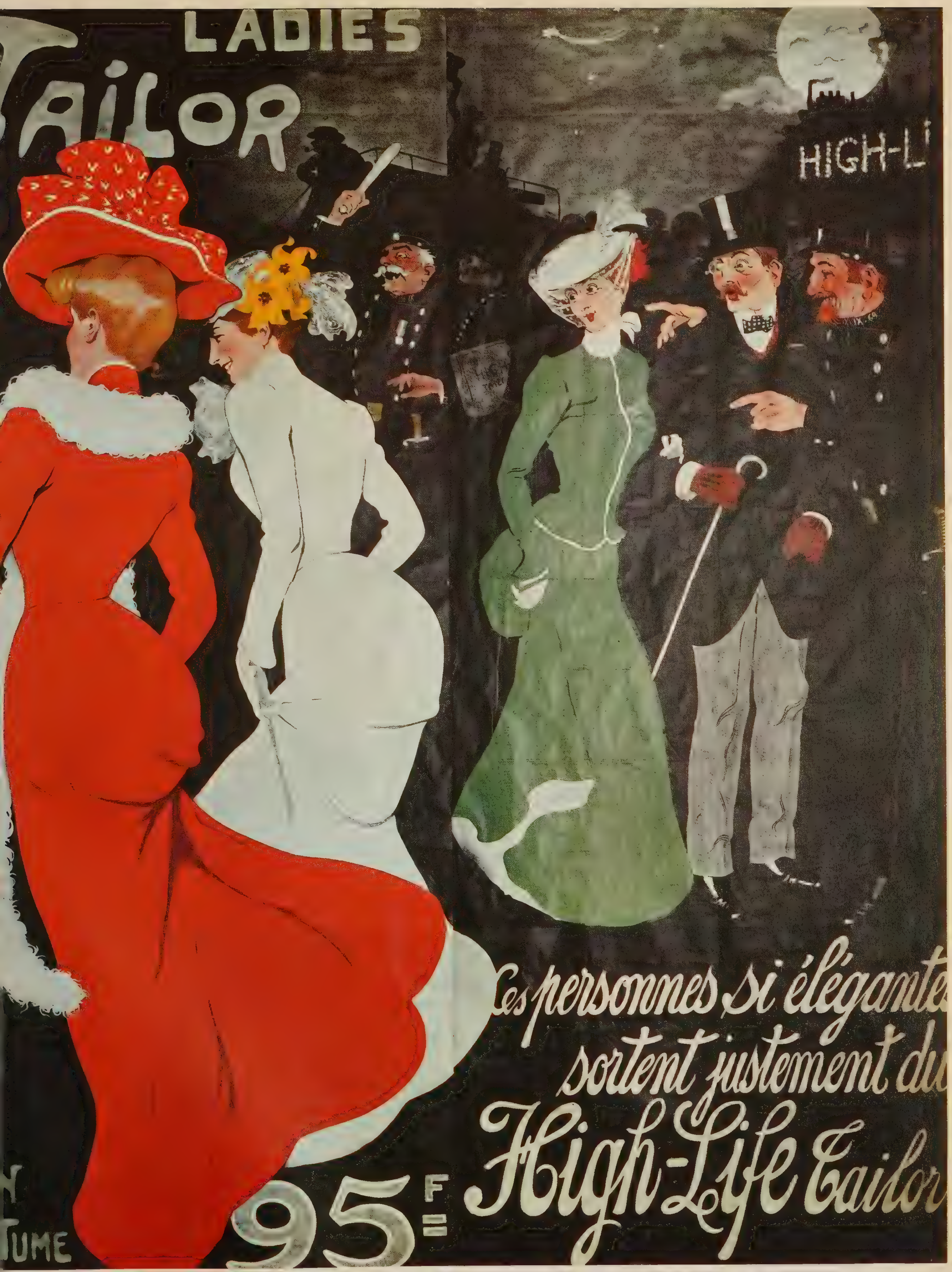


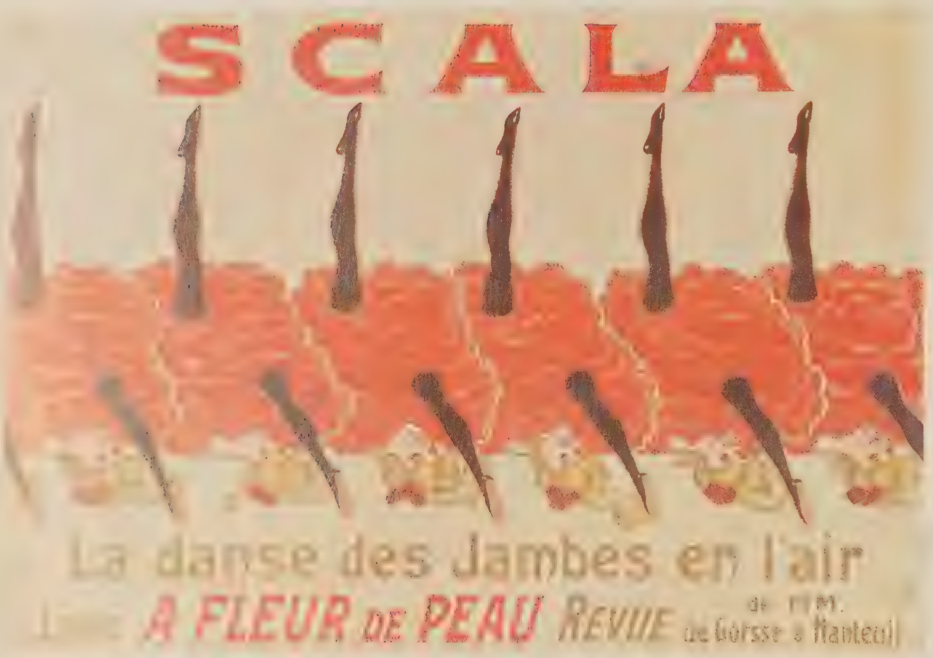
Jacques Villon, 1899

The Paris of *la belle époque* was like no other place in the world. In bars and cafés, as on the avenues, the city scene took on an atmosphere of light opera, with everyone appropriately costumed and displayed to best advantage—coachmen, gendarmes, butchers, and street cleaners, along with the idle rich under their toppers and the *boulevardiers* under their bowlers. Well-corseted and abundantly plumed women of all walks—high life, low life, and demimonde—appeared to be especially designed to fit this living stage. "Who can say," a fashion critic asked at the close of the century, "whether the Parisian of the present day represents the end of a race, the last expression of a state of being shortly to disappear?"



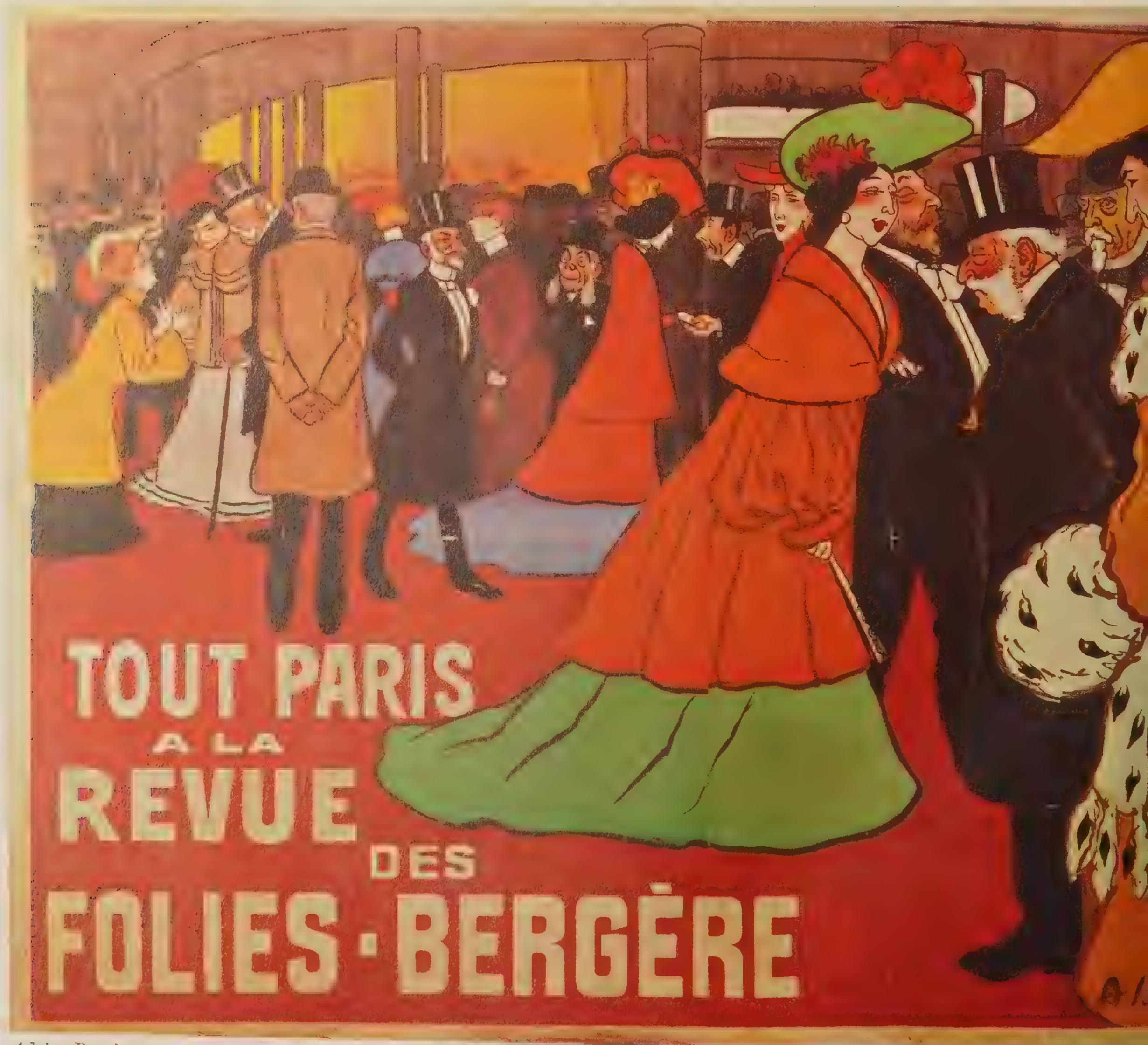
Jules Grün


LADIES
Tailor
HIGH-LI
Ces personnes si élégante
sortent justement du
High-Life Tailor
N
TUME
95 F

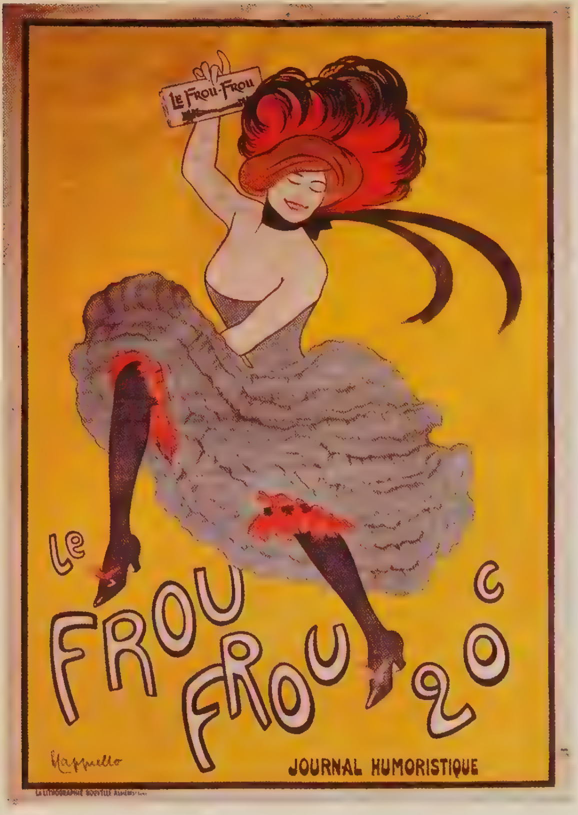

SCALA
La danse des Jambes en l'air
A FLEUR DE PEAU REVUE
de MM.
de Gorsse & Nanteuil

Charbonnier

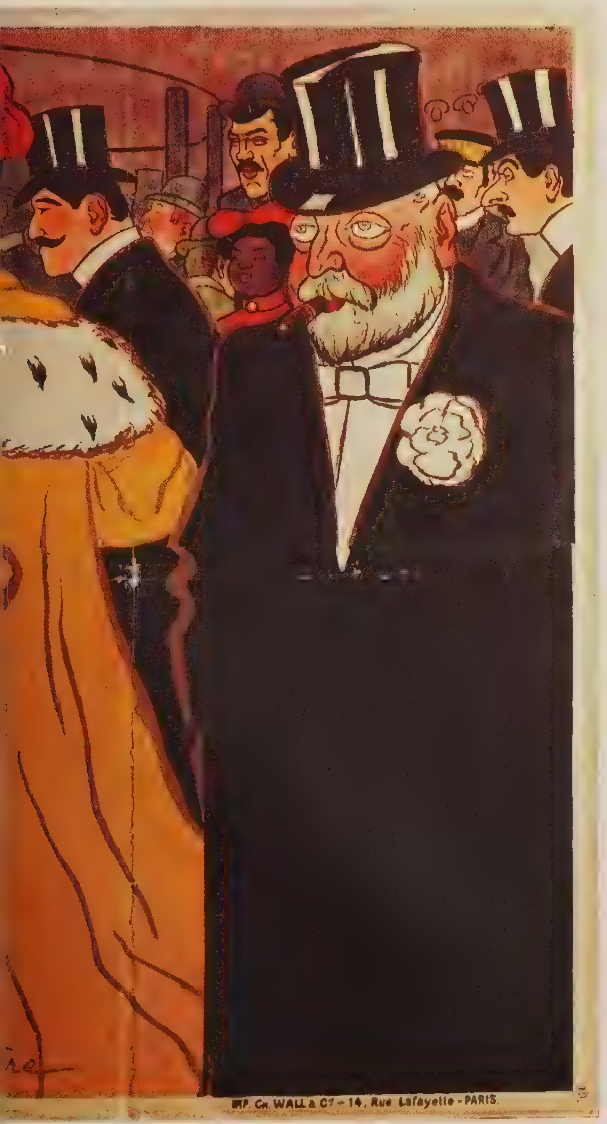
La belle époque was a golden era for the theatre and, more spectacularly, for the music hall and the *café-concert.* As the ads said, all Paris flocked to the Folies-Bergère, and all who could crowded into such celebrated establishments as the Moulin Rouge, the Chat Noir, and the Casino de Paris to witness the performances of Loïe Fuller (overleaf), La Goulue, Mistinguett, Yvette Guilbert, Colette, and other unforgettable *vedettes,* or to be entertained by the insulting improvisations of Aristide Bruant. Froufrou filled the air. In and out of the legitimate theatre the "divine" Sarah Bernhardt took Paris for her own private stage and put on a continuous prodigious performance that captured the attention of the whole world.

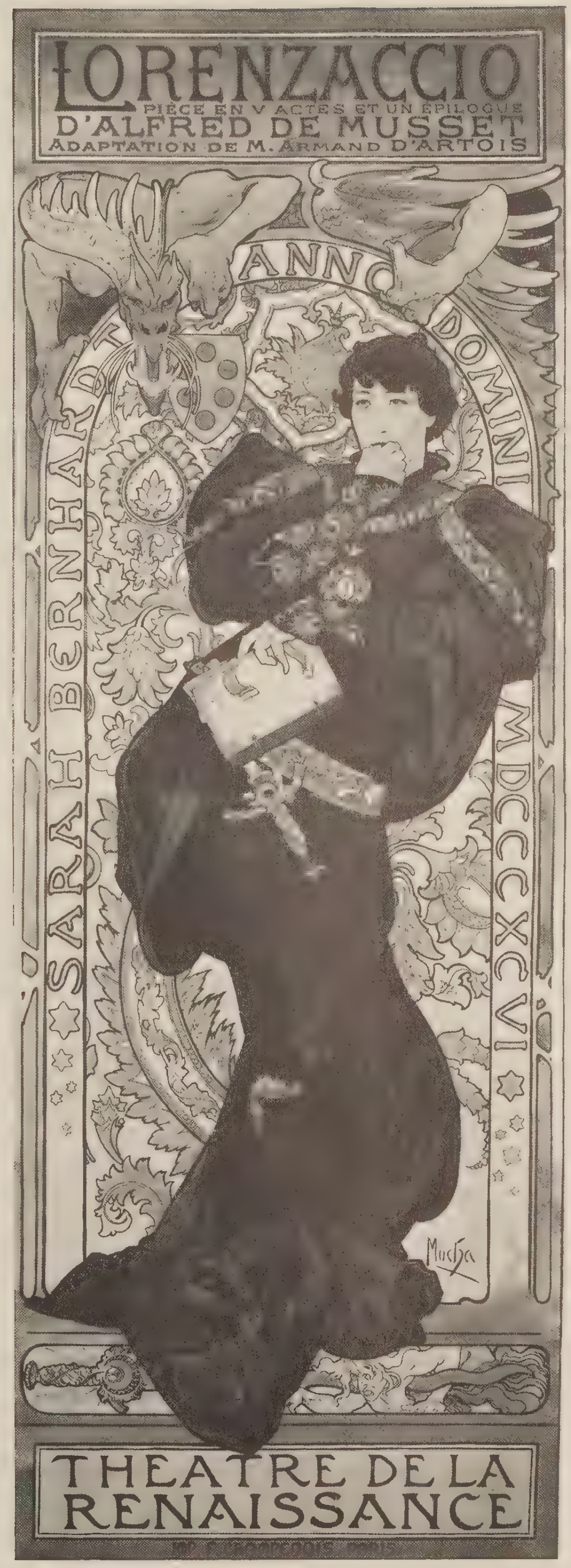

TOUT PARIS
A LA
REVUE
DES
FOLIES-BERGÈRE

Adrien Barrère

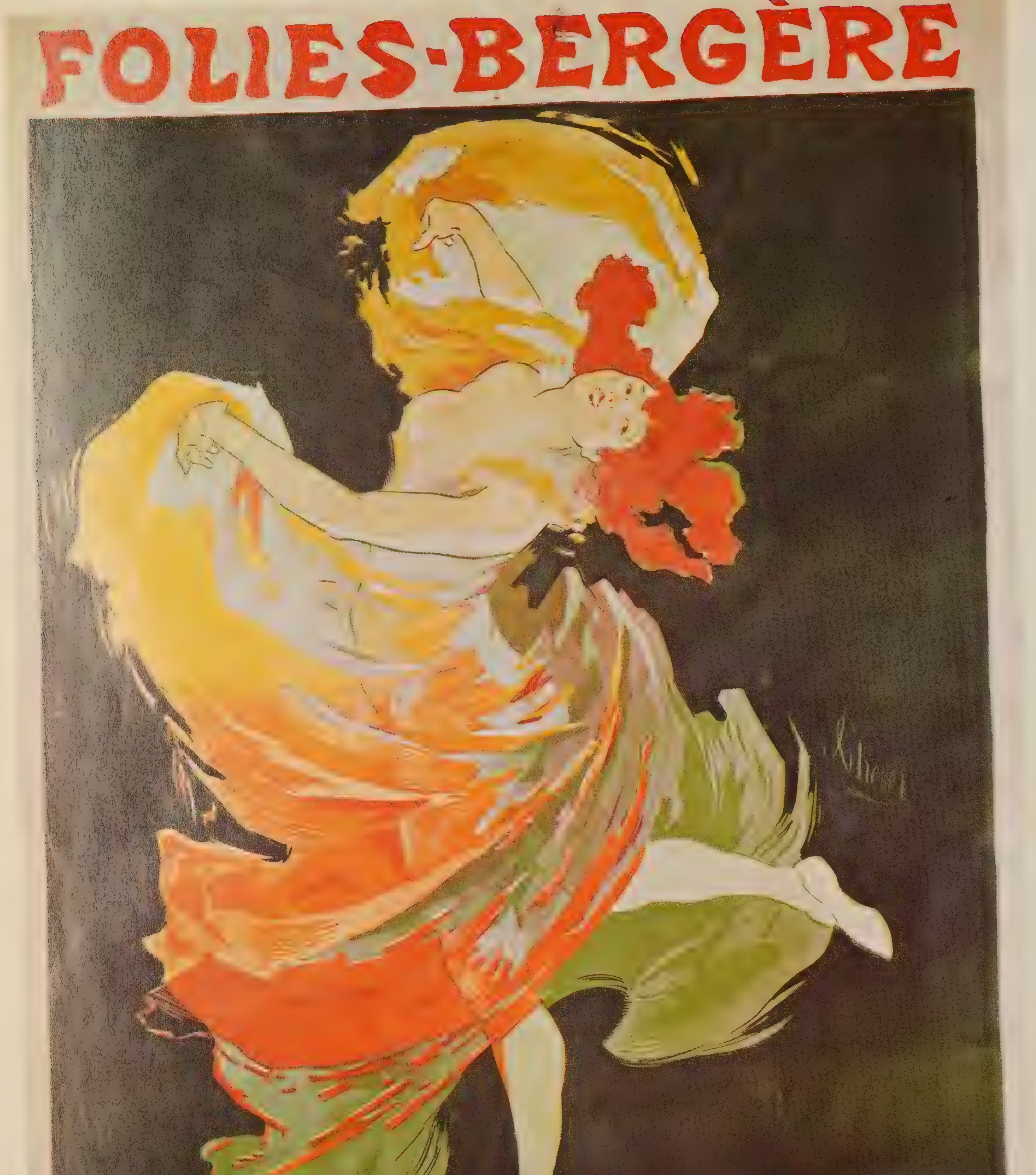

Le Frou-Frou
Le
FROU
FROU
20 c
Cappiello
JOURNAL HUMORISTIQUE

Léonetto Cappiello, 1899


IMP. Ch. WALL & Cie – 14, Rue Lafayette – PARIS.


LORENZACCIO
PIÈCE EN V ACTES ET UN ÉPILOGUE
D'ALFRED DE MUSSET
ADAPTATION DE M. ARMAND D'ARTOIS
ANNO DOMINI
SARAH BERNHARDT
MDCCCXCVI
Mucha
THEATRE DE LA RENAISSANCE

Alphonse Mucha, 1896


FOLIES-BERGÈRE
La Loïe Fuller
J. Chéret
CHAIX

Jules Chéret, 1893

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

groundwork for the *Entente Cordiale* (which was to make allies of those two ancient enemies, France and England), Bertie lunched with Jockey Club intimates as a matter of course and attended the races at Longchamp. His favorite companions included two members who were source material for Proust—Charles Haas and General de Galliffet.

An exotic club member at the turn of the century who was welcomed by all of the elect—with the exception of Edward VII—was that decadent bloom, Comte Robert de Montesquiou, another Proust original. He served as the model for the depraved Baron de Charlus and worked hard at the game of aestheticism. Montesquiou also posed for J.-K. Huysmans's hero, Des Esseintes, in *Against the Grain.* "His Arrogance," as Montesquiou was called by a society belle, belonged to one of the finest old families in France and was descended from Charles de Baatz, on whom Dumas based the character of d'Artagnan in *The Three Musketeers.* His wit was vicious, his manner supercilious, his hair marcelled. Anatole France avoided Montesquiou at parties. "I can't bear that man who is always telling me about his ancestors," he complained.

Kings counted in those days. In 1905 the Jockey Club had among its members the reigning monarchs of five countries: England, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and Serbia. Keeping up with Edward VII and his peers cost money, and the price of racing stables and social éclat was paid more and more often by great fortunes from across the Atlantic. Such American figures as August Belmont and assorted Wideners, Vanderbilts, and Biddles became familiar on the French turf.

American wives of Jockey Club men helped to strengthen the perverse affection for the United States that has always been shown by the aristocracy in France, despite differences in outlook on the form a proper government ought to take. In the Jockey Club today there are about twenty American members, among them former Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon, U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain David K. E. Bruce, and Mr. Julian Allen of the Morgan bank in Paris. Parisians who are not in the know blink when they occasionally read in the newspapers that a dinner has been given at the Jockey Club for, of all people, "The Sons of the Revolution." These are, of course, sons of the *American* Revolution.

No Nazi goose-stepped into the Jockey during World War II, even if some of the nobility did feel that Vichy was the country's legal, albeit temporary, government. A great many members of fighting age earned the *Croix de guerre* and several, notably Emmanuel d'Harcourt and Comte Robert de Vogüé, were star performers in the Resistance.

After the Liberation the club flung its doors open to American officers. Some confusion ensued. One officer, who was looking for a strip-tease cabaret also called "Le Jockey Club," but in Montparnasse, sat down to dinner and asked the maître d'hôtel when the floor show began.

The club's building, like any other of the Baron Haussmann era, is undistinguished. There are no initials on the door mat. The only equestrian motifs within are the club's collection of racing paintings, the horsehead gold buttons on the footmen's blue livery, and the big brass scale for weighing the gentlemen jockeys at the foot of the staircase in the entrance hall. When footmen present a letter on a tray, they take the precaution of first putting the mail in a fresh envelope—a practice they have followed ever since a member recognized his wife's handwriting on a note being delivered to the man sitting in the next chair.

Whenever they meet, members always shake hands, even if it means putting down a magazine or a hand of cards first. The story of the two Jockey Club members who recognized each other at opposite ends of the bathing area at Deauville and swam the length of the beach to shake hands is probably untrue, as no one who is anybody would dream of going into the water at Deauville.

It is considered beyond the pale to ask anybody in the club his name. The beautiful manners of *la vieille France*, which have practically vanished from the rest of the national landscape, remain in an ideal state of preservation at number 2 rue Rabelais; and any non-U speech immediately chills the atmosphere. Woe to the chance visitor who acknowledges an introduction with the telltale bourgeois "*Enchanté.*" "To be received at the Jockey Club," says the Marquis de Rochechouart, a member of the committee who sometimes speaks for the inner circle, "is to be considered 'just like us.' "

The club has been portrayed as "the only place where one can still be treated as a gentleman and can authenticate one's title; where admission is the equivalent of the honors of the court." Small wonder that eyebrows shot up in the *haut monde* a few years ago when an anonymous genealogist using the pseu-

JACQUES VERROUST ATLAS PHOTO

JOCKEY
CLUB

Members conferring in the club box between races

ARCHIVES DU TOURING CLUB DE FRANCE

Preparations for an old-fashioned drag race are shown in the 1907 photograph above. Annually club members set out, driving bulky coaches called drags, *to view the Longchamp steeplechase named, after their coaches, the* Prix des Drags. *Opposite, two contemporary clubmen are seen chatting with real jockeys.*

donym of "Charondas" printed a little green book, *Un Juge d'armes au Jockey Club*, which was a well-documented tabulation of the number of dubious, and even fake, titles to be found on the membership list. Two weeks after it was published there was not a copy left for sale.

The *Association d'Entr'aide de la Noblesse Française*, to which many of the *ducs et pairs de l'ancien régime* at the Jockey belong, bases legitimacy of title on the direct and masculine line only. Many proud *ducs* were unpleasantly surprised to find themselves in the company of self-made *comtes* and *vicomtes*, ennobled only by hyphenation with their grandmothers' names. The news came at a particularly awkward time, since Prince Philip had just joined the club. (The Duke of Windsor is also a member, as was his late brother, George VI. The Comte de Paris—pretender to the French throne, a descendant of Louis-Philippe and head of the house of Orléans—does not belong to the club but his distant cousin, the Duc de Nemours, does.)

As a result of exposures in the little green book, more than one carefully arranged betrothal crumbled. *Soi-disant* barons downed brandies at the bar like condemned men. A spurious marquis had a nervous breakdown. Self-appointed aristocrats, confronted with the evidence, were invited to tear up their visiting cards and have new ones engraved with their legitimate names.

"We do not simply admit a man," one of the clubmen has said, in describing the special air of the rue Rabelais, "He is accepted into a family." If he is a Broglie, a Ganay, a Gramont, a d'Harcourt, a Vogüé, or a La Rochefoucauld, there will be from five to sixteen members of his own family already in the Jockey. As soon as sons have finished their schooling with the *Frères Oratoriens* at Pontoise or at the *Lycée Janson de Sailly* in Paris, and have got their degrees from "*Sciences-Po*" (now *l'Institut d'Etudes Politiques*) or spent a few years at the Harvard School of Business, they are introduced into the *Cercle*—"before they are old enough to get into any trouble," says a French aristocrat.

This familiar family climate leaves some men lukewarm. "The principal advantage," grumbled one of them recently, "is that it is the only spot on the face of the earth where you can be sure that your neighbor holds his fork the same way you do."

When they are voted in behind the red screens on the landing of the big staircase, young men of the Jockey Club join a group of courtiers who are without a court. Until the day when they are buried with their illustrious ancestors in the private cemetery of Petit-Picpus, a few yards from the common pit into which the decapitated bodies of some thirteen hundred noble victims of the Terror were thrown during the Revolution, men of the Jockey are assured of at least one refuge in this world from all that is ordinary, all that is vulgar. That is more than most men can look forward to, or perhaps want to.

Phyllis Feldcamp, an American free-lance newspaper reporter who lives in Paris, has been observing and writing about both the fashions and the foibles of French high society for a number of years.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

"Labour seeks a mandate to carry out this programme by constitutional and democratic means, and with this view it seeks power to abolish the House of Lords." Ten years later this had been toned down to: "We give clear notice that we will not tolerate obstruction of the people's will by the House of Lords."

The lords, in 1945, did not obstruct. The Conservative majority—led wisely by Lord Salisbury—acted with as much sense and responsibility as it had done after 1832. Backwoodsmen, Nancy Mitford's Uncle Matthews, stayed (on the whole) at home. Within a few years, measure after progressive measure, including the National Health Service and six nationalization bills, had passed the Lords. And yet in every debate, on every vote, the Conservatives must have had a majority of at least two peers to every one Labor peer present in the chamber.

There *were* conflicts. Over the nationalization of steel, over the abolition of capital punishment, and, not unexpectedly, over the new Parliament Bill which cut down delaying powers of the Lords. But, as P. A. Bromhead says in his indispensable book *The House of Lords and Contemporary Politics:* "The work . . . during 1945–51 has often been praised, both by Conservatives and by Socialists. . . . The House showed both assiduity and adaptability in dealing with a situation quite unlike any with which it had ever been confronted before. Above all, though it almost never coerced the Government, it persistently obliged the Government to justify its decisions, and it sometimes persuaded the Government to be accommodating on matters with regard to which it had been adamant in the Commons."

The attitude of the present new Labor Government appears to be cool. "We shall not," stated their election manifesto, "permit effective action to be frustrated by the hereditary and non-elective Conservative majority in the House of Lords"; and a subsequent article in *The New Statesman* assumes that "Lord Carrington, leader of the Tory opposition . . . a sensible man . . . possessed both of moderate views and a capacity for shrewd analysis . . . will have taken the trouble to read that section of the election manifesto." Lord Carrington, in a debate immediately following the opening of this Parliament, said, in fact: "The Opposition believe it is the wish of the people that the Government should be given a fair trial. We will not oppose purely for the sake of opposition. We will certainly not be obstructive in our criticism."

The same *New Statesman* article went on to say that Prime Minister Wilson "with his current economical and nuclear preoccupations cannot be expected to have much time for thinking about the Lords. In any case he is said to have found that House too boring to bother about."

"*An ancient and ever-altering Constitution is like an old man who still wears with attached fondness clothes in the fashion of his youth: what you see of him is the same; what you do not see is wholly altered.*"
BAGEHOT

"*To prevent misunderstanding, and for avoiding of offensive speeches, when matters are debating . . . it is for honor sake thought fit, and so ordered, That all personal, sharp, or taxing speeches be forborn, and whosoever answereth another man's speech shall apply his answer to the matter without wrong to the person: and as nothing offensive is to be spoken, so nothing is to be ill taken.*"
STANDING ORDER OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS: ASPERITY OF SPEECH TO BE AVOIDED (1626)

"*. . . the most important part of the function of the Lords in relation to bills is to propose amendments for the Government's consideration. . . . at every stage of the discussion of a bill, both inside Parliament and outside . . . the Government is hearing arguments from all kinds of people, from interested bodies, from disinterested persons, and from members of the Commons and of the Lords on both sides. . . . Sometimes the Government accepts the arguments which it hears, sometimes it rejects them, and very often it proposes some sort of compromise. Thus the contribution of the Lords on the committee stage must be regarded and judged as a part of a far-reaching process of discussion in Parliament and outside; it is complementary to, not distinct from, the other private and parliamentary discussions.*"
P. A. BROMHEAD

Customs and rules: the House of Lords at work

The members of the House of Lords normally sit three afternoons a week. Sitting days are Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. If necessary they meet also on Monday or, more rarely, on Friday. The old habit of not sitting on the days of the important races like Ascot or the Derby is no longer observed. Hours are from two thirty or three in the afternoon until anywhere between five and ten, and occasionally later. A quorum is three peers for a debate and thirty for a division (that is, a vote).

The lords are unpaid. Up to 1946 they even had to pay for their own transportation, and many of them live far from London. Then reimbursement of railway travel was introduced by the Labor Government, and in 1957 a small expense allowance; a peer now gets his actual expenses repaid up to the sum of four and a half guineas ($13.20) for every day that he attends meetings.

Meetings in the Lords are quieter than those in the Commons, which can be most ebullient and emotional. There is no sense of pressure. Procedure is rather simpler, as there are fewer restrictive rules (the House of Lords, as a relative political backwater, had no need to set up intricacies of traffic lights). Time is not limited, as it must be in the Commons, by the sheer crush of business; every man may have his say, on almost any subject he wishes, so that there is none of that frustration of sitting silent through a debate, argument well prepared, waiting for the turn that may not come. Some speeches are dull, as are some in the Commons; some are good; and the occasional debates by experts on their subjects are of a very high standard indeed. Unfortunately—as it prevents some hardheaded information on public issues from getting into public heads—the House of Lords is very poorly reported. There is Hansard, of course (the full daily parliamentary reports), but Hansard is not read by the rank and file of the electorate; the *Times* is always good for a compressed report; as for the tabloids, the Lords are not news unless someone faints or an actress drops a brick from the Strangers' Gallery or they happen to be talking about hanging.

There are certain rules and conventions. About seating: there are five rows of benches on either side of the throne; on the right is what is known as the spiritual side, on the left the temporal side. By tradition, members of the Government and their supporters sit on the spiritual side, as do also of course the lords spiritual themselves, who occupy the two sections nearest to the throne. The front row is reserved for the two archbishops and for the Bishops of London, Winchester, and Durham; other bishops sit behind. Lords spiritual must speak from the bishops' benches; lords temporal may sit on those benches but not speak from them.

Benches on the left side of the chamber, the temporal side, are occupied by the Opposition. There are also some crossbenches, for lords who have not aligned themselves with any party. Eldest sons of peers, peers on leave of absence, and the Dean of Westminster (among others) may sit on the steps of the throne.

Lords must speak standing and uncovered. It is considered to be "alien to the custom of the House and injurious to the traditional conduct of its debates that speeches should be read." When a peer refers to another member of the Lords he must do so in the third person—"the Noble Lord," "the Noble Earl." If the member is a judge, he will be addressed as "the Learned Lord," or "the Noble and Learned Lord"; if he is a soldier or a sailor, "the Gallant Lord" (in the Commons: "the Honorable Member," "the Honorable and Gallant Member"). When a lord enters the chamber, he makes a bow in the direction of the Lord Chancellor on the Woolsack and the empty throne behind him. What he does, in fact, bow to is that mysterious emblem, the Cloth of Estate.

Lords may not quote from speeches made in the Commons during the current session. This is to prevent debates in the Lords from being mere continuations. So it has become a practice to refer to the House of Commons, with what sounds like a genteelism for Hell, as "The Other Place" or "in Another Place." "As it was said, my lords, in Another Place . . ."

There is an accepted—if not enforced—convention that the lords spiritual (and to some extent the law lords) should remain above party controversy; the bishops are expected to take part chiefly in debates concerning moral issues, such as education, welfare, penology. They seldom vote.

The Lord Chancellor (besides being a member of the Cabinet and the head of the Judiciary) is the Speaker of the House of Lords and presides over its debates. (The Woolsack, that humble, proud symbol of the bedrock upon which British prosperity at one time rested, is no longer a plain

FOX PHOTOS

As part of opening day ritual the Queen's Bodyguard searches Westminster for gunpowder—a reminder of Guy Fawkes's plot.

sack stuffed with wool but a glorified pouf, a vast ottoman, provided with backrest, upholstered with rich stuff, though filled still with true homespun.) Unlike the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Lord Chancellor is neither *hors de combat* nor impartial: he may speak in debates, he does vote, and he is a member of the governing party.

Once in a while there is a flashback into pageantry. A hereditary peer, a man who succeeds because his father is dead, comes in with his writ, as we have seen, unheralded in a lounge suit. A *newly* created peer or life peer, or a peer who has had what is called a step up (a viscount given an earldom, an earl a marquisate), takes his seat in a ceremony known as an Introduction.

"The Lord Chancellor sits on the Woolsack [the Order of Procedure runs] wearing court dress, black gown, full-bottomed wig and tricorne hat. The newly created Peer and his supporters—two Peers of his own degree in the House—together with the Earl Marshal and the Lord Great Chamberlain [or their deputies] all in their parliamentary robes, Garter King of Arms and Black Rod assemble in the Peers' Lobby . . ."

They enter the chamber in single file, from the prescribed side, execute the prescribed turns, bow, kneel, raise tricorne hats, and after the brief, stiff minuet without a tune, Hugh Foot, for instance, has been duly translated into Lord Caradon.

There is, as we know, one separate, nonparliamentary function of the House of Lords, which is that of the highest court of appeal. The House of Lords is the supreme tribunal of England, Wales, Scotland, and Northern Ireland, and when it sits as such, all political or hereditary connotations are shed: the work is performed by trained professionals and by them alone, by the Lords of Appeal in Ordinary, chosen for that work from among the ablest judges in the country. As a court of law, the House of Lords may now sit in a committee room, and it often sits in the morning. Other peers may attend, but they have no voice; in fact they may not speak.

Today the judicial House of Lords acts solely as a court of appeal; that anachronistic ritual, trial of a peer by his peers, was abolished late in the day in 1948. The last peer so tried was Lord de Clifford, in 1935, for manslaughter arising out of an automobile accident. As the law then stood, there was no choice but to have him brought to trial before the Lords with all the pomp and ceremony and vast expenditure that this entailed. Fourteen high court judges were taken off their everyday work. The evidence against Lord de Clifford proved very weak and he was acquitted.

It can never have been an enviable privilege. Aside from the strain and the ruinous expense, and the not-too-well-founded assumption that one stood a better chance of acquittal by one's peers than by an ordinary jury, there was the fact that if a man was convicted in the House of Lords, that was it; there was no further appeal.

> "[*Some*] *advocates of reform . . . do not . . . envisage an upper House consisting of spokesmen of rival groups; they hope rather that some of the most distinguished men in each of the main fields of the nation's activities would be sent to the House of Lords, where they could give the benefit of their special knowledge and experience in the counsel of the nation. One of the strongest arguments against such a change is that it* would merely formalize, and perhaps devitalize, a practice which already exists in fact, *and which works very well without the need of formal definition. The present system, whereby some five to twenty new peerages are granted each year to distinguished men, already* produces an upper House which includes, at any given time, two or three, or in some cases more, of the most distinguished men *from each of the main professions and classes of activity.*" [*My italics.*]
>
> P. A. BROMHEAD

Reform of the House of Lords?

If the above is so, why speak of reform? For reform it is—no one today, even inside the Labor Party, thinks seriously of abolition. The House of Lords *and* the hereditary peerage—though to shrug them off is the fashionable egalitarian parrot cry—have roots in the body politic of Britain, its history and tradition and its way of life. To excise them, in times which have already atrophied the sense of continuity, would inflict shock on the whole organism.

Current ideas for reform are directed to the composition rather than the powers of the Lords (although many Conservatives would not mind letting the House of Lords have more bite). It is not the very small and active, but the very large and *dormant*, membership that gives concern: the prospect of some hundreds of Colonel Blimps and Uncle Matthews stomping unbidden into Westminster whenever an issue stirs them, sitting in glowering silence through the debate—backwoodsmen never speak—and stubbornly crowding into the No Lobby.* It happened twice in recent years, in 1948 and 1956, each time over the proposed abolition of the death penalty. In 1948 the pro-abolition Commons themselves were not in agreement with the Government, so the more spectacular occasion was 1956. Three hundred and thirty-three peers took part in the division, the largest number in our time (when the average is about eighty). The bill, the Death Penalty Abolition Bill, was defeated 238 to 95.

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*Both houses of Parliament vote by what is called a "division"; that is, by requiring the members to leave their chamber and step into one of the two adjoining lobbies. To the right is the Yes Lobby, to the left the No Lobby. Tellers are stationed at the door of each to count and register the members as they file in.

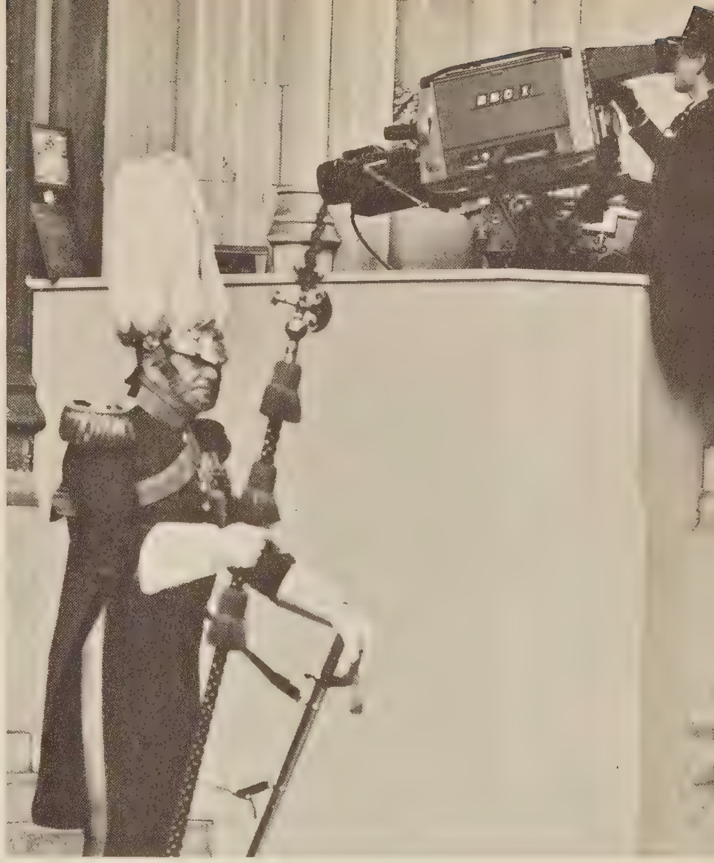
P. A. Bromhead made an analysis of that vote which shows, among other things, that *hereditary* peers voted against abolition at a ratio of 67 to 6, while peers of first creation (including bishops) voted 66 to 50. It was an occasion most damaging to the reputation of the House of Lords. The curious thing about it is that the unseemly swelling of the vote had no real effect at all: if the regulars alone had voted and the backwoodsmen stayed at home, the result would have been the same—the Abolition Bill would have been defeated. There is also the fact that public opinion was—and according to the surveys, alas, still is—behind the lords: a majority of the British people are still against full abolition of capital punishment.

It is all the more surprising, then, that when a new abolition bill came before the Lords last July, they passed it by the large majority of 204 to 104.

Reforms are easy to think up, very difficult to implement. Among the many schemes, some provide that a peer may sit but shall have no voice before he has passed some test (*quis custodiet . . . ?*); some advocate that peers should be paid a salary—a few of them? Some of them? *All* of them? Others would like to see individual peers' rights tied in some ratio to their frequency of attendance. I myself should like to see the basis for new creations extended beyond the prime minister's list, widely advised though he is; I could imagine a supplementary advisory board, quite outside Whitehall, consisting perhaps in part of members of the universities. Some such board might insure a better chance of snapping up men of originality and creative imagination. How vivifying, for instance, might have been the presence of a man with the vision and range of Aldous Huxley, even if he had been able to attend only a few times.

There exists already one mechanism which can be of use in keeping backwoodsmen away, though its workings are somewhat capricious. At the beginning of each session every peer is sent a form asking if he wishes to apply for leave of absence. If he does, and states the reasons that prevent him from attending, he is granted leave for the session or for the entire Parliament, as the case may be. If he does not reply by a certain date, he is also put on leave. To be sure, as Lord Saltoun pointed out in a recent debate, "the House *could not stop any peer*, even though he had asked for leave of absence, from attending, and even voting. . . . It is only held that probably *they would not do so*."

This is not the end of the matter. Peers who reply that they have the intention of attending as "often as they reasonably can" are not placed on leave, and their actual attendance is left to their discretion. A select committee, going into the matter, came to the conclusion (in 1958) that it was "neither possible nor desirable" to come to "a closer definition of regular attendance"; there would be reluctance to lose the services of peers who are engaged full time in a profession or in other work, and such peers "should not feel themselves to be under any obligation, in consequence of their inability to attend regularly, to apply for leave of absence." This is one of the instances which illustrate the fact that one cannot rationally tamper with British institutions without altering their character.



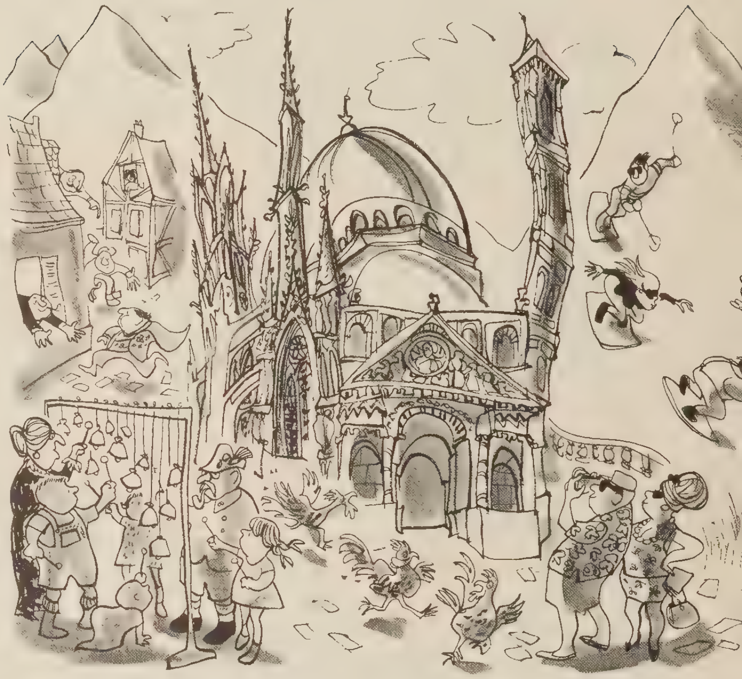
FOX PHOTOS

Everyone is in full feather for the opening of Parliament, including the BBC cameraman, who is in tails, top hat, and gloves.

There are, of course, reformers who want to do away entirely with the hereditary element. They have many good and obvious reasons on their side; the hereditary principle has long been a sitting target. And yet, is there not something to be said for having in Parliament a proportion of men who admittedly owe their position to chance, but not to favor (birth knows no political debt), who do not have to scramble for nomination and election, who do not have to consult anyone but their own sometimes eccentric selves, who will not have to change with every shifting wind nor please on every television screen? Is the hereditary lottery—under a constitutional rule of law—really so much more hazardous and scaring than the bottomless lottery of the polling booths? Perhaps, to paraphrase Bagehot and someone else, the nobility is of great use, too, in what it prevents. It prevents the rule of ambition, the religion of the bitch-goddess popular success.

Sybille Bedford is the author of a travel book, The Sudden View; *two books on the law,* The Faces of Justice *and* The Trial of Dr. Adams; *and two novels,* A Legacy *and* A Favourite of the Gods. *She is writing a sequel to the latter.*

INSIDE XENOBIA



It always surprises me that so few tourists have discovered Xenobia. In twenty years of roaming the world for my syndicated column, "Mister Footloose," I have never found a country so blessed with all the features that your average traveler is looking for. Truly it can be said of Xenobia, "It has everything."

Typical is the "all-purpose cathedral" that dominates the pretty capital city of Djrug. Begun in 1018, it has a Romanesque façade, a Gothic north side with flying buttresses, a south side in the Italian Renaissance style with an adjoining campanile, and a Byzantine dome. One of the spires is Baroque, as is the ambitious new transept begun in 1670 but never finished because of the plague. The plague was arrested in Xenobia, most authorities agree, though an occasional runny nose is still to be seen in the outlying areas.

The cathedral's interior likewise represents all forms of ecclesiastical architecture, from the pendentives which support the mosaic-studded dome (the figure of St. John the Least is particularly striking in the late afternoon light) to the Saxon rood screen which separates the piscina from the tomb of King Retrograde II. Of special fascination —at least to me—are the frescoes in the nave. Every two years they are peeled off to reveal another layer of frescoes beneath. Since Professor Zinshausen of the Academy began this scholarly task in 1926, nineteen different sets of frescoes have been exposed—none, regrettably, as good as the one that preceded it.

Most notable of all, however, is the unfinished masterpiece by Xenobia's greatest artist, Ugo da Fat Lippi, which may be found in the apse. From this huge boulder of Carrara marble, Ugo lived long enough to carve only the superb foot on the southeast side. But in this foot any student of his work will discern the power and beauty of the total statue conceived by "the little chiseler," as Ugo is affectionately known.

Like the cathedral, Xenobia as a whole has something for everybody. I personally can recall no other climate where it is winter and summer at the same time. The lovely Struwwelpeter Mountains are draped all year in snow ideal for skiing and sliding downhill on an aluminum tray (it will be recalled that Xenobia won this event at the 1964 Olympics), yet the slopes end at the sun-kissed beaches of the Côte Jaune, where the summer-long film festival is held.

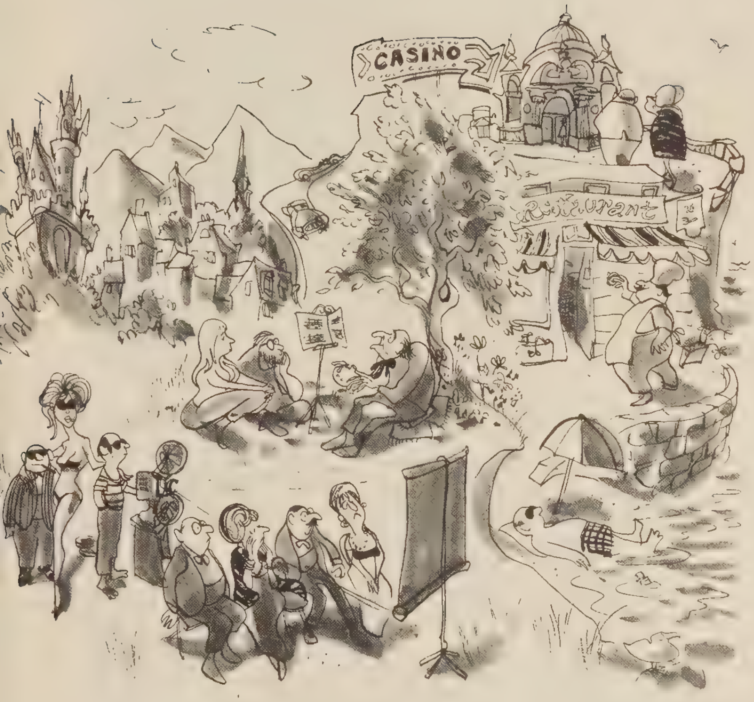
Surely, of all film festivals, none is as picturesque as this one. It begins every night at eight o'clock and is raided by the police before eight twenty. Strollers gather in the square outside the ornate Palais du Cinéma to watch the film makers being hustled out the front door and into the police wagon. Frequently they wager on the exact moment when this will occur.

Xenobian law allows every film maker two and one half minutes to tell the crowd that his film is not obscene but merely avant-garde and that his artistic freedom has been violated. *Aficionados* love to hear these impassioned speeches, much as your bullfight fan enjoys a well-executed veronica, and in reply they josh the film makers with genial cries of "Dirty old man!" etc. Last year's entries were so avant-garde that none were shown beyond the opening titles, and the crowd saw many spectacular exits between 8:06 and 8:08.

Members of the international film colony stay at the unspoiled coastal village of Porto Veduta, where they may be seen "at play" every weekday afternoon from three to five and on Sundays from one to six. Inevitably the village becomes more and more spoiled as film folk keep arriving, and by autumn its sleepy charm is marred by souvenir stands, fast motorcars, and jazz music from the transistor radios that the screen personalities carry in their quaint sisal baskets.

But every year on October 6, known as "Landslide Day," the natives unspoil the village again and restore its rustic simplicity. Actors, producers, and agents who fail to reach their yachts in

By WILLIAM K. ZINSSER



DRAWING BY JAMES STEVENSON

time are dug out and buried in the unpretentious little "Celebrities' Cemetery." This has become a popular shrine, along with the adjacent museum which houses the artifacts that they left behind. In row after row of glass cases one can study the myriad objects of Filmland, from sun lamps and toupees to screen treatments of Genesis.

This museum is but one of many that Xenobia boasts. Djrug alone has thirty-two, of which my own favorite happens to be "Galoshes from All Nations." Also popular is the Gallery of Art in Unusual Materials, noted for its Laocoön carved in fat and for the Monet *Water Lilies* in punched leather. And for fanciers of fine blown glass it is still rewarding to visit Glassblower House on Fünfjahreszeitenstrasse. Naturally one keeps wishing that the curator had not forgotten to close the door during the hurricane of 1958. But nothing has been swept up, and many exquisite fragments may still be seen here and there on the floor. Thick-soled shoes are advised.

Music is another art that is woven into the very soul of Xenobia. Thousands flock every May to pay homage to the revered ninety-three-year-old master of the ocarina, Ferenc Kolodnyí, at the festival held at the spa of Bad Bimstein. Nor can one overlook the open-air concerts presented twice weekly by the Klog Family on their chromatic goat bells. It speaks for the musical genius of the country that Baroness von Klog was able to train her eleven children, six nieces, four nephews, two uncles, three aunts, five cousins, and mother-in-law, as well as a stranger who stopped one day for lunch, to play the goat bells with such precision and feeling.

Space does not permit listing the one hundred and fifty-six annual folk pageants and outdoor events (three a week) that give Xenobia its Old World charm, nor would it be fair to suggest that one is more colorful than another. Sportsmen claim that the semiannual Rock Throw, though lacking some of the traditional graces, affords a thrilling spectacle of strength. Others prefer the Running of the Roosters, down the narrow Via Pamplona, which launches the long-awaited rooster-fighting season.

I myself, if pressed to name a favorite, would vote for the unique "Mayor Catch." Every July 12 the good townspeople of Djrug grease the mayor and send him dodging through the main square. The person who catches him becomes burgomaster for the next twelve months. Apart from the pure excitement of the event, which has its origins in a very old and unusual legend, it is a sterling example of democracy at work, reassuring the citizen that there is a system of "checks and balances" within the constitutional monarchy that has ruled Xenobia for centuries. Incidentally, the handsome cenotaph at Tarmac International Airport marks the spot where King Ribald VI absconded with the national treasury in 1928.

That the nation could rebound from this financial setback to the position that it occupies today—Xenobia is unquestioned leader of the "Outer Eleven" countries—is proof of its amazing financial health. The economy is geared to the fact that Xenobia can produce every item that tourists want, including simulated antiquities from each era dating back to prehistory.

Its current "best seller," of course, is the Pugotti VII, advertised as "the smallest car in Europe." This remarkable car folds up and can be carried in an ordinary suitcase. I never leave the country without taking one along in my valise, and as soon as I unpack it, I want nothing so much as to drive right back and "do" Xenobia all over again. Truly it can be said that there is still power in the old superstition about throwing one shoe in the fountain at Djrug. You will not be at peace with yourself until you return.

William K. Zinsser is a frequent contributor to HORIZON *and the author of several books. The most recent is* The Haircurl Papers.

THE SPANISH INQUISITION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

round the flesh. In all these tortures it was the rule to strip the victims first. Both men and women were divested of all their clothes and left naked except for briefs.

The records of the Inquisition, exhaustive and thorough in other respects, are no less thorough in describing the procedure during torture. Every word, every gesture, was noted down by the secretary present. As a feat of reporting, these accounts are without parallel in their time. Here is an extract from the official account of a torture carried out in 1568 on a woman accused of not eating pork and of changing her linen on Saturdays.

> She was ordered to be placed on the *potro*. She said, "Señores, why will you not tell me what I have to say? Señor, put me on the ground—have I not said that I did it all?" She was told to tell it. She said, "I don't remember—take me away—I did what the witnesses say." She was told to tell in detail what the witnesses said. She said, "Señor, as I have told you, I do not know for certain. I have said that I did all that the witnesses say. Señores, release me, for I do not remember it . . . Señores, it does not help me to say that I did it and I have admitted that what I have done has brought me to this suffering—Señor, you know the truth—Señores, for God's sake have mercy on me. Oh, Señor, take these things from my arms—Señor release me, they are killing me." She was tied on the *potro* with the cords, she was admonished to tell the truth and the *garrotes* were ordered to be tightened. She said, "Señor, do you not see how these people are killing me? Señor, I did it—for God's sake let me go."

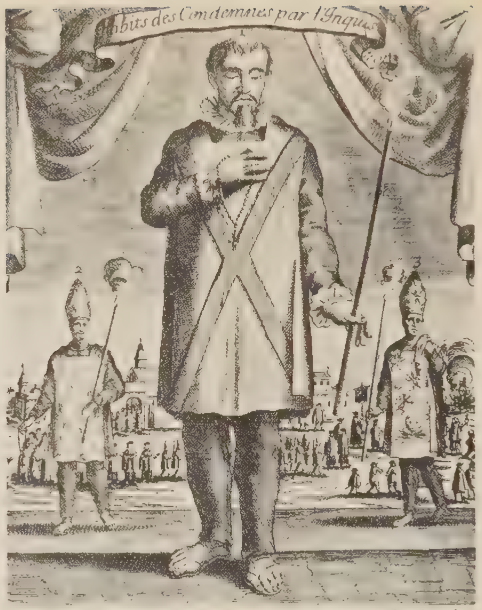
Foreign heretics were submitted to the same procedure. Here is the case of Jacob Petersen from Dunkirk, a sailor who was examined in 1597. He was stripped and bound and given three turns of the cord.

> On being given these he said first, "Oh God!" and then, "There's no mercy"; after the turns he was admonished, and he said, "I don't know what to say, oh dear God!" Then three more turns of the cord were ordered to be given, and after two of them he said, "Oh God, oh God, there's no mercy, oh God help me, help me!"

After three more turns he confessed.

The sole task of the Inquisition was to obtain from its prisoner an admission of guilt and a penitential submission. If in the process of enquiry it was found that the evidence was false, and the prisoner presumably innocent, he was immediately set free. The main task of the tribunal, however, was to act not as a court of justice but as a disciplinary body called into existence to meet a national emergency.

One of the peculiarities of inquisitorial procedure was the refusal to divulge the reasons for arrest, so that prisoners went for days, months, and even years without knowing why they were in the cells of the tribunal. Instead of accusing the prisoner, the Inquisitors approached him and give him three warnings over a period of weeks—to search his conscience, confess the truth, and trust to the mercy of the tribunal. The third warning was accompanied by notification that the prosecutor intended to present an accusation, and that it would be wisest to confess before the charges were laid. The effect of this enforced ignorance was to depress and break down a prisoner. If innocent, he remained bewildered about what to confess, or else confessed crimes the Inquisition was not accusing him of; if guilty, he was left to wonder how much of the truth the Inquisition really knew, and whether it was a trick to force him to confess.


Habits des Condemnes par l'Inqu

Penitents wore sanbenitos*—robes marked with flames, a cross, or, for the condemned, devils.*

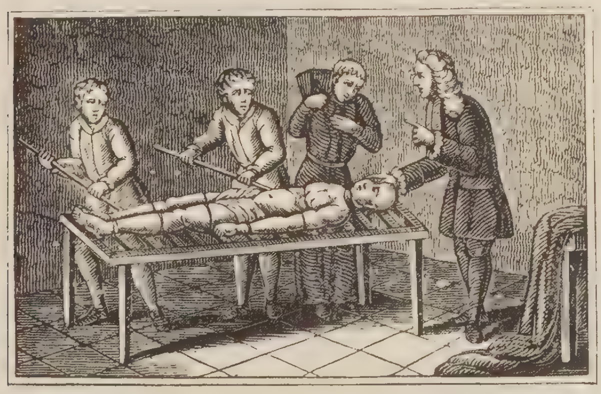
When, after the three warnings, the prosecutor eventually read out the articles of accusation, the accused was required to answer the charges on the spot, with no time or advocate to help him think out his defense. Any reply made in these circumstances could hardly fail to be incriminating. Only after this was permission given to enlist legal help.

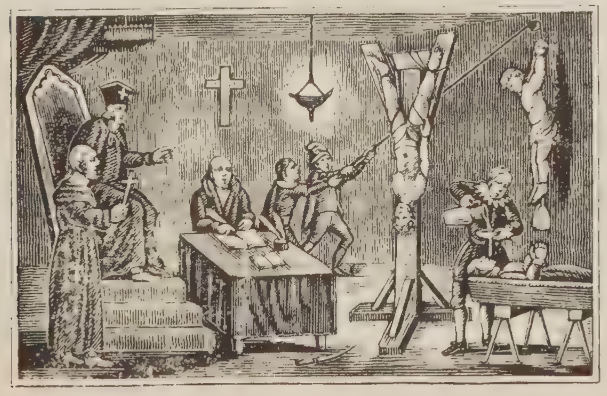
The accused had several avenues of defense short of proving the complete falsity of an accusation. He could call favorable witnesses; disable hostile witnesses by proving personal enmity; or object to his judges. Several extenuating circumstances such as drunkenness, insanity, extreme youth, and so on, could also be pleaded. All these expedients were resorted to regularly, not always with equal success. In 1531, Gaspar Torralba of the village of Vayona, near Chinchón, gave in his defense a list of one hundred and fifty-two persons as his mortal enemies; most of the thirty-five witnesses against him happened to be on the list, and he was consequently let off lightly. The disabling of witnesses, however, proved possible only when the accused had some idea of his possible denouncers.

In the great majority of trials the defense consisted solely in resorting to witnesses, since this was the only way to get at the unknown sources of evidence. The problem caused by anonymous witnesses was a serious one. We have the case in 1528 of Diego de Uceda, who was accused of Lutheranism on the basis of a chance talk with a stranger on the road from Burgos to Córdoba. The suppression of all details of time and place in the published evidence led Uceda to imagine that the accusation arose from a talk which had taken place some nights later at Guadarrama, and all his energies were spent vainly on proving that this later conversation had been innocuous, while the real evidence against him went uncontradicted.

There was no formal trial, in the sense of a single act carried out in a single room within a set period of time. The trial was composed instead of a series of audiences at which the prosecution and defense made their respective depositions and a series of interrogations carried out by the Inquisitors in the presence of a notary. When both prosecution and defense had completed their duties, the case was held to be concluded, and the time arrived for sentence to be pronounced.

The number of acquittals was small, for outright acquittal meant admitting an error on the part of the Inquisition; the more usual course was to dismiss or suspend the cases of innocent persons. Suspension was more to be feared than welcomed: it meant that the trial could at any time and under any provocation be renewed; thereafter one remained under suspicion.





Two woodcuts from the Protestant classic Foxe's Book of Martyrs *show prisoners of the Inquisition being squeezed, mangled, stretched, and put through the water torture.*

Condemnation invariably meant that one had to appear in an *auto de fe*—an act of faith. This ceremony was either private for lighter cases, the *auto particular*, or public for heavier offenses, the *auto pública;* it is the latter which has become notorious as the *auto de fe*.

When sentence was pronounced against a prisoner, there was only a limited chance of appeal. In cases that ended in a public *auto de fe*, this was because the accused were not informed of their sentences until they were in the actual procession during the *auto;* by then it was too late to appeal. The delay in delivering a verdict would naturally heighten the suspense, fear, and despair felt by prisoners.

The range of punishment was infinite. Yet each punishment decreed was, from the point of view of the Inquisition, a penance, and this penitential aspect of the procedure must be emphasized. The tribunal devoted its efforts not merely to finding its victims innocent or guilty, but to extracting penitential confessions from them if they were judged guilty. This means that the *auto de fe* was literally an act of faith. It was a public expression of penance for sin and hatred for heresy, and all those who were present in the act were granted an indulgence of forty days. The solemn religious mood of penance and piety that prevailed at an *auto* was responsible time and again for the last-minute conversion of stubborn heretics. There were the many who were converted simply out of fear of being burned alive, but there were also those who went to their deaths with apparently sincere praises on their lips for their newfound faith. Because of these we must take seriously the psychological impact of the atmosphere of an *auto*.

The fate of the majority of penitents who had undergone a trial was reconciliation. In theory this was the return of a sinner to the bosom of the Church after due penance had been performed. In practice, however, it was one of the most severe punishments inflicted by the Inquisition, second only in severity to the stake, for at the ceremony of reconciliation each penitent was also condemned to one or another of the other punishments on the list, such as confiscation and imprisonment. Confiscation was carried out in virtually all cases so that even if a prisoner escaped with a prison sentence of a few months, he came out an orthodox Catholic indeed, but facing a life of beggary.

Other punishments were: the *sanbenito*—a penitential smock of yellow to be worn as a mark of infamy; imprisonment for a short term or for a number of years; labor in the galleys for a period of up to ten years;

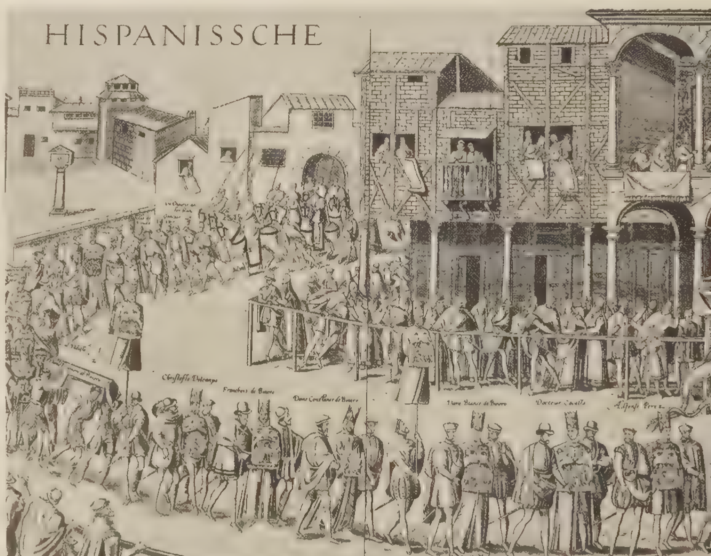
being scourged by the public executioner while walking through the streets as passers-by and children hurled stones. (For a scourging, two hundred lashes was the usual maximum.) After any of these punishments, and reconciliation to the Church, anyone who backslid into heresy was sent to the stake.

This was the ultimate penalty. By the fifteenth century the execution of heretics was such a commonplace of Christendom that the Spanish Inquisition cannot be accused of any innovation in this respect. It had been the practice, hallowed by the medieval Inquisition, for Church courts to condemn a heretic and then hand him over, or "relax" him, to the secular authorities. These were obliged to carry out the sentence of blood which the Holy Office was forbidden by law to perform, although there was no pretense that the Inquisition was not the body directly and fully responsible for the deaths that occurred. Four classes of people qualified for the stake—unrepentant heretics, relapsed heretics, those who shielded accomplices, and those who refused to admit that their acts were heretical. However, those who actually died *at* the stake were only a small proportion of the victims listed in the records as "relaxed." These unlucky few were always given the choice between repenting before the *auto de fe* reached its climax, in which case they were "mercifully" strangled when the flames were lit; or remaining unrepentant, in which case they were roasted alive. The majority of those who were "relaxed" were in fact burned in effigy only, because they had either died or saved themselves by flight. In the early years of the Inquisition the large number of victims burned in effigy is a guide to the percentage of refugees escaping from the tribunal.

The ceremony of an *auto de fe* has a literature all to itself. It began its career as a religious act of penitence and justice and ended it as a public festivity rather like bullfighting or fireworks. To foreigners it always remained a thing of impressive horror and fear. Their journals and letters written while on tour in Spain reveal both amazement and disgust at a practice which was unknown in the rest of Europe. If reminded that the public execution of criminals in other countries was no better than the *auto de fe*, they would no doubt have rejected any such comparison, since the one was motivated by "fanaticism" and the other by "justice." Whatever the modern verdict, there is no doubt that *autos* were popular. Accounts, engravings, and paintings show us that up to the beginning of the eighteenth century they always attracted a large audience. Visitors would throng in from outlying districts when it was announced that an *auto* would be held, and the scene would invariably be set in the biggest square or public place available. But the elaborate and impressive staging of the proceedings was expensive and because of this public *autos* were not held very often. Their frequency depended entirely on the discretion of individual tribunals, which usually tried to have them at least annually. Prisoners were carefully preserved for this most solemn occasion, and when enough of them had accumulated to make the holding of an *auto* worthwhile, a date was fixed for the event.

An account of a grandiose *auto* held on June 30, 1680, in the Plaza Mayor of Madrid in the presence of the king and his court was translated into English and published in London in 1748:

> . . . the Ceremony opened with a Procession, which proceeded from St. Mary's Church in the following order. The March was preceded by an Hundred Coal Merchants, all arm'd with Pikes and Muskets; these People furnishing the wood with which the Criminals are burnt. They were followed by Dominicans before whom a white Cross was carried. Then came the Duke of Medina-Celi, carrying the Standard of the Inquisition. Afterwards was brought forwards a green Cross covered with black Crepe; which was followed by several Grandees and Other Persons of Quality, who were Familiars of the Inquisition. The March was clos'd by Fifty Guards belonging to the Inquisition, clothed with black and white Garments and commanded by the Marquis of Povar, hereditary Protector of the Inquisition. The procession having marched in this Order before the Palace, proceeded afterwards to the Square, where the Standard and the Green Cross were placed on the Scaffold, where none but the Dominicans stayed, the rest being retired. These Friars spent Part of the Night in singing of Psalms, and several Masses were celebrated on the Altar from Daybreak to Six in the Morning. An Hour after, the King and Queen of Spain, the Queen-Mother, and all the Ladies of Quality, appeared in the Balconies.
>
> At Eight O'Clock the Procession began, in like Manner as the Day before, with the Company of Coal Merchants, who placed themselves on the Left of the King's Balcony, his



BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE—GIRAUDON

In a sixteenth-century German engraving of an auto de fe, *condemned prisoners and officers of the Inquisition are seen proceeding through the streets of a Spanish town, accompanied by the bones of dead here-*

Guards standing on his Right (the rest of the Balconies and Scaffolds being fill'd by the Embassadors, the Nobility and Gentry). Afterwards came thirty Men, carrying Images made in Pasteboard, as big as Life. Some of these represented those who were dead in Prison, whose Bones were also brought in Trunks, with Flames painted round them; and the rest of the Figures represented those who having escaped the Hands of the Inquisition, were outlawed. These Figures were placed at one End of the Amphitheatre.

After these there came twelve Men and Women, with Ropes about their Necks and Torches in their Hands, with Pasteboard Caps three Feet high, on which their Crimes were written, or represented, in different Manners. These were followed by fifty others, having Torches also in their Hands and cloathed with a yellow Sanbenito or Great Coat without Sleeves, with a large St. Andrew's Cross, of a red Colour, before and behind. These were Criminals who (this being the first Time of their Imprisonment) had repented of their Crimes; these are usually condemned either to some Years Imprisonment or to wear the Sanbenito, which is looked upon to be the greatest Disgrace that can happen to a Family. Each of the Criminals were led by two Familiars of the Inquisition. Next came twenty more Criminals, of both Sexes, who had relapsed thrice into their former Errors and were condemn'd to the Flames. Those who had given some Tokens of Repentance were to be strangled before they were burnt; but the rest, for having persisted obstinately in their Errors, were to be burnt alive. These wore Linen Sanbenitos, having Devils and Flames painted on them, and Caps after the same Manner: Five or six among them, who were more obstinate than the rest, were gagged to prevent their uttering any blasphemous Tenets. Such as were condemned to die were surrounded, besides the two Familiars, with four or five Monks, who were preparing them for Death as they went along.

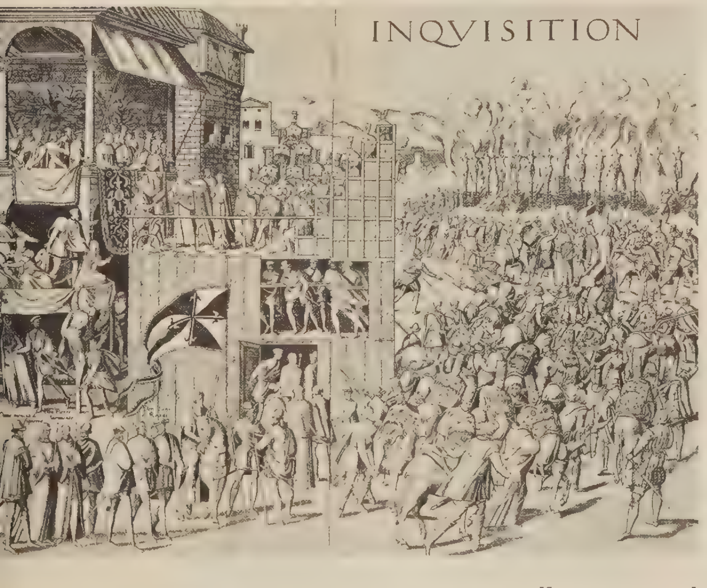
These Criminals passed, in the Order above mentioned, under the King's Balcony; and after having walked round the scaffold were placed in the Amphitheatre that stood on the left, and each of them surrounded with the Familiars and Monks who attended them. . . . The Officers of the supreme Council of the Inquisition, the Inquisitors, the Officers of all the other Councils, and several other Persons of Distinction, both Secular and Regular, all of them on Horseback, with great Solemnity arrived afterwards and placed themselves on the Amphitheatre towards the Right hand, on both Sides of the Rostrum in which the Grand Inquisitor was to seat himself. He himself came last of all, in a purple Habit, accompanied by the President of the Council of Castile, when, being seated in his Place, the President withdrew.

They then began to celebrate Mass . . .

About Twelve O'Clock they began to read the Sentences of the condemned Criminals. That of the Criminals who died in Prison, or were outlawed, was first read. Their Figures in Pasteboard were carried up into a little Scaffold and put into small Cages made for that Purpose. They then went on to read the Sentences to each Criminal, who thereupon were put into the said Cages one by one in order for all Men to know them. The whole Ceremony lasted till Nine at Night; and when they had finished the Celebration of the Mass the King withdrew and the Criminals who had been condemn'd to be burnt were delivered over to the Secular Arm, and being mounted upon Asses were carried through the Gate called Foncaral, and at Midnight near this Place were all executed.

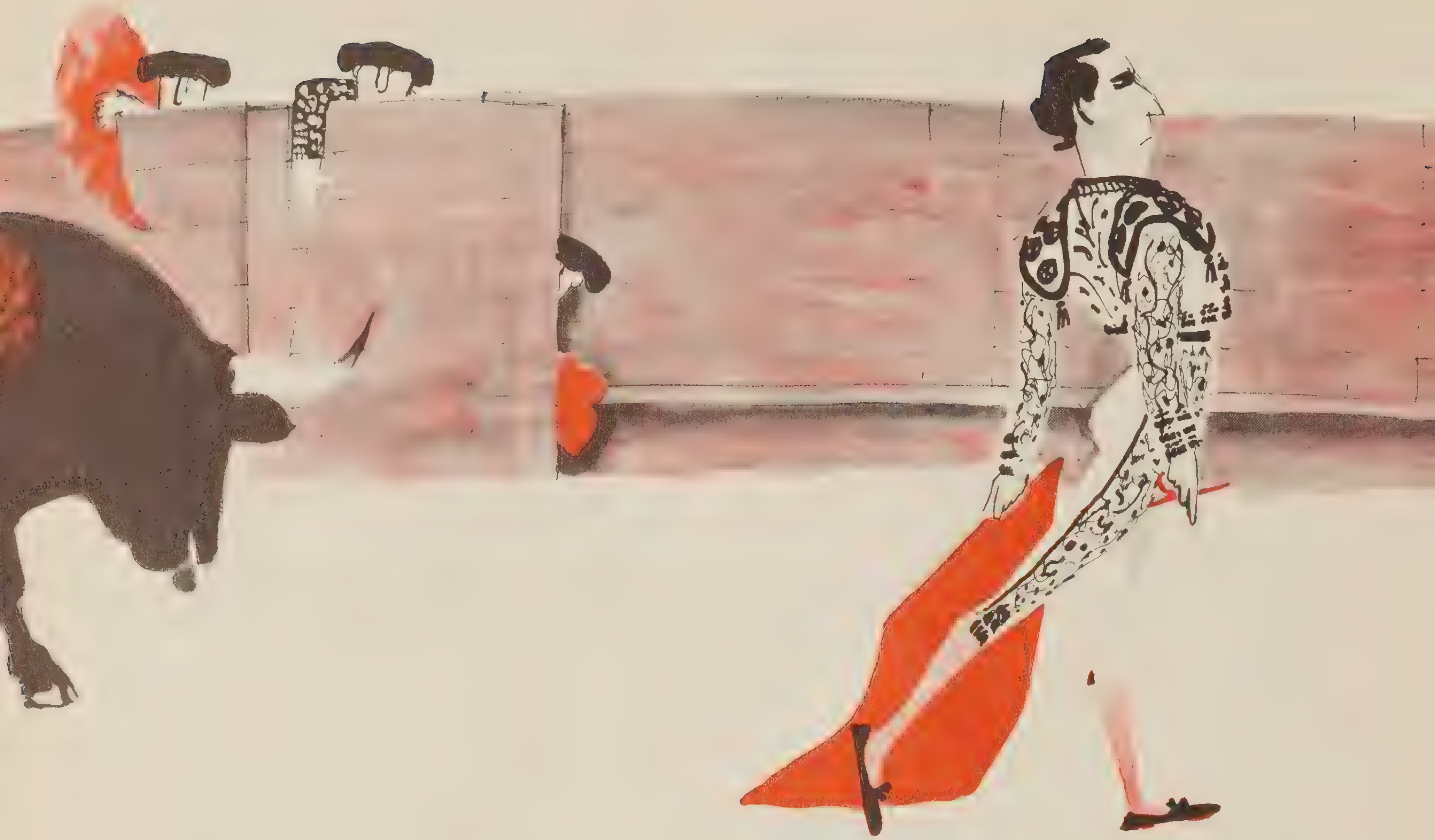
It would be wrong to suppose, as is commonly done, that the burnings were the central feature. Burnings may have been a spectacular component of many *autos*, but they were the least necessary part of the proceedings and hundreds of *autos* took place without a single fagot being set alight. The phrase *auto de fe* conjures up visions of flames and fanaticism in the mind of the average Protestant reader. The literal translation of the phrase brings us nearer to the essential truth.

By the eighteenth century the lack of victims and the rising cost of public ceremonies meant that *autos de fe* gradually fell into disuse. The new Bourbon king, Philip V, was the first Spanish monarch to refuse to attend an *auto*—one which was held in 1701 to celebrate his accession to the throne. (Later, in 1720, however, he assisted at one.) Philip's reign saw the end of mass persecution in Spain, and by the second half of the century only private *autos* were held by the Inquisition. There is no need to attribute the change which took place to the growth of tolerance. The reason for it was simple; it was that heretics in Spain had been purged out of existence. The tribunal was deprived of combustible material for its fires.

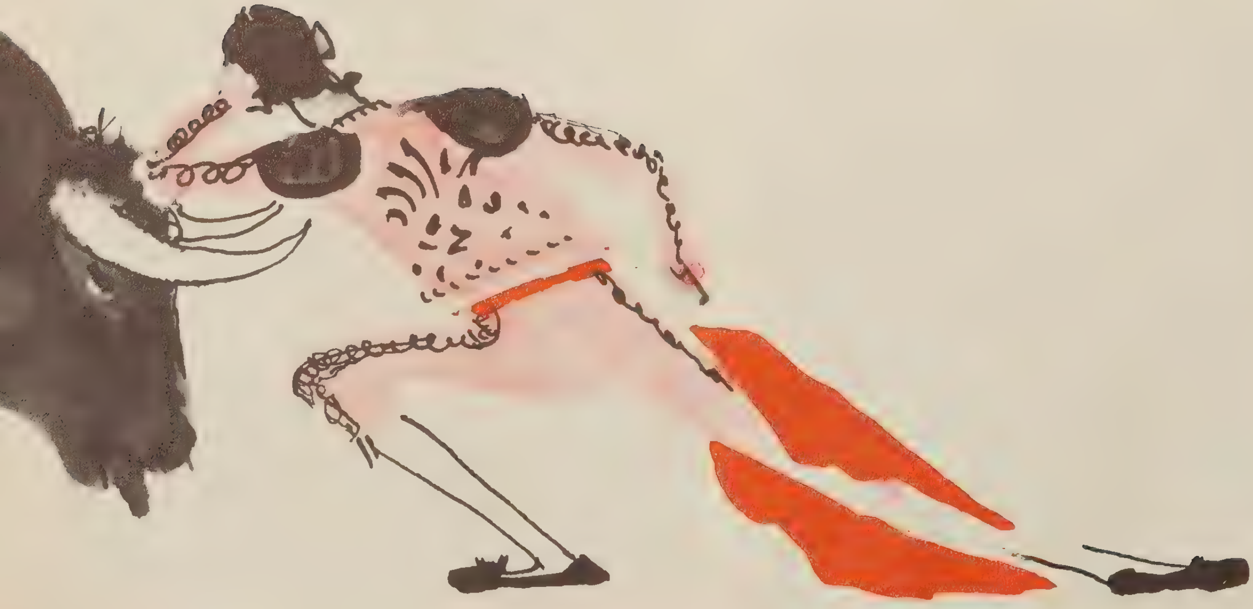


tics and the effigies of escaped ones. Two men walk next to each heretic, urging him to repent. At the upper right both the prisoners and the effigies are shown being burned outside the town limits.

Except for a translation of Boris Pasternak's poems, The Spanish Inquisition, *from which this excerpt is taken, is Henry Kamen's first book. The twenty-nine-year-old historian was born in Burma, educated at Oxford, and now lectures at the University of Edinburgh. His history of the Inquisition will be published in this country by The New American Library, Inc., in the early part of 1966.*



The matador nonchalantly turns his back on the bull, who is getting a "Pssst!" from the banderilleros

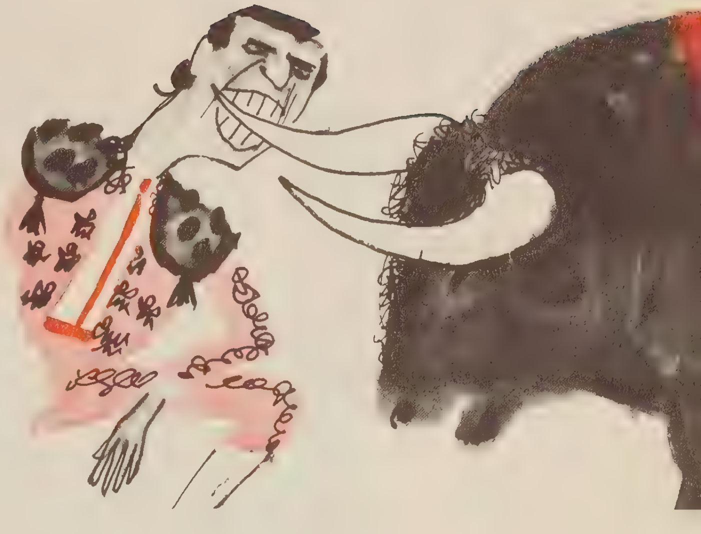


This adorno *is known as "The Telephone," but the conversation is often brief*

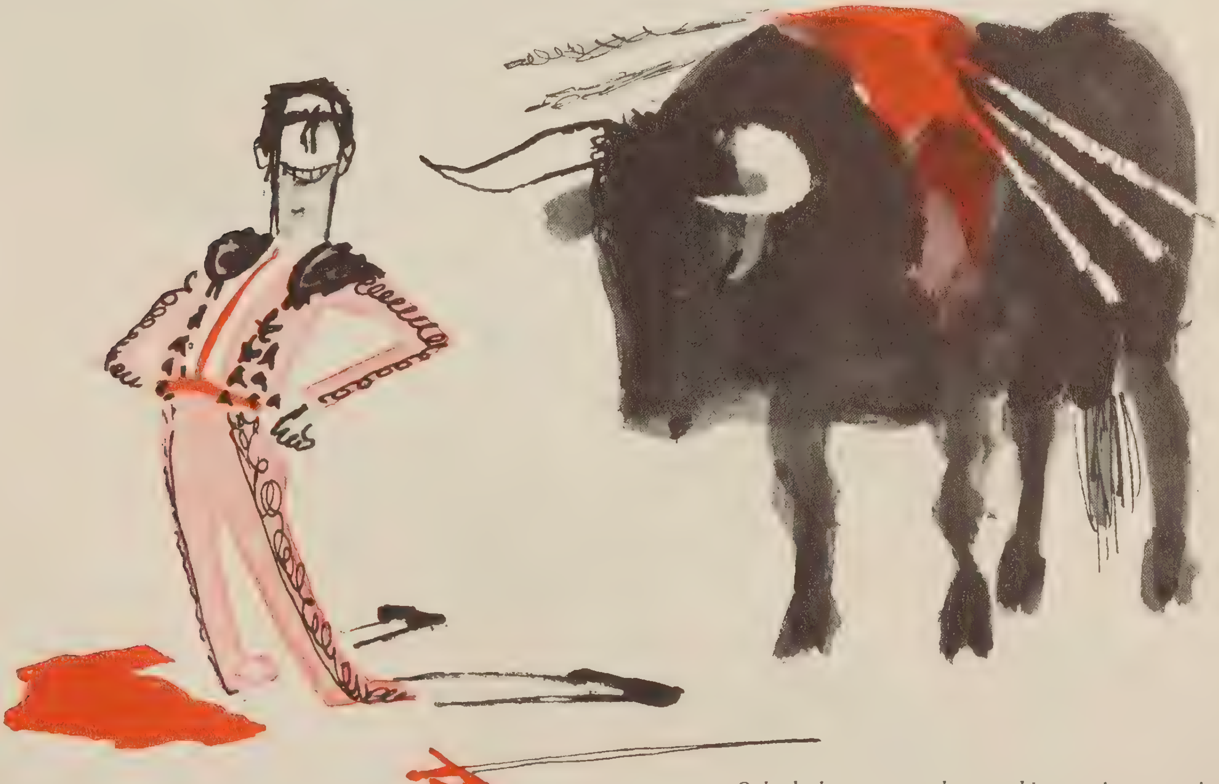
AFTERNOON IN SPAIN

Lengthening shadows slant across the bull ring. The cheaper seats are still in full sun (*"¡Que calor!"*), but welcome shade has fallen on the V.I.P.'s (*"¿No es aquél Orson Hueles?"*). The bull is growing tired (the whole purpose of a bullfight is to wear down the bull to a point where his half-ton of bone and muscle is an even match for a slim man in tight pants), so the matador risks a few *adornos*—which is another way of saying grandstand plays. He turns his back on the bull, he leans on him, he even bites his horns. But sometimes the bull gets his second wind and surprises everyone, especially the matador (overleaf). Then the *banderilleros* swarm into the ring like so many gadflies to draw the beast away from their man. It is standard practice for the matador to make a show of resenting this intrusion and to shout "*¡Fuera gente!*" ("Everbody out!"). It is also standard practice for the *banderilleros* to ignore this outburst; in fact, one famous matador used to add, in lower tones, "*Quién sale no cobra*" ("Whoever leaves doesn't get paid"). Which only goes to prove that a bullfight is part mystique, part show business, and part common sense. This is the view of it taken by Marc Simont, who attended his first *corrida* in Barcelona at the age of nine and has been going to them ever since. In his book *Afternoon in Spain* (to be published in October by William Morrow & Company) he wryly traces the bull's career from first wild charge to prosaic end ("*Camarero, este bistek es muy duro*"—"Waiter, this beefsteak is very tough.")

Drawings by MARC SIMONT

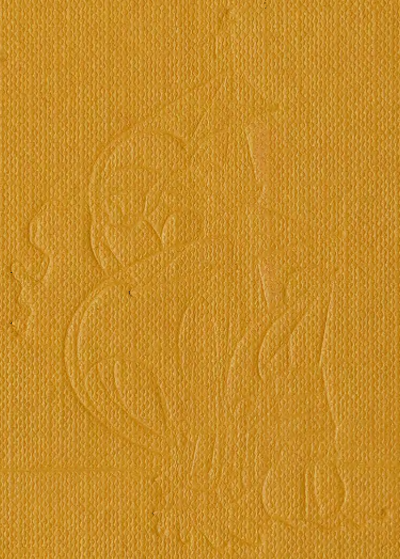


Well, it's no worse than a trip to the dentist



Only the bravest matadors try this one, since sometimes . . .

. . . it calls for a strong supporting cast to complete the act



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